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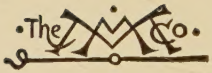

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The Rebirth of Japan

In the early part of the 19th century two great men came into this world. The one was Abraham Lincoln (1809–65) in America, the sage of humanity, and the other Ii Naosuke (1815–60) in Japan, a strenuous advocate of the opening of the country to foreign intercourse.

When we think of the careers of these two heroes we cannot but think it strange that each of them died a martyr to his own cause.

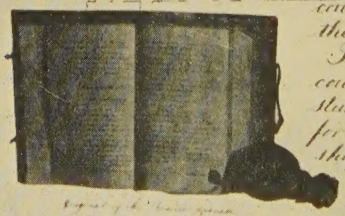
Ii Naosuke was born in Shiga Province, our native place, in 1815. On account of his unusual ability and courage, he was appointed premier to the post of Tairo, and as the leader of the country then in transition stage, he took an active part in the political world. But his policy, which gave a new life to an old country isolated for hundreds of years, led him to meet an untimely death at the hand of an assassin of the Opposition Party.

Portrait of Ii Naosuke

What we wish to emphasize in his political career is that he concluded a treaty with America in 1858, risking his life to shoulder the whole responsibility for its results.

It was of course by the cordial advice of America that the treaty was finally concluded. And this treaty was in operation, until it was revised in 1894.

For this reason the conclusion of the treaty was indeed the most notable event in Japanese history, because of the opening of the country to the world. In the first item of the treaty we find a statement showing that these two countries should try to promote their friendly relations to each other.



In conclusion of this short account, we hope that you American students will make as much effort for promoting our mutual friendships as your forefathers did in the past.

Y. Masuda

This Beautiful Sentiment is from the Pen of Yoshio Masuda, an Eighteen-Year-Old Student of Zeze Middle School, Shiga Prefecture. Yoshio is an Ardent Advocate of International Amity and Friendship, and Knows How to Express It in Good English—Although Just a Senior in High School.

UNFATHOMED JAPAN

A Travel Tale
in the Highways and Byways
of Japan and Formosa

By

HAROLD & ALICE FOGHT

With Maps and Numerous Illustrations
by the Authors and Others

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NEW YORK MCMXXVIII

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TO

OUR CHILDREN

THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED

PREFACE

A CONTEMPORARY writer on Japan warns the reading public against two kinds of chroniclers—those who have lived in the Orient too long, and those who have been there as mere fleeting tourists, too short a time. The former class, he would have, are quite certain to become disillusioned with the passing of first delights and novel discoveries, and so will, consciously or unconsciously, express this aversion in their writings; while the latter class become so enrapt and overwhelmed by the "things Japanese" seen for the first time that they vision and write their impressions through glasses highly rose-coloured, throwing their power of discrimination to the four winds, chatting about cherry blossoms and *geishas* and tea houses, while they rush pell-mell along well-travelled tourist paths from Tokyo to the shrines and temples of Nikko, and from viewing the *Dai Buttsu* of Kamakura, and over the ancient *Tokaido* to Kyoto, and on to Kobe to embark for Shanghai! It is not overstating things to say that these enthusiasts do find little except fragrance and gaiety on every hand, and close their nostrils and eyes to the less delicate odours and the stark realities of life that only the smaller group of more discerning students are able to comprehend.

We are more inclined to agree with Hamilton Wright Mabie, however, that open-minded students of Japan and its civilization are quite likely to pass through three definite stages of attitude towards the land and people there. They are: "Admiration for and delight in things Japanese; followed by dislike of and revulsion from the habits and ways of the society about them; then a discriminating and intelligent regard for fundamental Japanese qualities, pleasure in

the temper and spirit of the people, in the genius of the country."

The writers of the book earnestly hope that they may take rank with the third class, and that a discerning reading public will find in our simple narrative of daily episodes a new light shed here and there upon the life of this remarkable people. We are fully cognizant of the fact that of books on Japan there is no end—many that are truly scholarly, the result of long painstaking research. But, alas! also many that are mere impressionistic nonsense, or else wholly biased and prejudiced, either describing the Japanese as a new race of supermen or making of them a nation of knaves—dishonest, crafty, and untrustworthy.

Japan is really no longer so "mysterious" as it has been depicted by a host of writers. Perhaps this change is due to the astonishing rapidity of change in the life of the Japanese people themselves the last fifty or sixty years, from a state of contented isolation in their own highly developed ancient civilization—where artistic tendencies, religious and philosophical meditation, easy-going thrift, and intense individualism held sway—to their sudden entrance into Western civilization. At any rate, Japan will be quite understandable —a remarkable twenty-five-hundred-year-old civilization, renewing its youth in contact with the Western world, wisely assimilating what is worth-while and good in this new industrialism; though, fortunately, in the very nick of time reacting against many of our foibles and weaknesses and holding tenaciously, instead, to its own ancient characteristic ideals and modes of daily life.

No attempt is made in this book to present a connected history of the Japanese people. The book is rather a chronicle of the daily exploits and experiences of an American educator and his wife, travelling not so much the beaten tourist paths of Japan as the less known byways, little frequented by Westerners, where the real heart of *Dai Nippon* is, where live its real makers—the tillers of the soil;

the seekers after food in the sea; the small artisans; the homely sages; the village schoolmasters; and the other simple folk who for ages have had leading part in making the nation and in writing its glorious history.

In Japan we were the guests of the National Association for the Encouragement of Learning and the *Kokumin Shimbun,* one of Japan's great daily papers. These were ably supported in the enterprise by the Imperial Department of Education. *Foto-san* came to make an educational survey of Japanese education, and incidentally to deliver a series of educational lectures throughout the prefectures. *Oku-san,* for her part, declared she wanted to come along as excess baggage; but virtually to cheer and encourage her husband, and perchance to keep him out of mischief and help write the book.

In a way we were personally conducted. But with the qualifying understanding, previously agreed upon, that we came across the Pacific expressly to see Japan as Japan really is—the worst of it and the best of it. We have been gratified to learn from the lips of government officials, constantly repeated, that *Oku-san* was, so far as they have the information, the first Western woman ever to tread certain remote paths and to see certain intimate sights hitherto closed to people not Japanese. Indeed, we had the government "open sesame" at our constant disposal throughout the strenuous though assuredly delightful months in the Island Empire. Government courtesy gave us entrée to Japan's real home life as well as to its official life. This afforded the finest kind of opportunity to characterize our experiences from the heartside and the hearthside of the people; instead of obliging us to look for them on the open *Ginza* or in the tea houses and in the city night life, as so many writers have done.

We have, finally, consciously given the narrative an educational setting. The mission to Japan was one of education. There, as in other parts of the civilized world

to-day, many thoughtful humanity-loving people are giving the best they have in them for the cause of world education, in the ardent hope that through the right kind of education may be brought to ultimate realization peace and goodwill among the peoples of the earth, for which cause statesmen have striven in vain and mighty armies and riches untold have been expended equally without return.

HAROLD W. FOGHT
ALICE ROBBINS FOGHT

Wichita, Kansas
1928

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UNFATHOMED JAPAN

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CHAPTER I

Landfall at Hand—A Message from Shore—Departure—A Beautiful Custom—K. Murata, Synonymous with Promptness, Neatness, and Willingness to Serve—Our Nation's First Defence Day—An Illustration of Japanese Honesty—Thinking and Talking Orient—The Human Interest Side—Purveyors of Untruths and International Reputation Flayers—Sports and Sportsmanship—A Day at "Honoruru," Queen of the Pacific—The Day That Was Lost—An Invitation to Address the Pan-Pacific Club—Japanese Friends and Flashlight Pictures—In Earthquake-Shaken Yokohama—Our First *Ricksha* Ride—Tokyo and the Imperial Hotel.

EARLY afternoon on the seventeenth day out from San Francisco, on the largest, the most lonesome, and for this particular voyage, the most peaceful of all the oceans in the world—and landfall at hand! We had felt it in our bones for some hours already—the Orient drawing near. It really began last night with our *Sayonara* dinner, when white-skinned and yellow and brown we thronged into the dining salon to break bread formally for the last time before bidding each other *Sayonara!* Good-bye! Au Revoir!

Back of Captain Okasaki's table the "Sunrise" flag, the "Union Jack" and our own "Stars and Stripes," were draped in beautiful harmony, surely drawing us of these three on board predominating nationalities into closer ties of understanding. A bountiful dinner. Informal speeches, breathing felicitations of good will and good wishes for the future. Then a human circle formed around the salon; hands clasped, and the singing of "Auld Lang Syne!" And we parted to pass this way and that "like unto ships that pass in the night!"

A hundred miles from shore the Orient began. Yester-

day a tired little land bird fluttered down on the deck. "A good omen," said the sturdy sailors of the *Tenyo*. The gulls that dropped us two days out from Oahu appeared again; or perhaps it was their cousins—the smaller, brown-speckled oriental gulls. Away out on the horizon line tiny open Japanese *sampans* with their clumsy square sails and larger, more piratical-looking junks could be seen buffeted by the choppy *Kuro Shiwo* while in diligent search of sea-food for the teeming millions at home. Then the mystic coast lines of *Honsho* began to rise out of the black sea. Then they took on a tinge of marvellous green colour. Tiny villages next appeared along the shore line and clinging to the mountain slopes. But here and there ugly yellow gashes stood out like deep wounds on the peaceful landscape—to keep us mindful of the terrible earthquake that devastated Japan only one short year ago.

Soon we began to look for *Fuji,* for beautiful *Fuji-san,* Japan's symbol of purity and of national integrity—where *Amaterasu,* the sun goddess, it said to have dwelt in the long ago. But, alas! *Fuji* was unkind to us this day. She had covered her countenance with a shroud of dark clouds, and a full week passed before we were permitted to behold her virgin glory!

Our hearts began to beat warmer towards the friends on shore as the courteously smiling wireless operator handed me an ever-interesting yellow marconigram, bearing these pregnant words: "Welcome on your arrival to Japan. Midzuno meet ship in harbour." The message bore the signature of one of Japan's highest educational officials. This welcome went far to set at rest any misgivings we might have had on the friendliness of the reception awaiting us; for this, the reader should know, occurred a very few days after the enforcement of that ill-advised clause in the new immigration law known popularly at home in the States as the "Japanese Exclusion Act."

But we are getting ahead of our story. Before we

Beautiful View of Mist-Enshrouded *Fuji-San*

attempt to set foot ashore on the devoted soil of *Dai Nippon* let us first retrace the voyage to a glorious high noon on the leaving day at the San Francisco pier.

There was the usual hustle and bustle incident to departure—trunks to be found, smaller baggage to be claimed, and one's cabin to be inspected. Then the half hour of mixed feelings as we stood side by side on the upper deck, bidding home folk and country good-bye and Godspeed, little knowing what measure of good fortune or adversity there might be in store for us.

On the pier the Orient and the Occident, literally speaking, could be seen rubbing shoulders—a great concourse of humanity, many-coloured, both gay and sombre, chatting brightly to keep up their courage against the moment of departure, or shamelessly weeping out their heart anguish. The last warning gong was sounded. The ship band struck up that inimitable Hawaiian air *Aloha Oe!* Farewell to Thee! Farewell to Thee! The gangways were swung inshore. The great steamer became a thing alive, as the tremors of the huge engines quickened her from stem to stern. She swung slowly away from the shore. And then a perfect maze of tiny coloured paper streamers were shot out from the decks of the *Tenyo* into the eagerly outreaching hands on the pier. The delicate bands tightened and—snapped, one after another, like the breaking of so many heartstrings, it seemed to us.

The reader has no doubt often read that all orientals are stoical, are fatalistic; that they are able to hide their emotions behind a mask as inscrutable as that of Buddha himself. Maybe so. But would that these same students of human psychology could have seen as we did one old Japanese mother crowded aside into a corner in the wharfage, weeping as though her heart would break. And the many others, young and old, wiping their eyes furtively, all the while the steamer swinging majestically out into the bay. No, let us search one another's hearts and be fair! Hearts

are very much alike the world over, be their owners white or black, yellow or brown or red. As we have since that time learned to know them, it is quite true that the Japanese, through their age-long training in self-control, are better able than Western folk to mask their real feelings. But for all this masking they are just as sensitive to joy and sorrow and kindred human emotions as are we Caucasians, with our less adequate schooling in self-control.

So we began our voyage with this beautiful custom, all the while secretly hoping that it might be our good fortune after a happy sojourn in the Orient to see the scene re-enacted —we on board ship, and good Japanese friends of ours on the pier clutching the paper streamers. For I might just as well confess to a bit of lonesomeness in San Francisco— yes, of actually having envied the emotion-wracked multitude on the pier, despite that our cabin by this time held great treasure of telegrams, precious steamer letters, and sweet-scented flowers. So we were not forgotten after all!

No more happy or auspicious day could have been chosen for the adventure's beginning than this. High noon, I have said, on September the twelfth—the nation's first Defense Day! Could there have been a prouder setting? We gliding out to the mystery of the ocean, while huge seaplanes were soaring overhead and a score or more of sinister, grey-coloured destroyers were plowing the bay, feeling out the way, as it were, for the mighty battle fleet even then coming into view beyond the Narrows. Towering monsters of naval warfare, the Pacific fleet passed us by in the Golden Gate, so close in that with little effort a ball could have been tossed aboard them from the *Tenyo.* Headed by the "California" they came on, wholly heedless of us, so it seemed; but terribly grim and effective-looking. It would have been worth a deal to have been able to read the thoughts and reactions of the trim little sailor men of the *Tenyo,* who crowded the rigging and railings to witness the impressive sight. But me the spectacle filled with a pardon-

able pride—pride of country and in the assurance that if the hour should strike, not "right or wrong" as one splendid American sea-dog once exclaimed; but my country right, and right only, and in humanity's cause alone—then let us strike! And yet, why at all?

So we steamed out to sea, proud of glorious homeland. At the same time we sailed in a feeling of humility—in the certain knowledge that even the navies and armies of the mighty of earth prevail but little against the destiny that the Maker of all things alone can forecast.

The California shore lines soon sank into the deep and disappeared. Night came on, as we sat in our steamer chairs on B Deck aft, gazing homeward, each careful to keep the crowding thoughts to self. Then the glorious full moon rose out of the sea, and painted a wondrous silver path out to the ship. We let our yearnings follow it back to the Golden Gate and over the mountains and down the plains and home again!

The *Tenyo Maru* is a splendid ocean liner, not quite so elegantly appointed as her sister ship, the *Taiyo Maru;* but thoroughly comfortable, and what is of greater importance, a good, steady sailer. We were not disappointed to find the best of seamanship, the cleanest and best appointed of cabins, and the most courteous of service. Speaking of service, the reader should get acquainted with our jewel of a cabin boy, K. Murata by name. He made an immediate and favourable impression on the *Oku-san,* or Madame, as he also called the wife. His name in Japanese must be synonymous with promptness, with neatness and willingness to serve. Set the time for his appearance and he would be on the dot—with hot water, to announce that the ocean bath was ready, to straighten up the cabin. And no one could do it better than he. He was artistic, too, as well as neat. When he got through folding the extra blankets, they had taken on the shape of great fans or butterflies or butterfly wings. The scattered pins and brooches on the

dresser became orderly and were arranged according to colour, size and shape. We would have liked to adopt him —Uncle Sam willing—if for nothing else than to have made a practical demonstration to our domestics at home just what an amazing household revolution one lone yellow man could bring about.

But Murata gave us something else to contemplate. Asked for the cabin key he merely shrugged his shoulders and smilingly replied: "We never lock the cabins, sir, on the ship, except when we get into *Honoruru* and Shanghai." Somewhat of a shock to Western vanity, was it not? To have our American ports classed with thieving, wharf-rat infested Shanghai! Let me call to mind also the printed warnings on the inside of the cabin doors on the average trans-Atlantic liners: "This company will not be responsible for valuables unless deposited with the purser," etc. All such warnings are unnecessary on Japanese mail steamers. Why, you ask? Is this also, then, part of the much-touted *Bushido* that you, no doubt, have read much about? But let us bide our time and find out.

Nowhere does one get acquainted so readily as at sea. Here we were nearly two thousand miles from land, and not a single ship had crossed our path. If one would care to meditate on religion, then, surely, the great boundless ocean is a good place to do so. Sit on deck at night; look up at the silent stars as they shine through the rifts in the clouds; then down on the restless waves as they chase one another past the portholes of the ship—and you will feel helplessly circumscribed and alone. No wonder that you are drawn towards your fellow passengers—and of a truth we had many to choose from in our interesting list of polyglot first-cabin passengers.

It was truly refreshing to be away at last from the small talk of the smoker in the Pullman on the "Olympian" and the "Shasta Limited." No more of tiresome politics—of ultra-conservative Republicans, of *ditto* Democrats, and ardent

Farm-Labourites. No longer had we with us the smug travelling men—boastful partisans, extolling the relative virtues of Chicago and Omaha and Seattle, not to say Los Angeles! Here on board it was different. We had quickly learned to think and to talk Orient. Wonderful information readily became ours, imparted by people who know the Orient—on rubber and coffee and rice; on coolies and water buffaloes; on earthquakes and typhoons and civil wars—all of it mighty entertaining and instructive, for a change at least.

The new friendships were nothing if not cosmopolitan. One of our group is managing director of the Norwegian Overseas Trading Company, a prince of a fellow—only thirty-five—on whose shoulders rests the chief responsibility of a one-hundred-million-*kroner* corporation. Three were charming Chinese gentlemen, multimillionaires in tin mines and rubber at Penang in the Straits Settlements, who were returning home from a leisurely trip around the world. The oldest of the three, Mr. Cho Chung Khay, incidentally urged me to take a commission to find for him a good electric crematory when we should return to the States. "For," he said, "in the Straits Settlements, as in China, the whole country is being taken up with graveyards. It is time for someone to teach the people a more practical, not to say a more sanitary, way of disposing of the dead." Listening to these much-travelled Chinese gentlemen, who so casually fly by aeroplane from Berlin to Brussels and London and back to Paris, to save a few precious hours, one can easily get the feeling of being "a less-travelled gentleman," as one of them naïvely put it.

Then let me not forget our vivacious lady friends, among them the spouse of a noted American film director, travelling with her only daughter—name pronounced Hĕ-leén—and the former's ever-present satellite, an American rubber expert, who was making quite a dub of himself, albeit I am willing to confess to his great knowledge of the real East and Kipling and things. There were other romantic couples

on board. Quite as absorbing as to read a novel was it to watch them. Among others we had a blondined young widow, quite evidently of some worldly means, carrying on an affair of the heart with an unsophisticated young Filipino many years her junior. This devoted couple were considerably surprised and indignant that people were so lacking in cordiality when the two of them appeared on deck together!

Then there was the old lady with her menagerie of cats and dogs, of song birds, of parrots and what not, on the deck below, and a motley array of cages and boxes and old furniture, all of it canvas-covered for protection against the weather, and within a surprising collection of mangey mongrel dogs and cats and parrots and tropical birds. By actual count the old lady had twenty-three cats and fully as many dogs. This severe white-haired guardian—clearly a New England spinster—might be seen any time of day with skirts gathered up around her knees as she fed her emaciated-looking family. Her demands were the despair of the officers on board. "All I ask is fair play," she would exclaim. "Well, madame, you are getting it good and plenty," would be the reply, and the spinster generally subsided—for the time being. The old lady had maintained a hotel in Hong Kong for many years. When she finally determined to see her old homeland again, she brought along all her pets and a coolie to tend them. But alas! the cruel American Government refused the coolie permission to enter the promised land. In disgust she was now returning to China, vowing that all her property should go to care for her animals who were so superior to mere mortal human beings!

A New York woman, of creole type, interested the passengers greatly. She was on her way now to Tokyo to join her Japanese husband, a young scientist, who had spent some happy years with her in America. This was to be her first experience in her husband's native land. She was travelling with her small child—who certainly was a perfect Japanese

type—and a nurse maid. She was naturally all excitement and anticipation, eagerly counting the hours between San Francisco and Yokohama. When by chance we met her at the Imperial Hotel in Tokyo a few months later, she was still deeply in love with her husband; but she sighingly confessed: "I do not seem to fit in over here. I am ready to go back to America." One night on board she had donned an elaborate Japanese attire. The kimono was especially gorgeous. She burst in on a select evening entertainment. I could not help noticing the gasp of astonishment emanating from the assembled Japanese ladies and gentlemen. One gentleman later confided in me. "I wonder," he said, "whether that woman really realized that the monogram imprinted on the back of her kimono proclaims that the wearer is a runner for a Japanese beer house!" What seemed to her merely an artistic design had quite a different meaning to those who were initiated in the mystery of Japanese ideography; for in Japan retainers of certain clans, and laborers belonging to certain firms and corporations, are recognized by the scroll worn on their backs.

Among the charming Japanese travellers must not be forgotten the manager of the great Mitsokoshi department store in Tokyo, the learned secretary of the Japanese Railway Department, the charming chief engineer of the Manchurian railways, and several interesting captains and commanders in the Japanese naval service. Nor should be forgotten an interesting assortment of British subjects—men of affairs—able to sign themselves as managers of great Asiatic petroleum companies and export corporations, or ex-army officers, boasting the D. S. O. and the V. C.

But we had with us on board, sorry to relate, quite another group also. Such as these can usually be found aboard the great ocean liners—a kind of international busybodies and trouble mongers. Yes, plain, unvarnished prevaricators and deliberate falsifiers, who are never so happy as when they can gather about them a group of unspoiled, unsophisti-

cated travellers, and then fill their poor dupes full of the oft-told scandalous fabrications, half-truths and deliberate untruths that have been going the rounds on shipboard and at the oriental treaty ports, and in the scurvy press at home and elsewhere—lo, these many years! It matters not how often denied or proved false, these yarns will return again like the proverbial cat of many lives. We were blessed here on board, shall I say it, with a worthy couple of these international reputation skinners—one an oily individual from Lowell, Massachusetts, who had spent some time in Osaka, setting up spinning machinery; but who had probably never had opportunity to set foot inside of a real Japanese home. The other, a drunken British ship steward, on indefinite leave from his berth on a Japanese liner. Our two worthies were never so happy as when they could sit, smoke-enshrouded, in a corner of the smoking salon, their gullible audience crowded around, tearing to shreds the reputation of the hapless Japanese people. They would start in something like this: Immorality in Japan is shockingly common; children are sold into slavery to become *geishas* and public prostitutes; women have little or no rights in Japan under the law, and can find no recourse for the sexual profligacies of their husbands. Commercially they are a nation of untrustworthy knaves, so much so that no Japanese bank dares employ a Japanese for a responsible position. Accordingly, all bank cashiers and tellers in Japan are Chinese! Politically it is even worse. Japan is certainly plotting the undoing of the Caucasian race in America and Australia—all this impending treachery cunningly concealed under a cloak of professions of friendship and zeal to promote world peace. And all the while, Japan plotting to seize the lands of the great Californian commonwealth! A great army of Japanese soldiers in Mexico, masquerading as ordinary farmers and laborers, abiding the day when, *à la Hobson,* they shall be ordered to join with their devoted compatriots in California to overwhelm the hapless Americans

there. Not to mention the remarkable Magdalena Bay episode, and many, many others just as ridiculous and downright preposterous! But more of this anon.

Little excuse to have time lag on one's hands aboard ship. If a person is fairly alive he will probably arise at six o'clock in the morning and take his sea bath, or better still, a good plunge in the open tank. Then a promenade of a mile or two around deck, followed with coffee and toast. Thereupon shuffleboard, deck golf or tennis, with other congenial spirits; a bit of steamer chair lounging, then a good, wholesome breakfast delightfully served. Thereafter, let the forenoon be devoted to reading, small talk, deck games and cards, with *Go* and *Mah Jong* in the smoker. After tiffin, as the English call our lunch, a nice little nap is in order. Then comes a continuation of the forenoon program, with *cha* or *ko-cha* and cake in the middle of the afternoon for those who care for green or black tea. Thereupon follow the real exciting group games and plays in which the Orient and the Occident vie for the palm of best sportsmanship. After dinner some more promenading on deck. Then as darkness falls, the more or less unsavoury motion pictures on B Deck aft, and dancing for those who care for this pastime.

Nowhere does one encounter finer sportsmanship than where British, Japanese and Americans are the contestants. The palm of true amateur sport has generally been conceded to the sturdy sons of Albion, with less of professionalism and commercialism and their accompanying evils, than in America. But never have I seen better sportsmen than in Japan. It would appear that this is only another manifestation of the remarkable training in self-control and in sporting ethics come down to the present from ancient Japan, where fencing and *jiu jitsu* were taught less to discomfit the opponent than to master one's own passions, and to gain absolute control over self; to teach patience; to face and overcome real obstacles; to smile throughout an ordeal; and

finally to extend help and courtesy to the vanquished—in other words, *Bushido* again.

All of us love the brilliant little Japanese sportsmen who return every summer like birds of passage to the United States to contest for the Davis Cup, as we delight to have the Waseda and the Keio University teams meet our own great university teams in the national pastime, baseball. And, let me add, I have to see the first Japanese player to protest an umpire's or a referee's decision, and to show surliness and ugliness on the field of contest. They are born sportsmen, these little Japanese men. In our deck sports we had daily illustration. Our finest team mates were the Japanese. If I won, the Japanese partner would give me the credit. If I lost, he was always ready to shoulder the blame. Never to be forgotten was the deciding baseball game of the three-day closing tournament on board the *Tenyo*. The writer was honoured as the unanimous choice for umpire! To me it came as a doubtful honour, for I have on occasion attempted to act as baseball mentor at home, generally to my great personal discomfiture. But here it proved quite a different story. My decisions went singularly unchallenged, even when I knew instinctively they were "rotten." The game closed with a score of seven to six. As soon as the last "out" was called, both teams crowded around me. Again I saw visions of personal violence. But, *mirabile dictu!* they thronged around to shake my hand and to congratulate me upon my fairness! This, I say, is playing the game internationally.

Early the fifth morning out, Murata tapped on our cabin door and announced that *Honoruru* was in the offing. His inability to articulate his l's was ever amusing to me. This was before we had set foot in Japan. Now it would have caused little merriment. Sure enough—as a glimpse through the cabin window quickly verified—right at our bows rose old Diamond Head, dim in the morning mist; and farther inshore blinked the paling lights of Honolulu, Queen of the

Pacific. The mountains held a strange blue-green cast in the morning dawn. In the foreground could be seen Hawaiian out-rigger boats, already taking to sea and adding a strange, southsea touch to the picture.

The liner anchored at quarantine, just outside the surf. Here, while waiting for the tardy inspection officials, our Japanese sailors staged a really thrilling spectacle for the entertainment of the passengers. Several huge sharks had been seen swimming around the ship. A group of the chattering sailors without delay rigged up an enormous hook and line and quickly had a monster shark in tow. A score at least of the sailors were required to haul him over the side of the ship, whereupon these zealous fishermen dispatched him with boat hooks and marlin spikes, much to the delight of the gathering crew; for all sailors have an instinctive hatred of sharks.

There was the usual inspection and examination of passports. The pilot came on board, and slowly the ship picked its way through a tortuous passage in the surf leading to the harbour. Here the ever-entertaining, brown-skinned Hawaiian diving boys met us, eager to dive for small silver coins. On the pier sat the storied lei-garlanded flower venders. And at the wharf entrance a babel of voices greeted us—hucksters and hotel runners, taxi-drivers, Hawaiian, Caucasian, Japanese and Chinese.

Here, then, we were at the real meeting place of the Orient and the Occident. Here the melting pot is seething, where soon may be determined whether we are in such dire danger of miscegenation as some alarmists would have it. Is it not possible that there has been too much drawing on fancy by some writers, who have depicted and will continue to depict the tragic results of mixed marriages between Euro-Americans and Orientals? Let me hasten to add, I am not particularly advocating such unions, although some students who have made these marriages a real study are inclined to hold them likely to be no more disastrous to the

future of mankind than are the eugenic blendings constantly going on at home between the much mixed blood strains of Europe and America.

No one can travel in Japan and not have such mixed marriages come to his attention. Particularly is it true that mixed marriages are rather common among the educated classes, contrary to popular assumption. Many Japanese scholars, educated in the United States and Europe, have brought home Caucasian wives. American scholars and business men who have lived for years in Japan have taken unto themselves Japanese wives. So far as my observation goes—and I am frank to say that it is limited—these marriages are happy, and the offspring as fine and sturdy and intelligent, at least, as the average run of children elsewhere. Let no one be deceived to believe that all interracial marriages turn out so badly as in the instance of the heroine of the much read novel—*Kimono.*

In Honolulu, the melting pot has been long at work. Indeed, the process is now going into the second and even the third generation. One of the charming gentlemen who made the passage from Honolulu to Yokohama with us was Dr. A. W. Palmer, who had been pastor of a leading Protestant church there for a number of years. His conviction is that in Honolulu the problem is in a fair way to solution. He was emphatic in his statements that most of the racial inter-marriages that have come under his observation are quite satisfactory. In Honolulu the races mingle in fullest equality. Worthy of notice is the fact that there education and real personal worth are made to count for more than mere race origin. At the governor's formal receptions, he stated, American, British, German, and Portuguese subjects mingle freely and on terms of entire equality with Hawaiians, Japanese, Chinese, and other orientals.

It is not my purpose to linger on any detailed description of Hawaii, or even of charming Honolulu. For these one

should turn to some detailed story of this wonderful island group, one of America's finest possessions. In common with our fellow voyagers we viewed the customary sights in Oahu—lofty mountain glens of many colours and suggestively volcanic, great clusters of banyan trees, groves of feathery palms, and wonderful flowering crimson Poinciana trees. And here and there and everywhere the marvellous pink, blue, magenta, and purple flower of bougainvillea vines, covering crag and wall and cottage. There was a glimpse of Pearl Harbour, its lofty wireless towers, not then so interesting to us as at the present, for our naval and military authorities had not at that time played their little war game in Hawaiian waters. Lastly, there was the usual surf bathing at Waikiki beach, followed by a delicious lunch at the well-appointed Moana Hotel. Then the taxi back to the pier and departure.

Now other days of delightful relaxation. Rather warm for late summer. About the only notation to make in the daily log was "fair and warmer." A radio message winged its way through the ether, carrying the sorry news that a sister ship of the *Tenyo* had been caught in the tail of a typhoon off the Chinese coast and several sailors killed. But here the sky was azure blue, and the billows chased one another lazily by the ship, while we dozed on deck or watched the flying fishes leap torpedo-like from wave to wave and the porpoises as they gambolled in play. At this juncture another wireless came from Tokyo bearing the signature of Viscount Tadashiro Inoue, president of the Pan-Pacific Club, inviting me to address this great international club upon arrival in Tokyo, an invitation which naturally was received with much satisfaction.

Then one morning, bright and early, the ship bulletin announced that now we were crossing the International Date Line. Actually we had a day to throw away. Yes, it is a fact; the day was Sunday, and on the morrow when Murata called us it was Tuesday. By the same token when months

later we crossed the 180th degree west longitude again on the homeward voyage, we had the unusual experience of counting two Saturdays in the same week; for now, as any schoolboy and schoolgirl can tell us, we needed an additional day to make up for the one that had been lost!

So, at last, after seventeen days full of richest experience, we were ready for our *entrée* to *Dai Nippon.* It was almost dark when the great ship finally edged over against the ruined wharf of poor earthquake-shaken, fire-destroyed Yokohama. The pier was crowded with Japanese, holding large paper lanterns high over their heads and eagerly scanning the brightly lighted ship for friends and relatives. The wharf still lay before us, a huge heap of twisted iron and blocks of crumbled concrete. The one-time warehouses upon it had been twisted into grotesque shapes by the force of the quake and the subsequent fire. The electric lighting system was not yet restored. But, I have anticipated. No sooner had we dropped anchor at quarantine station than Dr. T. Midzuno, who holds his higher degree from the University of Illinois, my chief interpreter, and Mr. H. Aizawa, editorial writer for the *Kokumin Shimbun* and also director of the Japanese Association for the Encouragement of Education, came on board and with them a throng of reporters and flashlight artists, representing the *Nichi-Nichi,* the *Kokumin Shimbun,* the *Times,* the *Japan Advertiser,* and several other dailies. Now it began to dawn upon us how seriously the Japanese educational leaders were taking our mission. Flashlight pictures were made of *Foto-san* and his *Oku-san,* and numerous interviews were insisted upon before we were permitted to leave ship. The next day in Tokyo a number of morning papers were placed on our table printed in a tongue wholly unintelligible to me, but carrying some startling likenesses of ourselves taken in all kinds of postures.

At length the polite but firm inspection officers were satisfied to permit us to pass, and with our new friends we made

for the pier, first bidding farewell to the interesting companions of the ocean voyage. The pier and environs could not help but remind me of pictures from the ruins of some ancient city, with its crushed and tumbled concrete walls and pavements, the broken columns, the twisted iron beams and girders, and other sad remains of the former great seaport. So we made our way to shore, picking the way as best we could through the débris. Here awaiting us were *rickshas* with their sure-footed *ricksha* men, dressed in tight-fitting blue trousers, white *tabi,* or socks, on their feet, with the inevitable towel wrapped turban-like about their heads. This was a new experience indeed. As the *Oku-san* and I were politely bowed into the *rickshas,* each had the feeling that surely the brittle-looking vehicles would crash under our western avoirdupois. Later we exchanged first impressions, both of us confessing to a feeling of positive silliness to have had these diminutive yellow men pull us husky Westerners in the tiny *ricksha,* which, I am told, was originally a baby buggy adapted by an American missionary in China to the needs of his invalid wife. The idea evidently took like wild fire throughout the Orient, as not only in China and Japan does one encounter the *ricksha,* but elsewhere on the Asiatic continent, and in the islands of the sea as well. There is no use denying, though, that we liked this silent, rubber-wheeled little vehicle. Soon we learned to accept it as part of the real Orient.

So away we bowled down through the winding lanes of Yokohama with their tumbled, ruined houses, to the merry jingle of the *ricksha* men's bells and their shrill *"hai! hai!"* when unfortunate pedestrians chanced to stumble into their path. At length we reached the delightfully modern and efficient tram station in Yokohama. Here we abandoned the ancient for the modern mode of transport. The eighteen miles distance to Tokyo was negotiated in short order. At the Tokyo station a modern taxi was in waiting. Bag and baggage we were tumbled into it, and soon we

were bowling through the streets of the capital city on the way to the Imperial Hotel. The first fleeting impression of Tokyo was one of surprise. We had expected the same sad spectacle of ruin and devastation as in Yokohama. Instead we were rushed along broad avenues, bordered with great blocks of business houses, right by the façade of the beautiful reconstructed Imperial Theater, and down the great boulevard facing the Imperial palace moat and the inviting Hibiya Park. Certainly, on every hand there were terrible marks of the great catastrophe. But the amazing eagerness and zeal with which the scars were being effaced and a finer and greater city was rising on the ruins of the old, was a great and most pleasant surprise.

The taxi drew up at the entrance of the Imperial Hotel, that inimitable hostelry of the Orient, and we were bowed into the lobby by obsequious footmen and porters. Soon we were cozily established in excellent quarters—and the "end was the first day."

CHAPTER II

Orienting Ourselves—Japan, An Up and Coming Nation—Japan, The Uttermost Escarpment of Asia—A Mighty Island Kingdom—Remarkable Shorelines—Stupendous Mountain Chains—Roaring Waterfalls—Hot Springs and Summer Resorts—Great Extremes in Climate—Marked Love for the Soil—Nature Phenomena of Surprisingly Disturbing Character—Scenery of Unsurpassed Beauty and Variety—Influence of Nature on the People—The Japanese a Mixed People—Their Early Culture Predominatingly Chinese.

THE Imperial Hotel is too well known to tourists to need detailed description. It is remarkable and unique, built as it is about a number of courts or gardens planted to exotic trees and shrubs, with miniature ponds and sparkling fountains—in this respect emphatically oriental. Architecturally its numerous long passageways, its charming restaurants, and its tiny underground shops, lend a charm and an assurance that the brilliant, though rather erratic American architect of this imposing pile, has thoroughly succeeded in his dream to create a hostelry blending the typically and distinctively Japanese with the greater comforts of the Occident.

The first night on Nipponese soil was restful, despite the rumblings of a ten-minute long quake, through which we slept the sleep of the weary and innocent. One who is used to the clangour of American cities and the rattle and jar of Pullman cars is not likely to let such a little matter as a Japanese earthquake disturb his slumber—at any rate not before he has acquired "quake nerves."

But, alas! it had rained in the night, and it was still pouring down in torrents. A curious glimpse through the window disclosed a multitude of humanity, oil paper-covered, stooped under huge paper and thatch umbrellas, struggling along the submerged avenue, dodging *rickshas,* taxis, and

slower moving horsewagons and oxcarts. An occasional ponderous American-made truck roaring past, and the distant clatter and clangour of steam shovels and pneumatic hammers gave evidence that in spite of the discouraging weather, the united forces of the East and the West were already at work on the almost endless task of rebuilding the capital.

So then, this was Japan! Where was here the mystery of the golden Cipango of Marco Polo and the fragrant, perfect dreamland of Lafcadio Hearn? That modern Japan reflects in a sense somewhat of both pictures cannot be gainsaid. But let us disillusion ourselves, if we labor under the notion that Japan is a kind of little sideshow for Western tourists to play in. Japan, let it be said, is one of the world's five greatest powers today, and the third most powerful on the sea. The nation has been up and coming for somewhat more than half a century, adapting and modifying our western civilization to her own needs, not as a mere imitator becoming changed and cheapened in the process. Instead, with her own worthy history in mind, and glorious traditions kept fragrant and unsullied, she is fashioning to Japanese needs much of the best from abroad. To be sure, with the fine and the gold has come also much that is dross.

It may be just as well, perhaps, that we begin orienting ourselves; in other words, for those of us who know Japan only from schoolbooks and casual readings to get a more intimate picture of the land and people before we venture forth on our adventure. Let us begin with the geographical setting. Turn first of all, then, to a good map of Japan. There you will find *Dai Nippon* projected along the Asiatic mainland as the uttermost escarpment of the continent, the inner side turned to the shallow Japan Sea, and the turbulent Formosa Channel; its outer side facing the Pacific Ocean, full of indentations that everywhere abound in excellent harbours. Japan is in reality nothing more than the summits of stupendous and partially submerged mountain chains,

Upper: Partial View of the Imperial Hotel
Middle: Bridge Spanning Moat of Imperial Palace
Lower: The *Nihon-Bashi,* or Bridge of Japan from Which Formerly all Distances Were Reckoned

forming a dazzling crescent-shaped "girdle of jewels," as somebody's fertile fancy has it, with islands almost without number, reaching from above the 50th degree north latitude to a degree and a half south of the Tropic of Cancer. The island group has a total north to south reach of almost twenty-one hundred miles. In the far north lie the sub-arctic wintry Kuriles, and Karafuto, as the Japanese half of Saghalien is called. Next in line to the south comes Hokkaido, the Wisconsin of Japan—wonderful in lofty mountains and great fertile plains and valleys. This is a new colony, little known to the Japanese themselves prior to the Restoration of the Empire in 1868. To the south and separated from this island by the rough Tsugaru Strait is Honsho, or Main Island. This is the most important of the entire chain, with its greater wealth in population, in well-tilled fields, in industrial cities and thriving shipping. To the southward, again, are Shikoku and Kyushu. These charming islands are separated from Honsho by a glorious arm of the sea—its tortuous channel dotted with small islands of marvellous beauty—known as the "Inland Sea." Of the two islands, Kyushu has great historic importance, since here Japanese history virtually began. Then, far to the southward, beautiful Formosa, the *Taiwan* of the Japanese, lifts its mighty mountain peaks, with the Pescadores a few miles to the westward, and the Luchoos to the northward forming weird and rugged stepping stones back to the main island group. To this picture should be added Korea, or *Chosen,* and a narrow strip of Manchurian littoral—and we have in outline present-day *Dai Nippon.*

If it were possible to compress these four thousand or more islands into a single land mass, the result would be an area just about the size of Montana. Then set aside seventeen per cent of this area as good tillable land and place therein a population of about sixty-two million people, and you have Japan's present-day problem in a nutshell.

Very few countries have such a rugged, extensive shore-

line. It is said that in proportion to its total land area Japan has one mile of shoreline for every nine square miles of land area. As in Norway and Great Britain, the ocean here has always been beckoning and calling to the people. From the earliest antiquity have the Japanese, like these North European sea dogs, adventured forth on the sea. In their tiny cockleshell *sampans* they sail out hundreds of miles in search of sea food, and in their larger piratical-looking junks they scour the entire Asiatic littoral in search of commerce and other traffic.

At no place in Japan is one wholly out of view of mighty, beetling mountains. Two stupendous ridges, the one swinging down from the mainland through Saghalien, the other from Korea through Kyushu and Shikoku have crashed together with mighty Cyclopean upheavals near the middle of the Main Island. Here they have piled up that glorious transverse ridge known as the Japanese Alps. The entire mountain system is volcanic, at least fifty of the cones being active. Others are in fitful slumber. The most wonderful of them all is sacred *Fuji-san,* a mountain revered and beloved by all Japanese. This cone rises sheer out of the tidal plain sixty miles or so from the coast. It is said to be the most perfect volcanic cone in the world, with an altitude of 12,387 feet; although the Japanese popularly say it is 12,365 feet in height, thus easily remembered by twelve months, three hundred and sixty-five days to the year. *Fuji* is for many months in the year enshrouded in virgin snow, the lower slopes forest clad and, in the lower stretches, tiny farms and clustering villages, making a never-to-be-forgotten picture.

Japan is also blessed with an abundant rainfall. Everywhere the mountains are dotted with beautiful, crystal-clear lakes, from which spring roaring mountain torrents and waterfalls unsurpassed for entrancing loveliness. These mountains are the source of great though rather short rivers, invaluable in this land where irrigation is the very life of

agriculture. More than that, the mountains are capable of providing harnessable hydro-electric of more than ten million horse-power, in itself of inestimable significance to industrial progress in a country like Japan, poor both in coal and oil.

The climate is tempered largely by the *Kuro Shiwo,* which sweeps along the eastern coastline, blessing the land with abundant moisture and moderating breezes, but despite this the climatic conditions offer many striking and truly surprising contrasts. Japan is not, as many picture it, a land of uniform spring and balmy weather, and cherry blossoms and eternal fragrance. The northern islands have a stern, sub-arctic climate of great severity. Hokkaido's weather resembles in many ways that of Wisconsin or Minnesota. West of the mountain barrier in the Main Island, cold winter winds sweep down from Siberia, condensing the vapors of the Japan Sea and causing a tremendous snowfall, often deep enough to bury entire villages. But east of the mountains the winters are much milder. In the Tokyo district tourists will experience very little snowfall, although the weather does at times become quite chilly. The southern islands have an agreeable winter climate; but they get oppressively hot in summer time. In beautiful Formosa snow is unknown, save in the loftiest mountain peaks.

Before the industrialization of Japan had begun, the people sought their livelihood wholly in the soil and in the crops they could wring out of the rather meagre land, and from the sea food taken in the surrounding waters. The soil is, in the main, quite poor and needs constant fertilization and scientific management to yield profitable returns. Not more than seventeen or eighteen per cent of the land area is good, tillable soil. The rest of it is uncultivable mountain or unprofitable, marginal mountain slopes. Nowhere else in the world, probably, is the soil tilled with greater care or more intensively than in Japan. The farms are surprisingly small, less than two acres per family. Every patch of ground

is put under contribution. One of the most interesting sights in Japan to the foreign visitor are the tiny paddy fields constructed, checkerboard-like, in the lowlands and tier above tier up the hill slopes. The day has passed when Japan could feed its own millions. At the present nearly twenty per cent of the food supplies needed are imported from America, China and elsewhere, while the surplus population must increasingly seek livelihood in the industries that are springing up in the modern factory towns and cities.

Japan's nature phenomena are tremendously disturbing, and too often destructive to life and property. No country in the world has suffered so much from earthquakes. An average of more than four a day is Japan's record. Violent shocks occur in cycles of six or seven years, according to the records kept, when terrible catastrophes are liable to occur. The greatest centre of seismic activity is on the Pacific coast side of Honsho, centering around the Bay of Tokyo. The most terrible and unprecedented calamity in all history, it will be recalled, overwhelmed Tokyo and Yokohama and many neighbouring villages on the first day of September, 1923. This will go down in history as the "great earthquake and fire." Vast areas of buildings were crushed and tossed into heaps of rubbish. The earth heaved and sank, great fissures opened, fires broke out, tidal waves washed the shoreline, mighty land slides overwhelmed entire villages, causing indescribable damage to property and suffering and loss of life, the like of which hitherto is unchronicled in the history of mankind.

In Japan, as in most other volcanic countries, Nature combines an astonishing variety of awe-inspiring grandeur and terrible destructiveness with unsurpassed natural beauty. In the mountains, as stated above, volcanoes smoke and rumble, threatening violent eruptions. Great hot springs boil and fret and toss their clouds of vapor into the sky, suggestive of the nearness to the earth's internal fire. Along the shores sweep periodic destructive tidal waves, and in season the

Upper: Mount Niitaka, Taiwan, Formerly Mount Morrison (13,880 ft.), Highest Mountain in the Japanese Empire
Lower: Mount Tsugitaka, Formerly Mount Sylvia (13,075 ft.), Northern Taiwan

much dreaded typhoons rage and claim their sacrifice of human life and property. These sombre nature phenomena have naturally left their imprint on the life of the people. Their stoicism and the fatalistic calm with which the Japanese face the inevitable have made them marked among the nations of the earth.

Yet, there is another side to the picture, shorn of this savage grandeur—the snow-clad, forest-covered mountains, with their beautiful roaring water-falls; the lowlands dotted with fields, luxuriant in vegetation and promise of crop; the rugged coastline lapped by the blue-green waves; inland seas and bays dotted with lofty islands, with gnarled pine trees clinging in every crevice. This gentler nature has developed in the people a passionate love of beauty and homeland, seldom equalled. Everywhere in Japan these children of nature can be seen making their regular excursions into the fields and woods and mountains. Even their very habitations are planned to blend into the natural landscape—their weathered, thatched-roof farmhouses, the gayly coloured temples set amidst dark-hued evergreens with the more modest weathered Shinto shrines melting into the lovely landscape; their dwarf gardens; the cherry blossoms of spring and the blood-red maples of autumn.

Little of authentic value is known about the racial origin of the Japanese people. Of theories there are many; but slight is the evidence by which most of them are supported. This much is quite clear, that the present-day people have sprung from at least three distinct blood streams of widely-differing race characteristics. The earliest known inhabitants were unquestionably the hairy, broad-nosed, well-knit *Ainus,* whose remaining descendants are now living a squalid, village existence on the mountain slopes in northern Hokkaido. Some anthropologists go so far as to hold that this original race were representative of early white men. At any rate, they do seem to have come down from the north, possibly by way of Saghalien, in course of time possessing

themselves of the entire island group. In far southern Kyushu they seem to have encountered a Mongolian group —probably from China by way of Korea—more advanced in civilization and warfare than they were. Here, then, began a struggle in the end wholly disastrous to the *Ainus*. Meanwhile, important Malay elements began to make themselves felt. These new migrants were no doubt related by blood ties to the Aborigines who are still in possession of the mountain fastnesses of Formosa, and to many of the natives of the Philippine Islands and the East Indies. The Mongolian and Malayan elements evidently became assimilated at an early time. Before authentic history began, this mixed people drove the *Ainus* out of Kyushu and Shikoku and up into the northern part of Honsho. From here they were dislodged and driven across Tsugaru Strait shortly before the Restoration of the Empire in 1868.

The Japanese of today are therefore a mixed race. The Mongolian element has dominated the emerging civilization, although the lesser Malayan infusion has left many marked characteristics on the Japanese. Within historic times also there has been some emigration from the Asiatic continent; but this was after the first assimilation had had time to unify the original elements into a single people.

The Japanese possess a common spoken language with slight dialectical differences. The written language is based on the old Chinese ideographs, or picture characters, to which have been added the simplified *kana,* a kind of phonic shorthand invented by the Japanese themselves. Even now the written language is exceedingly difficult to master. While an English or American schoolboy or schoolgirl need master only forty-two fundamental sounds, the Japanese school children must learn the meaning of more than two thousand unrelated characters. The written language is the most serious obstacle encountered by foreigners who seek to fathom the history and literature of this remarkable nation. It is interesting to learn, however, that even now a mighty

Upper: Checkerboard of Rice Fields in Southern Hokkaido
Lower: Transplanting the Young Rice Plants

educational battle is under way in Japan which aims at nothing less than discarding both the Chinese ideographs and the Japanese *kana* and adopting instead the so-called *Romazi* (Roman) alphabet and phonetic spelling. This would be a wonderful boon to Japanese education, and to the foreigner, to whom mastery of Japanese written language and literature is now a lifelong task.

The Japanese received their first definite intellectual impulse from China, probably by way of Korea. China had advanced in culture and the arts much more rapidly than had the Koreans and Japanese. At the beginning of the Christian Era this culture began filtering into Korea, and thence was passed on to Japan. During the third century the new impulse became an all-embracing movement that came to resemble in many ways the great Renaissance movement in Europe. Now the Japanese genius for assimilation manifested itself on every hand. First this probably took form of imitation pure and simple. Thereupon it became a matter of adaptation to meet their own peculiar needs; and out of it grew a power of assimilation which gave the world a new Eastern civilization such as was destined to continue its remarkable development undisturbed for more than sixteen centuries. Taken at last, in fullness of time, the civilization of *Dai Nippon* came in sudden contact with the outreaching industrialism of the Euro-American peoples, which has brought the Japanese much of good and some of evil.

CHAPTER III

Japanese Women and Travel—Studying Art Under Difficulties—Our First *Sukiyaki*—The Imperial Library and Other Sights—A Round of Banquets—The *Oku-san* and a Student Guide—The Charming Tea Ceremony—Patience of an Oriental Audience—A Letter of Dedication—Heroic Work of Reconstruction—At the Pan-Pacific Club—My First Introduction to *Bushido*—Baron Togo and the "Will to Understand."

In all our travel in Japan, the *Oku-san* was one of the party. It was the same whether we were studying art and music in the cities under the shadows of a western hotel, or sojourning in the mountain fastnesses of the Formosa head hunters with the meanest of native inns for shelter. This determination to follow her husband about was cause at first of surprise and some embarrassment among our Japanese assistants and friends—though in time it changed to pleasurable comradeship and afforded occasion for many an exchange of impressions and even for mutual confidences. These gentlemen—scholars all of them—confessed somewhat reluctantly to new light on the position of women in Japan, before many months had passed. On occasion I took an almost malicious delight in reminding them of their protests when first I had broached in my correspondence the *Oku-san's* determination to accompany her husband. Maybe she was afraid to trust him alone with the *geisha?* they had thought. But on this score she might rest assured. No harm would come to *Foto-san* from that source while under their protecting care! It became my special delight to quote from Midzuno's frank letter on this subject: "She may dislike me for saying that it would be inappropriate for her to come," he wrote, "but she might hate me more if she were to come and had to undergo the hardships incident to such extended travel as you will have to do here."

Cherry Blossom Time in Japan. Rice Fields on the Right

Japanese women seldom travel with their husbands when the latter are out on business trips. They are home bodies. There they are supreme, and often rule their men with an iron hand; but away from home it is quite another matter. Here the versatile, entertaining *geishas* have usurped the prerogative of the wife. It is quite true, however, that a surprising change is promised in Japanese women's lot with the rapid progress in higher education for women; and the advent to Japan of the new woman, who will not be denied.

The tale of the *Oku-san's* wanderings about in the large cities alone, or guided only by some eager college student, when *Foto-san* was otherwise engaged, became a constant wonder and cause for some concern among our associates. But this has little place in the present narrative. Of course, an unchaperoned foreign woman is entirely safe in Japan, even though adventuring of this kind is considered quite a breach of the conventions.

The first-day plans in Tokoyo were in a measure altered because of the rain. To remain inside now would clearly limit our sight-seeing, since our arrival was in the midst of the rainy season. The new friends, though, saw to it that there should be no hesitation on our part. They called in a well-appointed automobile and we were soon on the way splashing through the mud, first of all to an interesting art exhibit in the temporary structure housing the Imperial Academy of Art—the old building being among the many destroyed in the earthquake. Here came the first experience at removing one's shoes before entering. Shoes and umbrellas were accordingly checked at the entrance booth. Japanese gentlemen who wear foreign dress have oxfords so large that they can slip them off and on without unlacing them. It was our privilege to visit a good many such art exhibits in Japan, and always we left them with a feeling of regret that so many Japanese artists are imitating our western schools, going the limit in the realistic. Western artists seem unable to catch the spirit and symbolism of the

Orient. In like manner, the artists of Japan fail in their conception of the finer elements of western art. There is a harshness of outline and a coarseness of conception in their westernized products, accentuated, it may be, by being displayed alongside the real Japanese pictures. Japanese native art is so exquisite, so distinctive, and so true to native ideals that to supersede it with the product of the West would be little short of tragic.

Despite the rain and the admittance charge, the art galleries were crowded. Always it is so at these exhibits—great crowds, and all deeply engrossed in comparing the printed catalogues with the works of art. To me it seemed that here were the identical facial expressions one sees in America in people studying paintings of our extremist schools for the first time. "It must be the correct thing to like these pictures," they seem to say, "so we'll try to act as though we do." It struck me as quite remarkable, these large crowds all absorbed in abstract art, right here in the midst of a district where the catastrophe of quake and fire had taken a terrible toll in human life so recently. Perhaps the multitude was trying to forget the ever-present sordid spectacle in the delight of the cunning artistry of their worshipped masters of the brush and palette!

Hungry from much tramping about, we at length gathered for lunch at the *Sekai* Restaurant. At the entrance a charming little waitress met us, looking exactly like the postcard pictures we had often seen. Bowing politely she ushered us to a private dining-room overlooking a delightful Japanese garden where one could see a noisy little waterfall, several Lilliputian arched bridges, charming toy mountains, and a tiny stream with the conventional stepping stones—all made to order for the visitor's pleasure, and all exactly as depicted in the ubiquitous Japanese prints.

Our first task was to become seated upon the beautiful *tatami*-covered floor. The charming *nesan* no doubt smiled up her sleeve at our awkwardness. And, certainly, clumsy

we were. But, dear readers, you should try it for yourselves. We were expected to settle down upon our haunches, in spite of crunching knees and straining muscles, and rest on the soles of our feet! It can be done, and we eventually mastered it, although at first it did seem impossible. For my additional comfort an arm-rest was brought in. They are used in Japan occasionally by the aged. The day was rather cold and we had become thoroughly chilled. All of us therefore voted in favor of a good warming *sukiyaki*. A large *hibachi* was brought in by the serving maid and over its charcoal embers this Japanese chafing dish was soon boiling, filling the air with fragrant odours. It will be recalled that the *sukiyaki* was invented by an American missionary who got tired of the conventional Japanese food. The dish is always prepared in the guests' presence, and quite often by the guests themselves. Sliced beef and onions are placed in the chafing dish, and to this are added finely sliced celery and bamboo sprouts, and cooked in soy bean sauce. This delectable dish forms the *pièce de résistance*. As soon as the concoction is ready, it is served in individual dishes and more beef, onions, etc., are poured into the *sukiyaki* dish to be in readiness for a second helping. In addition to the main dish, rice is served in tiny bowls, with smaller dishes of soy beans. At every meal of this sort, warm *sake* is served. National drink though it is, it certainly would never tempt me from the straight and narrow path. To me it tastes for everything in the world like thin hair oil.

After this deliciously warming meal we were ready for the great Imperial Library. The head librarian took delight in showing us through the fine collections that are the pride of educated Japan. Especially interesting were the rare old rolls of manuscripts—hand-made and in use long before America was discovered. Great rolls of coloured prints on silken paper were brought down from their hiding places and unrolled amidst exclamations and intakings of

breath by our companions. A single great section of shelving was reserved for books and manuscripts on the century-old *Cha-no-yu,* or tea ceremony. We gazed on these with considerable fascination, as we had just had intimation that we would soon receive an invitation to such a tea ceremony by one of Japan's old families. This, I felt sure, would mean the real, ancient tea ceremony, and not the cheap imitation one finds in the public tea houses for the benefit of foreign tourists. As we beheld these hundreds of musty tomes, I could not help reflecting to myself—if it takes, as the librarian had just so carefully explained, many years of study for the initiate to perform the ceremony correctly—how could I possibly participate, ignorant as I am of the remarkable ceremonial, without the gravest errors of etiquette!

The Japanese people take great pride in their libraries and books. This impresses even the most casual observer. The reading rooms are always crowded with men and women, eagerly perusing the books and periodicals. What a pity that the still larger library of the Imperial University, with its priceless treasures, should have been destroyed in the fire and earthquake! Everywhere among the educated classes can one hear expressions of deepest sorrow over this national loss. It was some satisfaction to us that the Rockefeller donation of millions for the new library was announced while we were still in Japan.

In the afternoon followed trips to the Imperial Academy of Music, to several Tokyo schools, to parks and temple shrines, full of absorbing interest to us novices. And then came receptions and banquets—and such banquets! The question early arose as to whether the *Oku-san* was really included in the invitations to the banquets. Nothing had really been said. It was rather embarrassing, for, as matter of course, there were to be no other women present. However, word came from the authorities that most certainly the *Oku-san* was expected to attend all the functions with

One of the Thousand Charming Arms of the "Inland Sea"

her husband. These were gracious gatherings of guests meeting in a private dining room of the Imperial Hotel and, again, at the clubhouse in Ueno Park. The guests at the first banquet included prominent educators and officials in frock coats—there is no longer any insistence that full dress or even tuxedos be worn. At the latter reception more than two hundred men were present. In each instance the menu was all that one would desire, served in eight courses of French cooking, such as only a foreign-trained Japanese chef can prepare.

On the second evening in Tokyo we dined at the home of the Minister of Education. Surely, here at last we would meet Japanese women! But, no. We were yet to be enlightened on Japanese customs. Neither the minister's wife nor other women were present. The parlours into which the party were ushered were evidently used only for receiving foreign visitors. The chambers were very large with high ceilings, and fireplaces, the mantelpieces extending clear to the ceiling. The woodwork was ornate, but of somewhat mid-Victorian design. All the furniture was stiff and formal, the redeeming features being the many exquisite screens and scrolls and delightful *kakimono* placed in the corners of the rooms or gracing the walls. The table was exquisitely set. Lovely dahlias and other gorgeous flowers almost smothered the table in their glory and abundance. The menu cards were decorated in woodblock scenes by the noted Japanese artist, Hiro-Shige. Each was different, and as a special courtesy the guests handed their cards to the *Oku-san* as a remembrance, at the close of the banquet. The dinner was served in eight courses, with a correctness that was most enviable. The *Oku-san's* bare arms proved the cause of real amusement to me, though of some concern to the other guests. In Japan, let it be known, ladies are modestly garbed in long-sleeved dresses. The Minister of Education was very solicitous and wanted to know if she were cold. Although she insisted she was per-

fectly warm, he finally sent for a wrap. The *Oku-san* did not wear a gown on this occasion that could be classed as extremely decolletè. Still it was evident that her mode of dress was the cause of worry, lest she take cold. Never a shocked attitude; only the expressed concern that anyone should wear even a slightly low-cut gown at that late season of the year. Continued solicitude of this sort obliged the *Oku-san* to add sleeves to all of her gowns—for their peace of mind. Japanese women go bare-legged, and we Westerners go bare-armed. The whole thing is only a matter of custom, after all.

On the second afternoon the *Oku-san* was left to her own resources while *Foto-san* delivered his first lecture. She was urged not to venture forth alone, lest she get lost in great Tokyo. This probably made her more determined than ever to adventure forth. She wanted to see beautiful Sheba Park and its temples and shrines. She confided in a lady seated in the lobby whom she had met. This good woman exclaimed, "I have lived in Tokyo now five years and can never find my way around in these winding lanes of streets. I would advise you not to try it." But the efficient desk clerk assured her that there was no danger. He wrote on a card the place of destination, both in Japanese and in English. With his explicit directions she unconcernedly ventured forth. Let the *Oku-san* do her own talking: I walked for twenty minutes past curious tiny shops which all open on the street. Big shutters are placed over the front of the shops at night. Then the shops become the family home where father and mother and all the children dwell. One can see anything and everything in the Orient—women calmly nursing their babies in front of the stores, and laborers using the gutters for toilets. I was struck with the chaotic condition of the streets—torn up, new sewers and water mains being laid and new paving constructed. Only once did I see a man riding on his load. They always walk, either at the front or at the side of the vehicle, leading the

Three Types of Transportation Conveyances in Japan

horse or bullock or cow as the animal strains under the enormous load. Often one can see men singly or in groups pulling loads of all kinds. There is an almost unbelievable number of bicycles in use, most of them utilized as burden carriers, usually with a "trailer" in front or behind. Every laborer carries somewhere—around his head or waist or stuck conspicuously in his clothes—a blue and white towel for use in wiping his face and hands. Outside the foreign-style business houses, one can often see a tall container of water. Beside it are fastened long-handled brushes. The customer is expected to take the brush and scrub his shoes before entering. Some of the smaller shops display their meagre stores on low platforms, so that prospective purchasers may inspect the goods without stepping on the floor matting.

My little card of Japanese instructions came to good advantage. I had been told that whenever you see a student in uniform, you can safely address him in English. A group of school boys, amusingly proud of their bookish English, eagerly directed me on the way. Sheba Park was at this particular time crowded with the huts of unfortunate refugees of the earthquake and fire. It was a depressing sight, to see them there in the beautiful park, and yet living in the midst of indescribable squalor! At length I arrived at the *Zogoji* Temple, which by contrast with what I had just gone through was like the entrance to another world. Shoe "covahs" were handed me. Thereupon I made my way up the broad steps and into the temple. The very atmosphere was overawing and worshipful. Giant trees were everywhere. Giant trees were hewn to make the great temple pillars. A multitude of worshippers were incessantly passing by, tossing their offerings into the temple coffers or kneeling before the ornate altars. I was quite overcome by the atmosphere and apparent presence of deity, and could easily have bowed in reverence for my own God, in the midst of the other worshippers. But with true Anglo-Saxon reti-

cence, I desisted. The wall hangings were exquisite, covered as they were with age-old symbolic imprints. An especially fine large hanging depicted the life history of Buddha, from his birth until his translation to the final godhead. At the main gate—built in 1605—a priest was feeding pigeons. The setting was such that it recalled to my mind beautiful St. Marks in Venice.

I tried to find someone to direct me to the mausolea of the Tokugawa Shoguns. I showed a young lad my paper slip, who immediately dashed away to another building, returning in a moment with a young man of eighteen or twenty in native dress. The latter politely asked in his school English what I sought. Smilingly he exclaimed, "I show you." When asked what his charges to guide would be, he exclaimed, "Oh, never!" He proved an admirable escort and guide, describing everything in detail and furnishing amusement on the side by his efforts at English. The mausolea had been newly refinished in black. The forty coats of fresh lacquer gave the woodwork the appearance of fine marble. And such exquisite carvings! The great ceilings were elaborate in lattice work, with touches here and there of gold, of red, and blue. One can discern in this art of hundreds of years ago the same fondness for designs that prevail to this day in the heron, the crane, the stork, the rabbit, the monkey and the turtle. They are symbolic in Japan, even as their ceremonial codes are.

After I had done the mausolea, my guide, who studied in the nearby Buddhist college, piloted me through the quarters of the wretched refugees, down narrow lanes with rows of sheds cluttered close together. So narrow were the lanes that it was possible, almost, to touch the two sides of the street at one and the same time. Entire families were living in a single room, all opening to the street. The refugees proved stolidly respectful as we passed along, save once only. Then some children began calling, *"Gwai-ko-kujin! Gwai-ko-kujin!"* after me, which made my guide turn very

apologetic. "They are calling you foreigner," he said, "but they intend nothing unkind." My guide had assured me that he wished no remuneration; but he was grateful enough for the *yen* I handed him.

This evening came the much anticipated tea ceremony at the home of Mr. Mochitsuki, a wealthy philanthropist whose liberality has made possible the establishment of fellowships in Japanese schools for Chinese students. There was first to be a ceremonial dinner; after this the famous tea ceremony. I recalled again the great stacks of books on the tea ceremony and the histories of the famous tea masters that we had seen so recently in the Imperial Library. I frankly felt concerned. We were obliged to alight from the automobile at the entrance to a somewhat narrow winding street and paused at length before a high gate set in the wall of a great compound. A servant admitted us to the courtyard. At the entryway of the very imposing house, a maid appeared and ushered us into a small room where rows of slippers were in waiting. Shoes were removed. The *nesan* relieved the men of their overcoats, ignoring the *Oku-san* as was usually the case. A woman, you see, is still of little consequence in Japan. At first it appeared as though this was again to be a case of no woman. Dr. Sawayanagi—our special adviser and friend—who had preceded us, was sure that Mrs. Mochitsuki would in due time appear. Our host did not speak English. He was dressed in modest robes of black silk, with the white family coat of arms on the sleeves. He was a man of attractive countenance, which made me regret that all communication with him must be through an interpreter.

The house was new, and the guest wing was furnished in foreign style, which, alas! always seems so stiff and out of place in a Japanese home. There were rugs on the floor in finest Chinese and Persian patterns. Several tables were set about the room, covered with tablecloths from India, exquisitely embroidered in gold. The floor panels and the

pictures on the walls were a delight to the eye. They were Japanese. When the hostess appeared a few moments later, there was much bowing. We even went so far as to shake hands, quite contrary to Japanese etiquette. The hostess likewise was unable to speak English. For this she more than compensated with her sweetness and charm of youth. Later when we heard voices of children I asked how many children she had. Great was my astonishment when she replied that she had only nine, but hoped to have many more. Her dress was kimono of heavy brown silk, embroidered simply at the front and at the bottom of the skirt. Her *obi* and *eri* were of light purple shade. A blue ribbon about her waist kept the *obi* in place. The kimono was lined in beautiful red silk, and a second inner kimono of light blue silk showed at the sleeves. At this juncture a maid appeared and served small bowls of a hot soup-like drink. Then dinner was announced. It was served in the tea ceremony room. In many Japanese homes such rooms are constructed as separate little houses set by themselves in the garden. In the Mochitsuki home it was built as a part of the house, and only used for ceremonial dinners and the tea ceremony.

One is expected to enter the tea ceremony chamber in an exalted frame of mind. Originally the service was made very simple and humble. Pains were taken to explain that, while to outward appearance the ceremony is still simple and humble, unfortunately many of the wealthier class have begun to vie with each other in procuring equipment formerly used by the famous old masters; for which simple-looking utensils they are paying fabulous sums. The tea ceremony room here contained beamed ceilings and walls and had all the appearance of a substantially constructed living room of a well-to-do farm house. On the floor were heavy *tatami* and at the middle of the floor a pit, zinc-lined, about twelve inches deep and probably three by five feet in size. A wood fire was burning at one end of the pit. The ashes had all been raked neatly in artistic figures. From the un-

trimmed rafters hung an enormous bamboo pole, and from this was suspended over the fire a huge iron kettle. On the floor was also a large square lantern, modernized with electricity, in place of the old-time tallow candle. The supports of the room were made of unhewn logs. The sliding paper *shoji* had been thrown open and gave us a limited view of a beautiful formal garden, most of it now, unfortunately, shrouded in darkness. The customary little platform built against the stationary wall of the room contained a simple piece of statuary, with an inscribed panel hanging at the back. At the side of this was a little open cabinet with a tiny Buddha and ancestral shrine. Before the shrine incense is burned daily in the Mochitsuki home. There were no pictures on the walls—only inscriptions in Chinese characters over the doors. One of these translated reads: "I do not know." It was written by a Buddhist priest when nearly ninety years old. The symbolism of the motto was lost on me. Silken cushions had been placed on the floor for us to sit upon.

A ceremonial dinner was to precede the tea ceremony. The guests were reclining—in the case of the Westerners, sprawling—upon their cushions. To us it meant several hours of torture. I would rest on my knees and haunches for a few moments; then the legs would go to sleep, and oh! such torture when they came to life again. I almost felt like envying people who are paralyzed in their nether extremities or who have had their legs amputated. It proved impossible for us to sit real Japanese style for any length of time. How we squirmed, trying to imitate our smiling friends, and how ignominiously we failed! It was some source of consolation when later the others admitted that even they had felt the pangs of discomfort before the end of the evening came. But our host, I am sure, could have remained at his ease squatting thus indefinitely.

The household had many servants. As a special honour the hostess served the entire meal, handing each guest his

individual dishes, course after course. She knelt and bowed invariably before entering the room, and again as she served each separate dish. At first hot *sake* was brought, each guest receiving a tiny lacquered dish. The first course contained rice and bean soup. The covers of the containers for the rice and soup were thereupon used as receptacles for other dishes. The second course was the delectable Japanese delicacy, sliced white and pink raw fish, served in a soy bean sauce. Thereafter followed in rapid succession dish after dish of delicacies known only to orientals—fourteen courses in all, if I recall correctly. There were at least seven different kinds of fish, many unknown to me by name. With soup the meal was begun and with soup it ended. Thereupon followed Japanese cake and the sweet confections of the Orient.

The ceremonial dinner lasted fully two hours. We then retired to the drawing-room for rest while the ceremonial tea was being prepared—I presume also to enable our legs to awaken and get back to normal circulation. I expressed a desire to see some part of the Japanese wing of the house. Our host took real pleasure, I think, in showing us about. We left the house slippers on the Persian carpet of the drawing-room and in stocking feet passed into a long passageway covered with golden *tatami,* with attractive Japanese chambers arranged on either side. We stepped into the first of these. The first impression was one of bareness, I presume in contrast with the overfurnished drawing-room. But the charm of its simplicity grew upon us. As usual there were the three walls with sliding *shoji* of beautifully polished wood and rice paper windows, with a tiny glass "peekhole" in each. The fourth wall was a solid inside wall with an elevated stand and set of drawers, the conventional *kakomono,* and vase of flowers. In Mr. Mochitsuki's home the two-foot wide verandah outside the *shoji* on the garden side was provided with heavy glass shutters. It is the servants' duty to close these sliding doors

at night before retiring. To furnish ventilation at night ornamental scrollwork had been cut into the wall space high above the sliding partitions. We were told that this method of ventilation is omitted in many homes—a most unfortunate circumstance and probably at times dangerous to health and life, as the fumes from the charcoal fires of the *hibachi* are quite likely to poison the slumbering inmates.

Every fine Japanese home has its fireproof treasure chamber. This is sometimes constructed as an inner room, but usually it is set at one side of the dwelling house. These repositories are as a rule made of reinforced concrete and fitted with fireproof doors and heavy locks. Here are kept the rare paintings, the cherished works of art and extra furniture of the home. The treasure house is an essential part in every Japanese well-to-do family. Our host took pride in showing this also. The Mochitsuki home proved simplicity itself; though Dr. Sawayanagi assured us that the wealth of hangings, paintings, and extra furniture stored in the treasure house was great indeed. It is not uncommon to step into a Japanese room one day, fitted with simple furnishings, to be surprised on the morrow, on the return, to find all of them changed for others. The new, of course, were kept in storage in the treasure house and had been brought out for the guests' pleasure. Upon return to the drawing-room, the great artist Eiho-Hashimoto was announced as a guest in the home, and that he would shortly paint us a picture as a remembrance of the visit.

The tea ceremony was now ready. The entire group of guests returned again to the ceremonial room. Now, alas! there were no longer even the mats to recline upon. Such is custom at the tea ceremony. The ceremonial tea, by way of explanation, was introduced into Japan from China in the early part of the thirteenth century, and since the beginning of the sixteenth century unvarying forms have been followed by all its devotees. I presume that the two

greatest accomplishments of the educated Japanese girl are, first, the art in flower arrangement, and, secondly, the tea ceremonial service. The latter is an accomplishment that takes years of study to perfect. Even now, after years of practice, Mrs. Mochitsuki continues to study under a noted tea master still further to perfect herself in the graceful art. Every movement must be exactly so; for we must remember this is a ceremony to cement eternal friendships. I tried to fancy our restless American girls attempting to acquire patience enough to become proficient in the art. I feel certain that none of our girls at home would even desire such proficiency. The patience here required is wanting in the Anglo-Saxon people. The Japanese greatly emphasize the spiritual and cultural significance of the tea ceremony; but, frankly, to me it seems that the time spent in its study might have been put to more useful advantage—but here I go again. I am always thinking in terms of what Westerners call utility!

The tea used by Mrs. Mochitsuki for the ceremony was powdered immediately before use. Every movement of her body and of her hands and delicate fingers must be exactly duplicated for each bowl of tea prepared. All was done slowly and gracefully. Three tiny spoonfuls of powdered tea to a bowl. Just the correct amount of hot water dished from a kettle with a ceremonial bamboo dipper. Thereupon with what looked like a bamboo brush the tea was whipped to a froth. Slowly the bowl was placed on a square of folded silk. Still upon her knees the hostess turned and placed the cloth and bowl on the floor. Then the host appeared; knelt and bowed to the floor, unfolded the silk, and placed the bowl upon it. Then he arose and walked to the first of the line of waiting guests where he knelt again, bowed and placed the bowl of tea on the floor. The first guest—Dr. Sawayanagi—in turn bowed low, took a small cake and ate it. Then he lifted the tea bowl in both hands,

slowly turned it around, and with great gusto emptied the bowl in exactly three and one-half sips. Thereafter he placed the bowl upon the floor at one side of the folded silk. The host now returned; knelt, bowed, placed the bowl upon the silk, rose again and backed away. The same procedure was used for each guest. I watched Dr. Sawayanagi, who is an authority on the tea ceremony, lest I make some grievous blunder. The hostess ceremoniously washed each bowl after use. The tea-drinking was repeated twice around for each guest. Finally, after all had partaken, she picked up one dish at a time, knelt, opened the sliding partition, removed them to the kitchen, and closed the door. This ended the tea ceremony. It took fully one and a half hours to serve the five people. We returned again to the drawing-room—the Westerners with trembling limbs. Here we were presented with the painting that had been painted while we were at the tea ceremony as guests of the house. This proved an exquisite group of chrysanthemums, painted on white silk. In the drawing-room the maid brought another cup of tea to help in the recovery, I presume. Then after expressing our appreciation, we withdrew amidst an exchange of bows and—unusual, let it be said—real Western handshaking.

I have at length tried out the patience of an oriental audience. At one o'clock this day Mr. Aizawa piloted me by motor to the *Sho Ko Sho Rei Kwan,* a sort of Civic Centre, where a select audience of officialdom, educators, bankers, and agricultural economists were assembled to take the measure of *Foto-san,* the American educator, whose lecture was announced on enormous streamers festooning the main entrance way. It was a capacity audience. Here were assembled delegates representing many agricultural and economic societies of national renown, educational associations, farmers, co-operatives, and kindred organizations, ready for note-taking and, possibly, questioning. My

first thought was: How can I possibly hold this large audience of the elect and learned with my modest message? Will they not melt away, leaving me with empty benches? At any rate, it would be a unique experience.

Following a rather flattering introduction by the president of the National Association for the Encouragement of Learning, I began. First I addressed the audience in English, carrying on for about twenty-five minutes. This was thereupon translated by Mr. Midzuno to liberal hand-clapping, which cheered mightily and spurred me on to greater effort. In this manner we took turn about for an hour and a half, the audience paying the closest attention and applauding freely when some point was made that seemed to meet with their special approval. Thereafter recess was called, much to my consternation; for this would surely break up the audience, and the climax of my address would be left unsaid and unheard! But, no fear. I had yet to know the patience of a Japanese audience. The auditors now dispersed to get their tea and a cigarette or two in the tea-rooms of the Civic Centre, while the higher dignitaries gathered with me in a rear rest-room for introductions, and for tea and the inevitable cigarette. A few busy moments were passed in greetings and exchange of cards with government officials, and interesting philanthropists wrapped up in agricultural life and rural welfare, as well as homely sages from the outlying villages. I became also the recipient of many giftbooks which, according to Japanese custom, are presented to speakers and favoured guests. These offerings made the beginnings of a most precious collection, of which I had many boxfuls before departing from Japan. This day's ingarnering ranged from the "Life of Sontaki Ninomya, the Peasant Sage of Japan," to a "Synopsis of the Judo Shinshu Creed." Thereupon the audience reassembled with no loss in numbers so far as I could judge. The clock struck five when our vocal labours finally came to an end. Four hours, and the audience

seemed not at all anxious to depart! Imagine what would take place in an American audience trying to sit out a four-hour session under a foreign lecturer! Verily, the East is East and the West is West!

A few days after this particular lecture, there came to my table an interesting little book from the pen of Saiji Kimura, a student in the College of Agriculture of the Tokyo Imperial University. To my surprise the little book had been dedicated to the modest *Foto-san.* With it came also an explanatory letter in Japanese, which another University student later kindly translated into very quaint and quite inaccurate English. Excerpts from the letter are offered herewith, mainly for the common oriental extravagance in statement, so surprising to the uninitiated Westerner. One will soon learn, however, not to take these statements too literally.

My dear Dr. *Foto-san:*

My English is so elementary at present that I believe it is wiser and faithful of me to express myself in Japanese rather than in English. Dr. *Foto-san,* I am very glad that I enjoyed the happy time which I had never experienced before—the opportunity of listening to such an earnest, delightful lecture as yours. I feel that I cannot but exclaim to you, "Oh, the father of our Japanese tillers of the soil!"

Dear *Foto-san,* I am nothing but a mere student of the College of Agriculture of the University, but just like the skylark in Denmark you told about, I live now full of hope, which, recently burning furiously in my heart, turned out as my work "Hungry Peasants" and led me to the study of peasant life. I have a great many young men of my own opinion, trudging along the same road, traced by you. I present you this trifling work of mine as one of souvenirs from Japan. It is only a dewdrop of love, ignoring the boundary lines of nations. Please accept it which was written by an untutored fellow of age twenty, although I am afraid it may prove to be only a burdensome baggage.

I do not need to mention here at all what a powerful stimulus every one of your words acted on our rural education. I sincerely hope your good health and the success of your researches in this country. I rejoice again for our rural country yearning for rescue.

Dr. *Foto-san,* I pray for you who have come to us like a father and a mother to our rural education!

Farewell!

In a certain evening of August in Tokyo.

We had been out sight-seeing again and are standing—to use the historic present—on the *Nihonbashi*—the Bridge of Japan—from which formerly all distances in the empire were reckoned. The earthquake failed to destroy it, though the fire fiend did leave its scars in the chipped granite blocks and in the bronze electroliers surmounting the superstructure. From this slight elevation we can see the amazing spectacle of a nation "carrying on" to restore—yes, to rebuild more wonderful than it ever was—their beloved Imperial capital. As a boy I used to read the tales of ancient Carthage in its throes of despair prepare against the last Roman assault. Men, women and children, all toiling from morn till night; the women melting down their very jewels to be used in weapon-making and cutting off their long tresses to fashion bowstrings. No sacrifice was too great. It is exactly the same in Japan today. Think what this people has gone through! Never was greater fortitude displayed under equally trying circumstances; never a greater determination to cling to and restore the almost sacred bits of ground where their hearthstones had stood, or where their fortunes had been made and lost; never in the midst of suffering and keenest distress a finer insistence that the new Tokyo must in every particular be worthy of the Japanese nation, and to take rank among the world's finest capitals.

The Ginza stretches away from our feet into the smoky distance. Here was the former boasted Fifth Avenue of Tokyo and popular foreign-style shopping district. Alas! it was entirely wiped out by the fire fiend. But out of the ashes along its broad pavements have sprung up a weird array of temporary structures—tin-covered and roofed with corrugated iron; others, frame shacks and canvas-covered

huts—that reminds me for all the world of some Western American boom town sprung up overnight. But, look again! In the midst of the dust and tumbling walls mighty skyscrapers are being reared. Like the Phœnix bird of old, the city is rising again from its ashes, finer, nobler, more splendid than of yore! Feverish activity on every side; great derricks hoisting huge granite blocks; noisy concrete mixers; ear-splitting clatter of electric drills; shouting of sweating drivers goading on straining bullock teams; powerful, roaring trucks, carrying enormous burdens.

At night, as we lie in our comfortable beds, we continue to hear the subdued though ceaseless rumble of the city. Towards morning it becomes a roar, increasing in intensity as the sun rises over the city.

Tokyo, centuries ago, became the seat of the mighty Tokugawa Shogunate. From the time of the Restoration in 1868 it has been the nation's capital and the home of the Imperial family as well. Culture, learning, and the arts have centered here—the incomparable treasures of an ancient and proud people. In the terrible cataclysm many of these priceless treasures were utterly destroyed, to the deep and lasting sorrow of the nation.

The old city was constructed for defence. Little thought was given to city-planning in those days. At the centre of the city lies the palace of the former Shoguns—now the seat of the Imperial family—in large, beautiful grounds, surrounded by wide moats and almost unscalable walls of granite. Around it Tokyo grew up, becoming a city of narrow, winding lanes, relieved at intervals by broader avenues and parks. Little concern was given to sanitation, as is common throughout all the Orient. Indeed, the great municipality of three million souls had just begun a far-reaching plan of modern sanitation when the earthquake came and destroyed these good beginnings. Now there is a new start, and a determination to make a thoroughgoing job of it. All realize that the great reconstruction is not to be for

today or for tomorrow alone; but for the untold years that lie ahead of the great, growing capital.

The national government and the municipality are zealously co-operating in the plans for reconstruction. These would have been entirely beyond the financial ability of Tokyo unaided. Exceeding wisdom is being displayed in the work. According to Mr. J. Yamaga, director in the Imperial Bureau of Health, the great work of reconstruction is being prosecuted under four distinctive heads: First, the construction of streets and canals, and survey and settlement of property boundary lines; second, the rebuilding of educational institutions; third, the reorganization of the various charitable and corrective institutions; and fourth, the perfection of modern health and sanitary establishments. Many hundred million yens have been made available for this purpose.

Great new avenues are being established and old streets straightened and widened. A large number of beautiful parks, or refuge areas against a day of possible recurrence of calamity, are also planned. New canals are to be dug in the factory sections in harmony with an ambitious new harbour scheme. There will also be a great central market, a number of charity hospitals, refuge homes, asylums, and other eleemosynary enterprises so long and desperately needed in the great industrializing city. Then, not to be forgotten, Tokyo is to have a modern waterworks system and a sewer system as complete in detail as may be found anywhere. The latter Tokyo has urgently needed in common with other oriental cities. By 1928 it is thought most of this very ambitious reconstruction work will be made reality.

This morning we made a formal party call on Viscount Okada, Minister of Education, at his temporary offices. The fine building of the Ministry of Education, formerly overlooking a section of the beautiful palace grounds, was destroyed in the great fire. For the present, the depart-

ment personnel of three hundred odd officials is housed in low, wooden structures, built on the quadrangle plan much like the makeshifts common in Washington during the war emergency. After an exchange of greetings, tea-drinking and personal chat, we took our leave for luncheon at the Pan-Pacific Club, one of whose speaking guests I was to be.

The Pan-Pacific Club is organized, as the name would suggest, for the chosen leadership of the countries bordering on the Pacific, regardless of race or nationality. In this respect it differs very much from the *Nyhon* or Home Club, the Peers' Club and other exclusive Japanese associations. Prince Iyesate Tokugawa, lineal descendant of the Shoguns, and president of the Pan-Pacific Union, was at this time the club's honorary president. The genial Viscount Tadashiro Inoue, who is also chief secretary of the House of Peers, is the active president of the club. About seventy gentlemen of five or six different nationalities graced the luncheon with their presence. This included princes of the blood, counts and viscounts, a former ambassador or two, an ex-governor general of Formosa, members of the War College, and prominent English, French, Turkish, and American business men. It was a delightful occasion. The "Imperial" served an exceptionally well-appointed, Western-style luncheon. Small talk and good jokes enlivened the company—this latter somewhat unusual at a Japanese luncheon, and bespoke well the cosmopolitan composition of the group.

While the conversation was at its best I blundered, American-like, into a real *faux pas*. The one tabooed topic of conversation, as I should have known, was the Japanese Exclusion Act; and what did I do but blunder into this very thing. My innate curiosity, I suppose, and eagerness to learn the actual state of feeling towards America at this critical time can be held to blame. Fortunately, the presiding officer seated on my left was a Japanese gentleman, well schooled in *Bushido,* the ancient teachings of

knightly behaviour—that remarkable system of chivalry, of courtesy and of politeness; of high moral and ethical ideals, which through the ages have filtered down from the old-time *samurai,* Japan's two-sword men, reaching even the middle and lower classes. By way of a moment's digression, it is this admirable national trait, as vigorous almost now in the midst of the new onrushing industrialism as before the Restoration, that is so much misunderstood by us brusque and outspoken Anglo-Americans. This extreme courtesy and politeness of the Japanese is, unfortunately, often charged to a lack of frankness and sincerity, in which respect they might be said to suffer in common with our effusive French brethren.

But to revert to the delicate international question. At no time since our arrival in Japan, let me add, had this subject of exclusion been broached by any of the new-made Japanese friends. And here I had blundered right into it! My host was, however, more than equal to the occasion and parried the question cleverly.

"You Americans," he replied, "are entirely within your rights in determining who may and who may not become citizens of the United States."

"But," I persisted, "how is the action of Congress received in Japan?"

"That," he replied, "is quite another matter. The Japanese are an exceedingly proud and sensitive people and are convinced in their own minds that their civilization of twenty-five or more centuries with its fine training in the arts, in literature and philosophy, is at least the equal of your Western industrial civilization. Since the Restoration of the Empire we have looked to America as our friend and schoolmaster. We have been proud of your friendship. When America expressed the fear that continued influx of Japanese laborers might bring about an embarrassing problem and cause international misunderstanding, we readily entered into a treaty agreement to settle the vexing problem.

This, we thought, had ended the matter definitely. For, from the time that the gentlemen's agreement was signed, the Imperial Government has refused to issue passports to a single Japanese laboring man. But it was not to be. When the Johnson Immigration Bill was enacted it came as a terrible blow to Japan. As I have said, we are a people both proud and sensitive. Only a year ago when the earthquake and fire struck us a stunning blow, America was the first to aid with money and clothing; your marines were the first to the rescue in the burning streets of Yokohama—and now you, our friends and schoolmasters, have spurned us as a people inferior and unfit! But, as I have said, you are entirely within your rights. . . ."

I confess to shame and embarrassment as I listened to this frankly truthful statement. How true, that as a people we Americans have entirely too little regard for the feelings of other nations. We are determined to do exactly as we please. If other people do not like our ways, they can simply get along as best they can. Probably it is time for us to realize collectively and individually that America has a great world responsibility that may not be taken lightly. Our position of power requires great wisdom in the exercise of that power. Our present attitude towards the Japanese people is due in great measure to a woful ignorance of their life and history.

What we need to know has been well expressed by Baron Y. Togo, one of Japan's eminent leaders, in the following language: "Japan and the United States must know each other better. They must learn to look into the other's mind, to read each other's heart. The two peoples on both sides of the Pacific generally know comparatively as little about each other as in the old days when the ocean was not furrowed by the big liners of today. This is more especially the case with the American people than the Japanese, probably due in the main to the not easily surmountable barrier of the language."

The baron wisely suggests that to promote a still better understanding between the two peoples, "Americans must be encouraged to read those books about Japan which do not fail to grasp the genius of the Japanese or to analyze the true state of the conditions prevailing here. They will learn in due time to think for themselves about Japan, independent of the influences deliberately exercised by the propagandists of every shade, and remain uninfluenced particularly by the racial prejudice of misguided politicians in America."

CHAPTER IV

Into Rural Japan—Impressions of the Railway Service—Official Reception at the Utsonomya Railway Station—Guests at the Governor's Mansion—Along the Famous Nikko Kaido—The Feudal Era, Most Colourful in Japanese History—A Digression on Buddhism and Shintoism—Evening Impressions in Nikko—Its Famous Temples and Shrines.

We arose early this morning preparatory to departure by way of the Ueno station for first glimpses of real rural Japan. The express train whirled us clatteringly through a rather drab section of Tokyo suburbs, peopled by the middle and lower classes, who live in flimsy little houses crowded close together on winding lanes and occasionally set back from the street, surrounded by the typical tiny garden —a few trees, some shrubbery, and flowers and flourishing vegetable garden. Soon our party was beyond the confines of the poor struggling city with its many problems of reconstruction still unsolved. What a contrast to be out in the open country, peace and beauty on every hand! Rural Japan always calls to mind a great garden. Not a foot of waste land anywhere. Looked at from the distance the landscape appeared like an enormous crazy quilt in many colours, ranging from dark green to golden yellow and russet. Here the rice paddies were ripening and the cutting and drying of the rice was well under way. The buckwheat was still in bloom and helped give a glorious colouring to the landscape. Every small farmstead of one *cho* or less (one *cho* equals two and one-half acres) has its rice paddies, vegetable garden, buckwheat field, a feather-like bamboo patch, a few broad-leaved *geta* trees, reminding one of the American catalpas, a few beautiful cypresses and a well-clipped sheltering cypress hedge. As we glided northward, glimpses of the sea could be visioned on our right, and soon

the beautiful mountains began rearing their heads to our left as we drew nearer to Utsonomya.

I had read much of interest dealing with Japan's railway system and so was prepared for a real experience. Some writers describe the Japanese railway service as quite satisfactory. Others never tire of criticizing it. So far as I am concerned, while we did not find the Japanese trains so large or commodious as the trains in the United States, their outstanding efficiency nevertheless made a good impression on me. In all our going about from one end of the Empire to the other, in all kinds of weather, never did we find a train late on arrival. If the departure was delayed, the time was made up before reaching the destination.

In Japan proper, all the railways are, much to the regret of the Japanese themselves, constructed on a narrow gauge. When the railways were originally planned, it was upon the advice of English engineers, who for some reason were listened to instead of American advisers. The engines and cars are likewise small, and in this respect they remind one a great deal of English and continental European trains. Similar to the European, the coaches are classed as first, second, and third class—the common people of Japan generally travelling third class, while the second class is used by the educated and well-to-do, and the first class carriages by officialdom, the wealthy, and foreign tourists. All main-line trains have right well appointed dining cars, operated by private hotel corporations under contract with the Japanese government. Express trains between the large cities all carry sleeping cars on the European compartment plan, the aisle being at one side of the car, and not at the centre as in the American Pullmans. The one outstanding thing about the Japanese railway service is the remarkable politeness of the officials and employés. Very seldom does one find a train boy—and by the way there seems to be at least one young caretaker for each coach—who cannot make himself understood in English. When you approach the

train the train boy comes to attention, bows courteously, and after the train is under way remains solicitous about your comfort. While the Japanese people show great courtesy in their homes and in public, their behaviour on the railway trains marks a startling exception. When a train stops they jostle one another in a wild scramble to be the first in or out. Very seldom do they check any baggage; instead they carry their bales and bundles into the coach where they usually pile them on the seats, to the great discomfiture of other passengers seeking seats. Every car is a smoking car. Luncheons are eaten at any and all times, and the refuse is either bundled under the seats or dumped into heavy, cast-iron spittoons strung along the centre of the aisles, where they seem to have been placed for the sole purpose of tripping the much-bebundled traveller, for the moment unmindful of their existence.

We were met at Utsonomya station by a group of ceremonious official and schoolmen, dressed in uniform or in long frock coats. Most of them spoke really good English, and were gentlemen of culture. There was the usual exchange of cards, after which the Governor's invitation to luncheon was extended us. His car and chauffeur were in waiting. Utsonomya evidently does not see many Western people, for we became the centre of attraction as we drove up the long avenue of this attractive little city. The Governor lives in an interesting mansion. Here we were received with the greatest charm and cordiality. We removed our shoes at the door, whereupon we were ushered into the European wing of the house where Governor and Mrs. Ogada greeted us, to our delight, in excellent English. This Western living-room was in excellent taste. It gave one the feeling of having been made to be lived in and enjoyed. The Governor and his wife both professed that they preferred foreign style to native, as they had spent so much time abroad.

Then came the luncheon. The hostess announced that

she felt a Japanese meal would be a greater treat for us than one served foreign style. Accordingly, we were soon kneeling on silken cushions at the long, low banquet table, a special tray in front of each with many covered dishes upon it, and an interesting lacquered box by the side, containing very delicious grilled eels. The meal was excellent and was served with all the charm and courtesy of the East. We had little difficult with our chopsticks, although knife and fork had been placed at our side in case of necessity. Thereafter we retired to the drawing-room for fruit and coffee, something quite unusual in Japan; and as a special mark of distinction a servant brought in the only child and heir of the Governor, a prattling baby boy one and one-half years of age. We left our charming host and hostess with great regrets; but it was imperative to leave for the lecture in the City Hall.

Few people visit Japan without going to Nikko. Everywhere you are greeted with the question, "Have you seen Nikko?" It is a mountain village, set in the heart of an indescribably beautiful mountain section covered with thousand-year-old cryptomeria; studded with charming mountain lakes, and rushing mountain torrents spanned with wonderful lacquered bridges. And in the midst of all in noble groves are enshrined famous Buddhist temples and Shinto shrines and mausolea of departed Emperors and Shoguns that attract pilgrims from all over the Orient and tourists from every part of the world. Nikko is approached by a marvellous twenty-five-mile long avenue bordered by glorious evergreens, planted ages and ages ago by *daimyos* who wished in this way to honour the all-powerful Shogun Ieyasu.

While we are bowling along this marvellous *Nikko Kaido* in the Governor's limousine, let us digress a little to get a better understanding of the Feudal Era, the most colourful in all Japanese history, when the imposing avenue of cryptomeria was planted, leading to the mausolea and temples

set high in their mystic vapour-enshrouded mountains. In 660 B.C., early chroniclers tell us, the great Jimmu Tenno ascended the throne as the first Emperor of *Nippon*. His reign is shrouded in historic twilight and legend. The outstanding tradition has it that Jimmu was descended in the fifth generation from the Sun Goddess, the Heaven-born *Amaterasu-O-Mi-Kami,* chief of the native pantheon. He has gone down in history as "The Emperor of God-Like Valour," under whom the fighting tribes of Japan became united and dynastic history began. Since his time one hundred and twenty-two emperors have occupied the throne of *Dai Nippon* and between two and three hundred military guardians or Shoguns have watched over the sanctity of the emperors' persons and authority.

With the Nara Period (719-785) began the first authentic epoch in Japanese history. The beautiful city of Nara in central Japan became then the permanent seat of empire. Chinese culture and the spread of Buddhism came to foster in the people a love of the beautiful in nature and in art, and gave their beloved *Nippon* a great Augustan Age, with its remarkable native literature and art, its love of poetry, its glorious architecture, and its early schools and universities. Later, down through the generations, the emperors began to weary of political matters and so gradually delegated much of their power to able ministers, who quite naturally in time usurped the imperial prerogative and made themselves the real rulers—the shoguns. The first of this new dynasty of military rulers was Yoritoma of Kamakura. He came into power about eight hundred years before the arrival of Commodore Perry in 1853 to open the doors of Japan to Western intercourse. The remarkable feature of the new dual rule is that the Shogun, although he possessed the power of empire and used it skilfully to build up his own new military system, never for a single moment overstepped the lines of careful regard for the form and ceremonies with which the Heaven-descended Mikado and his

simple court had come to be surrounded in the seclusion of their modest Kyoto palace.

This was the age of chivalry. The shoguns attracted to themselves the mighty *daimyos,* or feudal lords of the land. These feudal lords had their own retainers, the *samurai,* or famous two-sword men of history. A perfect feudal system came into existence, tier below tier—Shogun, *diamyos, samurai,* farmers, artisans, commercial traders, and outcasts. It was a time of caste perfection; but also of *bushido.* To the present day Japan loves to contemplate the pomp and glory of the Shogunate, of swashbuckling *ronin,* or unattached *samurai* heroes, of great military processions thronging the historic Tokaido leading from ancient Kyoto to do homage to the mighty Tokugawa Shoguns at their princely palace in Tokyo.

The first great surprise to foreign students of Japan's religions is probably to find the gorgeously carved and lacquered Buddhist temples lying peacefully side by side with the plain, unadorned and weatherbeaten Shinto shrines. Incongruous though the two religions may at first thought appear in the popular mind, the two have long been reconciled. To be Buddhists and at the same time to be worshippers at the Shinto ancestral shrine is common practice in Japan. The explanation for this is not far to seek. Buddhism, which has been one of the world's greatest missionary religions, was taught through long and dearly learned experience to meet the needs of the persistent ancestor-worshipping Japanese nation, and instead of interfering with established Shintoism has enlarged upon it, expounding and literally incorporating for its own purposes Shinto's great tenets. The Shinto shrines in the days of greatest Buddhist influence became, in a sense, Buddhist fanes in or near the Buddhist temple courts; the worshippers moving freely from temple to shrine and back again.

Buddhism in Japan gives one the impression of being in a state of decadence. It is wrong to say that it is dead,

On the Way to the Shrine. Two-Thousand-Year-Old Cryptomeria Lining the Way

as some Western students insist. Instead, in recent years its adherents have profited greatly from the example set by Christianity. And Buddha has deigned to descend from his bower on the fragrant lotus blossoms into the very muck of civilization and has gone into the slums on errands of mercy, organizing Sunday schools, asylums, hospitals, and homes of mercy, beginning here and there even to co-operate in the charity work of Christian missionaries. This reformation will probably save Buddhism as a religion, although its greatness passed away with the Imperial Restoration; and very few believe that the religion can ever be restored to the splendours of its ancient prestige and power.

But let us not pass Buddhism by too lightly. Japan could not have become the *Dai Nippon* of today had the great *Budsu* passed it by. "It was a civilizing power in the highest sense of the word," says Lafcadio Hearn, "for it introduced drama, the higher forms of poetical composition and fiction, history, philosophy, architecture, painting, sculpture, engraving, printing, landscape gardening—in short every art and industry that helped to make life beautiful. All the refinements of Japanese life were of Buddhist introduction, and at least a majority of its diversions and pleasures. Perhaps the briefest way of stating the range of indebtedness is simply to say that Buddhism brought the whole of Chinese civilization into Japan, and thereafter patiently modified and reshaped it to Japanese requirements."

Now what of Shinto, the Way of the Gods? Shinto is not a religion in the ordinary sense, since it has neither creed nor dogma nor sacred books. Shinto is more correctly speaking a great system of patriotism, of national sentiment, centring about "nature worship wedded to worship of the Imperial House."

Everywhere throughout Japan does one encounter the simple, unpainted Shinto shrines, with their attractive log-

built *torii,* or gateways, that remind the traveller of the lofty pylons of Egypt and the gorgeous torans of India. Along the highways—yes, in nooks and crannies everywhere tiny shrines are erected, and in most Japanese homes are the "God-shelves" where prayers are said and sacrifices are made. Approach a shrine and other devotees are there ahead of you probably. They stand with bare heads and downcast eyes. Many lave their hands with holy water before approaching the shrine. Then they toss coins and other offerings into the gaping coffers. Strands of fluttering paper can be seen at the eaves of the shrine, symbolizing the presence of the ancestral spirits. At the entrance way gongs are sounded to warn the spirits of the approach of the worshippers, who usually clap their hands together preparatory to prayer—not, as some writers have held, to attract the attention of Deity, but as an aid to the devotee to clear his mind and help him focus it upon the subject of the prayer. In many places one finds shrines devoted solely to the worship of the spirits of the nation's departed military dead. And above all there is the great *Ise* shrine at Yamada, where at stated times members of the Imperial family must gather to "report" to the Gods great pending events with prayer and sacrifice.

Shinto and government have been intimately bound together from earliest time. Even the rites and ceremonies are under government control now. The following common prayer from the revised government ritual of 1914 makes a mighty appeal with its sentiment, beauty and thought:

> Bless and prosper with peace and tranquillity the mighty reign of His Sovereign Augustness, with majestic reign, with prosperous reign, for a thousand myriad long continued autumns. Great protection and blessing to all, from the Imperial Princes and their offspring to the people of the land. Prosper them like the luxuriant manifold branches of the mulberry tree, and cause them to serve the Gods.

All Japan makes constant pilgrimages to the shrines—Shintoists, Buddhists, and yes, even Christians. Not all of

Upper: The Gorgeous *Yomei-Mon* Gate at the Tokugawa Shrine, Nikko
Lower: Approach to the Last Court Before Reaching the *Yomei-Mon.* Two-Thousand-Year-Old Cryptomeria Add a Stupendous Setting for the Grotesquely Carved and Gorgeously Lacquered Shrine Structures

them to be sure are spurred on by the same motives; but all come who love Japan and revere the Imperial family. Everywhere one beholds excursions of blue-uniformed schoolboys and schoolgirls in gay kimonos, coming by train or on foot on their way to the shrines; or groups of farmers and labourers who have gained a respite to make the pilgrimage. And to my way of thinking the gain thereby in a nationalistic feeling and sentiment must be tremendous. Let me remind the reader here that no other country has had a ruling family whose history goes back in unbroken descent more than twenty-five centuries, holding today a position of sovereign rule lifted high above ordinary criticism, which has been Japan's impregnable defence against the disintegrating influence of Western commercialism and imperialism that one encounters everywhere else in the Orient.

We were guests at the Kainaya Hotel in Nikko. Arriving there in the evening, too late for sight-seeing, we decided to take an after-dinner walk down the long winding street of the village. This was a novel experience. The shops are planned to attract tourists. None can tell from the modest fronts of the shops just what wonderful treasures are contained within. Pause a moment and gaze at the window displays, and a solicitous servitor is sure to invite you to the inside to look over the marvellous collection of goods and tapestry and kimonos and other precious wares. The proprietor and his assistants seem to enjoy displaying their lovely treasures whether you have any intention of buying or not. There are many surprises in store for one. You may enter a tiny shop facing the street and pass through it to formal gardens and into larger shops and storehouses beyond, where you will be delighted at the amount of space filled with the beautiful things that only the Orient can produce. There are antiques as well as modern goods, and you are not over-urged to buy. But it's true, though, it is exceedingly difficult not to succumb to the enticing

attractiveness of everything and make purchases despite one's determination not to.

After a delightful two hours' stroll in and out the winding streets and tiny shops, we retraced our steps to the hotel, only to find a Japanese concert well under way. A strange, dreamy-looking individual was playing a reed instrument, known as a *Shaku-Hachi*—which means an instrument one foot and eight inches long. It corresponds to our flute. A young woman was seated on the floor playing a *koto,* a large stringed instrument something like a lyre, placed flat on the ground and the strings picked with tiny pieces of bamboo. The instrument is difficult to master and, I was told, it usually takes seven or eight years of study to enable one to play it with any degree of proficiency. Japanese music is based on a five-tone scale and does not seem to have the possibilities of our music. By the way, Western music alone is taught in the public schools of Japan nowadays and is becoming more and more popular as time passes.

When we left the hotel later in the evening for a stroll up the fragrant mountainside I locked the door, taking the key with me. Immediately a maid came flying along, exclaiming: "This is the only key to the room and you must not carry it away." Amusing to say the least; but she got the key. The reader will recall that in Japan it is not necessary to lock one's room. The belongings are always safe. But here comes the embarrassing matter of privacy again. In Japan there is no such thing as privacy. At the hotel this particular maid entered our room on one pretence or another five or six times. This, to be sure, was only one of many such experiences in Japan. In time they left us calloused and, as the Japanese put it, "acting natural and unabashed."

The morning dawned gloriously. From the windows of the mountainside hostelry a panorama of indescribable beauty and charm unfolded itself—dark green mountains, vapour enshrouded; a glorious verdure, dripping moisture

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and glistening like myriad diamonds in the sunlight; a glimpse of rushing torrent and sacred red-lacquered bridge; and the mighty stone stairs leading up and away into the sacred groves and the mausolea of Japan's great ones. And to add solemnity and a feeling of awe to it all—came to our ears the booming of the mighty temple bells in distant groves, now swelling mightily, now dying away to a murmur and whisper, giving way to the cawing of rooks and the twitter of birds.

The Governor had taken pains to telephone the police department to extend us as government guests every courtesy possible. Accordingly, the police chief appeared in person to conduct our party wherever we might wish to go. The unexpected courtesy was deeply appreciated. In America another interpretation might have been given this sending of a police department official to accompany us. It is not the purpose to give the details of our trip to the shrines. This has been told over and over again in the tourist guidebooks of Japan. In brief, the little party, headed by the debonair Police Chief, wended its way across the great lacquered bridge spanning a frothing mountain stream, the Daiya-gawa. On the stream immediately above us, likewise spanning the great torrent, we beheld the *Mihashi,* the Sacred Red Bridge. There is scarcely a more picturesque object in all Japan than this gracefully arching bridge—gorgeously lacquered as it is in a deep Indian red and adorned with black metal clamps and gold trim, set in a dark green fringe of evergreen, the fretting silver-blue river and grey worn boulders below. Not so surprising, then, that it is sacred and closed to the commonalty. The bridge has seldom been opened to others than the Shoguns of old and members of the Imperial family and special envoys.

Then came a climb of the hundreds upon hundreds of granite steps leading to the heart of the groves, and bordered on each side by thousand-year-old cryptomeria. On

the way up the party encountered throngs of pilgrims, coming or departing, most of them under the direction of official guides who carry their blue flags and herd the pilgrims from place to place, haranguing them and showing them all the points of interest, even as guides and cryers do in other countries. At every shrine gate were great open coffers into which the devotees are expected to throw their coppers.

Before approaching the holiest places, courtesy bids that one lave one's hands in holy water. Shoes also must be removed before entering the holy shrines. At the temple gates a white-robed priest met us, specially delegated to guide us through the holy places. As it had set in to rain, the priest provided us with umbrellas of oiled paper bearing the shrine insignia. Later when we departed, fatigued but happy, the umbrellas were presented to us with the blessings of the temple.

CHAPTER V

Interesting Reception at the Utsonomya Higher Agricultural and Forestry School—The Japanese National Anthem—The Japanese School System in Brief—The Imperial Rescript of Education—Low Degree of Adult Illiteracy—Instruction in Morals—Eagerness for Higher Education, Cause of Harsh Entrance Examinations—Education for Women—The Japanese, Assimilators and Not Simple Imitators—On to Mito.

THIS morning, bright and early, we left the mysterious vapour-enshrouded mountain slopes of glorious old Nikko behind us and retraced our reluctant steps to Utsonomya, whither duty called. Travellers are all well acquainted with the old saw: *"See Naples and die!"* Here in Japan it is, *"Nikko mirumade, kekko to-iu-na!"*—"Until you have seen Nikko, do not say splendid!" And true it is, for seldom have Nature, religion, and the arts and crafts of man worked together with such wonderfully harmonious results.

At the Utsonomya railway station we were once more met by a notable group of prefectural officials and educationists. Greetings were exchanged and name cards handed around. Nowhere in the world, I presume, are name cards used so freely as in Japan. When I left home in America I had about one hundred and fifty attractively engraved name cards. These lasted just four or five days in Japan, after which repeated rush orders had to be sent to Tokyo for additional thousands of printed cards. The Governor's auto was again at our disposal and soon the procession of cars rolled gaily away through winding streets and out into the open country, on the way to the Utsonomya Imperial Agricultural College—one of a long list of agricultural schools zealously at work teaching the Japanese youth scientific agriculture and a genuine love and understanding of the precious land.

I have no time here to take the reader through the interesting classroom buildings, the well-equipped laboratories and the agricultural museums, or even for a glimpse of the exceptionally fine and instructive experiment fields and trial gardens, which impress even the casual observer with the certainty that Japan needs little further instruction in technical and scientific education from enlightened Western countries. In experimental agriculture Japan is keenly alive to what other progressive nations are accomplishing. As a matter of fact, many of these Western accomplishments we have seen improved upon right here in Japan as we have gone about from school to school.

Let the reader meet for a passing glance the three hundred and fifty alert young men studying in the Utsonomya Agricultural College. Assembled they are, bright-eyed and eager in the large new auditorium, seated in very comfortable seats—in this respect quite different from many of the audiences so often greeting us in other parts of Japan, particularly in public auditoriums, which generally squat on the *tatami*-covered floors, their feet doubled under them in such a way that they literally rest with the soles of their feet pressed against their bodies. The assembled students all wore the customary blue uniform and student cap required under government regulations, with closely cropped hair, some barefoot, others wearing *geta*—the Japanese wooden clogs—and some, Western-made shoes. Upon our entrance both faculty and students rose to their feet—a mark of courtesy common in Japanese schools, from the kindergarten to the university lecture room—and remained standing until the president beckoned them to be seated. Such courtesy! Would that we had more of it in our schools at home.

At my urgent request the students sang the Japanese national anthem. They rose in a body, came to attention, and startled us with the tremendous volume of this, the most martial-sounding of national pæans. They sang the anthem

through twice; for, strangely enough, it is only one stanza long. We had already learned, too, that the Japanese hymn does not contain a single word fraught with the pomp and glory and gore of war. Instead it is a simple ode of profound good wishes to the long, enduring reign of the Emperor, who, it will be recalled, in the minds of the people is the embodiment of the greatness and prosperity of *Dai Nippon*. The hymn has been translated by Dr. Basil Hall Chamberlain, and reads:

> "A thousand years of happy reign be thine;
> Rule on, my lord, till what are pebbles now
> By age united to mighty rocks shall grow
> Whose venerable sides the moss doth line."

I had the pleasure to address the students on the significance of Japan's agricultural life. Whenever the speaker was so fortunate as to strike a responsive chord there came an audible, and to Westerners, surprising intake of breath and sighs of appreciation from the audience—who, the reader will understand, know English sufficiently well to follow at any rate the main thread of thought running through the discourse. In a few higher institutions of learning, notably in the Imperial Universities, one can address student gatherings wholly without the assistance of an interpreter!

This is as good an opportunity as any, perhaps, to digress for a moment on the educational system of Japan. The heart of the nation is in her schools—that is, of course, if the "heart" of a nation has anything to do with attuning the working mechanism of the people and keeping it attuned, ever advancing, ever improving.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the present school system of Japan is less than sixty years old. Yet as a system the Japanese schools are among the best organized and in results attained the most efficient among those of the great nations of the world. I must hasten to add that Japanese schools

are far from faultless, any more than the schools in other countries are. But for a nation so recently to change from an age-old oriental scheme of schools to the new Western ways, they are, to say the least—remarkable.

The secret of the present success is not far to seek. Japan was in no wise a country of untutored barbarians, as some may have supposed, when Commodore Perry first appeared off Yedo Bay in 1853. Far from it. Japan has had an unbroken educational history down through the incredibly long period of twenty-five hundred years. It had well-established universities before Oxford and Cambridge were founded; before the first school system was promulgated on the continent of Europe. The early schools were "seminaries," or seed beds for the profound culture of Asia, and took root as Buddhist universities and schools for the *samurai;* yes, even as elementary schools for children of the farmers, the artisans and the traders. With the Restoration of the Empire the Golden Age of *Meiji* was ushered in. All was in readiness for the new planting and assimilation of Western culture. Mutsuhito, the Emperor of the Restoration, was a man of unusual insight and power. Himself true to all that was best and noblest in a great ancient race, he ably promulgated new standards of education and a new code of morals which has become the very foundation and cornerstone of the change in life and education of his people. The official translation of this remarkable document is rendered herewith. It is indeed worthy of careful study, whether or not our Western democratic ideals permit us to accept all of it:

Know ye, Our subjects:

Our Imperial Ancestors have founded our Empire on a basis broad and everlasting and have deeply and firmly implanted virtue. Our subjects ever united in loyalty and filial piety have from generation to generation illustrated the beauty thereof. This is the glory of the fundamental character of our Empire, and herein also lies the source of our education. Ye, Our subjects be filial to your parents, affectionate to your brothers and sisters; as husbands and

wives be harmonious, as friends true; bear yourselves in modesty and moderation; extend your benevolence to all; pursue learning and cultivate arts; and thereby develop intellectual faculties and perfect moral powers; furthermore advance public good and promote common interests; always respect the Constitution and observe the laws; should emergency arise, offer yourselves courageously to the State; and thus guard and maintain the prosperity of Our Imperial Throne co-eval with Heaven and Earth. So shall ye not only be Our good and faithful subjects, but render illustrious the best traditions of your forefathers.

The Way here set forth is indeed the teaching bequeathed by Our Imperial Ancestors, to be observed alike by Their Descendants and the subjects, infallible for all ages and true in all places. It is Our wish to lay it to heart in all reverence, in common with you, Our subjects, that we may all thus attain to the same virtue.

The 30th day of the 10th month
of the 23d day of Meiji.

(Imperial Sign Manual. Imperial Seal)

It may be well enough to recall that Japan at the time of the Restoration was a patriarchal government whose people were clearly not ready for democratic rule as we understand it; but up through the years, step by step, as they have gained in fitness under the promulgation and enforcement of this remarkable moral-educational code, all classes of people in Japan have acquired a definite social status of personal equality and political rights that has recently culminated in full manhood franchise for all.

An earlier Imperial rescript (1872) enjoined that "henceforth education shall be so diffused that there may not be a village with an ignorant family, nor a family with an ignorant member." This sounds surprisingly like some of the resolutions that American educators pass occasionally to hasten the blotting out of our own disgraceful adult illiteracy in the native and alien population. One may still go into many sections of our south Atlantic Highlands and find from forty to sixty per cent of the adult population unable to read or write—a dark stain indeed on our national escutcheon. Fortunately for Japan the Imperial rescript

has been quickly effective. The United States still shoulders the burden of thirteen per cent adult illiteracy. Japan has less than five per cent. This should be food for thought for all of us. What may not a nation hope for in future years which has accomplished such results in half a century!

Japan maintains public schools for all the people, regardless of rank and wealth. They are secular schools. Religious instruction as such is forbidden under law, although every public educational institution from the lowest to the highest must include in its regular course of study a specific number of periods weekly in moral instruction. The number of periods and the contents of the course are prescribed by the Imperial Ministry of Education. The elementary schools are compulsory, and so remarkably well is the law enforced that at the present time 98.8 per cent of all males and 97.2 per cent of all females of school age are enrolled in the elementary schools. This does not take into consideration a small number of children who are excused to work for a limited number of days during the year, if the individuals can prove they are the sole support of dependants, and the small number of mentally and physically unfit children.

The school system bears the imprint of Dutch and French, and more particularly of English, German and American influence. The system includes primary schools, middle schools for boys and high schools for girls, and junior colleges which prepare directly for entrance into the Imperial universities. Then there are many continuation schools for people who cannot hope to attain the highest type of education, and excellent training schools for teachers, commercial colleges, and technical and industrial colleges in large numbers. In addition to this, Japan has many private schools which include in their number elementary schools, secondary schools, as well as institutions of college and university rank. Some of the latter are liberal arts colleges, but a larger number are professional schools organized as

colleges of law, medicine, technology, etc. In the early days the mission schools played an outstanding rôle. Many of the great men of present day Japan boast graduation from one or another of these mission institutions.

Japanese education is not co-educational beyond the third year. The elementary schools are known as ordinary and higher elementary schools, of six and two years' duration respectively. Middle schools of four and five years are organized for the boys, and high schools for the girls. Boys who are ambitious to "go the whole way," as they say in Japan, are expected first to complete the middle school course and then enter the *koto gakko,* or junior college, from which they next pass into their chosen university colleges.

The rural school system of Japan is quite comprehensive and practical. To begin with, Japan has no such problem as the one-teacher rural school of America. Seldom does one find a rural school—and this means a village school—of less than three or four hundred pupils. The plan generally followed is this: A more or less practical rural school course in a well-graded village school of six to eight years' duration, this followed with a very practical continuation school course. During the busy season of the year this resolves itself into a night school; while during the slack season of the year it becomes an all-day or part-time day school of practical nature. Young farm lads, ambitious to advance farther, may thereupon follow the successive steps of agricultural high school at the prefectural capital; Imperial higher agricultural college, established here and there throughout the nation; and finally, if so fortunate as to belong to the small chosen group, entrance to the college of agriculture in one of the Imperial universities. The young man who is limited in means and ability will likely not risk admission to the *koto gakko,* which points university-ward, but will go instead direct from the middle school to one of the public or private commercial, technical, or professional schools.

The education for Japanese girls and young women still follows largely the line of "good-wife-and-wise-mother" principle in female education. In conformity with this time-honoured principle, now happily gradually giving way before the determined onslaughts of the more progressive leaders, the high schools for girls correspond largely to what we would call home economics courses in our high schools, with this difference, that in addition to cookery, sewing and embroidery, the fine arts, morals, etiquette, and good manners are stressed to a large degree. The prevailing system affords very few opportunities for higher education for women. It is true that about one-half the entire number of prefectural normal schools are established for women, who may after graduation enter one or another of the so-called higher normal schools or teachers colleges for women. The latter correspond quite faithfully to American four-year teachers colleges. While women are not by law excluded from the universities, it is virtually impossible for them to gain entrance because the junior colleges—the necessary next link in the system—are not open to young women. The Hokkaido Imperial University is a marked exception to this rule. Here a few women have gained admission by the grace of President Sato, who holds his doctor's degree from Johns Hopkins. President Sato casually informed me, when we visited the University in Sapporo, that these young women are among the very best of his students. It is only fair to add that the Christian churches in Japan maintain several excellent junior colleges for women. The outstanding school among them is the Union College for Women in the outskirts of Tokyo, maintained by a union of Protestant churches.

The schools of Japan have grown so rapidly that provincial and national government have been unable to keep pace with the increasing demands made on them for educational expansion. Every year a large number of new middle schools and higher schools are established; but the

young people clamouring for admission are increasing in number so fast that only a small portion can be accommodated. This is unfortunate; but not at all surprising, when one takes into consideration that the whole system has sprung up in less than half a century's time.

This almost tragic situation has forced upon the schools an obnoxious examination system which requires both a leaving and an entrance examination, the latter being virtually an examination to eliminate all except the few who can be admitted to the already crowded schools. It is common practice for ambitious young men and women to repeat the annual entrance examination to a chosen school year after year, hoping against hope to gain admission. One of my friends, who is an instructor in a school for railway employés in Tokyo, deplored this situation in my presence. He stated that recently his school had vacancies for about two hundred young men, and that twenty-eight hundred applied for examinations! At least ninety-five per cent of these, he assured me, were worthy of entrance; but only the very few could be accepted. Japanese educators realize the seriousness of this situation, and would welcome the abandonment of the whole examination scheme. Meanwhile, time and increased national prosperity will do much to right this glaring shortcoming in the schools.

Let me repeat: the schools of Japan are wholly secular. At the same time, moral teachings are required in all the schools. This system of morals is based largely on the Rescript of Education. The textbooks and even the treatises on ethics used in the colleges are generally commentaries on the Rescript or expansions of it. Let us understand, therefore, that this system of secular morality in the schools is based on the ethics and morality of Japan itself. By this I mean that its foundation rests on loyalty and patriotism, but which, as Dr. Sawayanagi, president of the National Association for the Encouragement of Learning, emphatically called my attention to, "is not by any

means bigoted or perversive; for," he insists, "there is no other country in the world where in the hours devoted to moral lessons in schools, foreign anecdotes and foreign proverbs are so liberally used. Of late also the spirit of international co-operation has become one of the subjects to be taught in the moral lessons in schools." International co-operation! This speaks volumes, and should be a lesson for emulation by other peoples. It would not take long to destroy war if the nations would follow the lead of the world conferences on education, recently sponsored by the World Conference of Teachers Associations and foster the spirit of international co-operation in the schools. For as soon as the abyss of ignorance, caused by lack of understanding and knowledge of each other, is spanned by education, the present distrust and misunderstanding among the nations of the world will yield before the new ideals of international friendship.

Japanese educationalists are eager to bring to the aid of their education all worthwhile new things in education. This does not mean an eagerness to imitate other nations. It shows instead good judgment and common sense in taking advantage of what is worthwhile and helpful. As an illustration of this, several years ago Miss Parkhurst, the originator of the so-called Dalton Plan, a new progressive method for elementary schools still little known in its homeland, the United States, was invited to make a lecture tour of many leading Japanese cities, with the result that several interesting Dalton experiments are now under way in Japan. As we travelled about Japan framed photographs of Miss Parkhurst were quite commonly seen in the public schools. Our own trip to Japan is another illustration of this Japanese zeal for help and advice along lines of educational progress.

Foreign critics are too much inclined to charge the Japanese with lack of originality. The Japanese are a nation of clever imitators, their critics assert, as much as to assume

that Japanese people do nothing else than imitate. Of course the Japanese have imitated what they have considered worthwhile in Western civilization. How else could they have acquired in half a century what Europe and America required many hundred years to create? But here is not the whole truth. The people of Japan have *adapted* what they have found good in Western civilization; and gradually they have *assimilated* it; and, in turn, out of this process is coming a new *unique* originality in every improvement of the adopted civilization that may some day surprise their Western critics and even redound to the welfare of Western civilization. One need go no further than to vision what Japanese scholars and technical experts are even now contributing to our knowledge in mathematics, astronomy and meteorology, in chemistry, physics, and medicine, in seismology and mineralogy, in aeronautics, in agriculture and what not—to be convinced that they will soon take high place in contributing to the culture of the nations.

It is now time to return to our itinerary and the necessity for further journeying. Our party entrained, late afternoon, for Mito, the capital of Ibaraki Prefecture, some seventy-three miles to the northward. As the express glided into the station, we were again greeted by a group of officials and other dignitaries. We were whisked away in two of the government automobiles, scattering "barkers" and *ricksha* men in every direction, and taken to the Shibataga Inn, a thoroughly Japanese hostelry of the better sort. This novel experience was approached with a feeling of real anxiety, for one reads so many startling and embarrassing things about adventures at the native Japanese inns.

CHAPTER VI

A Typical Japanese Inn—First Experience with the Surprising *Furo*—The Japanese, a Natural Folk—How You Eat and Sleep in Japan—Peculiarities of Japanese Architecture—A Japanese Home—The Notorious *Benjo,* Cause of Embarrassment—Lack of Modern Sanitation, a Serious Obstacle to Progress—Making One's Toilet in Public—Japanese Dress—Athletics and Dress Reform—Flappers and *Haikaira-San.*

My advice to the tourist who really wishes to study Japanese public life is to spend some time in a well-appointed Japanese inn. The city hotels planned for Western tourists can give one no conception of the interesting and, I may add, often very embarrassing features of Japanese hotel life. As we had set out to see Japan as Japan is, and to get a taste of its inmost life, we had made arrangements from the first to stay at Japanese hotels whenever this was practicable. Our brief stay at Mito afforded the first opportunity. Will the reader follow me carefully in our first experience.

The express train rolled into the pretentious station at Mito. Our companions immediately lowered the coach windows in readiness for the redcaps who in a moment were trotting alongside the coach to receive the baggage. On the station platform were assembled the prefectural officials and a number of local educators in frock coats and silk hats. After stepping from the train, there came the conventional bowing and exchange of cards, whereupon we were ushered to the automobiles in waiting. Amidst a scattering of *ricksha* men and hotel porters, the cars rolled away to Mito's best Japanese inn, where a suite of rooms had been reserved weeks beforehand. The description which here follows is not limited to this particular hotel, but is quite common to all Japanese inns.

The automobiles came to a halt at what appeared to be the entrance of a great compound. At any rate, a large wooden fence stretched away on either hand at the entrance to the rather long passageway. It ended in half a dozen polished steps. At the base of the steps two serving maids had prostrated themselves while *Foto-san* and the others removed their oxfords. The way to do this is to balance gingerly on one foot while lifting the other and wriggling out of the shoe. Then, placing the foot thus relieved upon the first polished step, balance again and remove the second shoe. If this can be done without stepping in the mire below the steps, one is well on the way to proficiency in the Japanese art of preparing for the formal *entrée* of the hotel. No sooner have the shoes been removed than the *nesans* come to life. One will relieve you of your shoes, another will take your umbrella and portfolio. A third *nesan* will hand you a pair of "slipahs," which unfortunately for *Foto-san* were always too small for his Western nine and a halfs. The *nesan* would then lead the way along polished walks with a bit of charming Japanese garden on the one side. Here can be seen the dwarfed Japanese pines, often hundreds of years old, a small artificial lake, occasionally a waterfall, exotic shrubs, and a crane or two standing about in one-legged attitudes. Then the *nesan* would turn to the right and in a moment reach the entrance to one of the several pavilions which constitute the delightful inn. Occasionally, I may add, the entire inn lies under one roof, but more usually it is made up of a number of pavilions lying here and there in the garden; though always connected with covered passageways.

The suite of rooms set aside for *Foto-san* and his group was usually the "bridal suite" of the hotel—if they really have such things in Japan. At any rate, at the entrance to the two or three-room suite the *nesan* would pause and remove her slippers before entering. The others would, of course, imitate her in every detail. Behold, then, our

delightful new resting place. A suite of two rooms, we will say, each room with one solid inside wall, the other three being mere partitions made up of sliding *shoji,* those delicate, hand-made wooden frames set with silken paper which make the Japanese houses both airy and flimsy, and in winter time decidedly drafty and cold. I never can get over thinking of the original Japanese houses as intended for a race of rather overgrown fairies—and nothing more.

At the two sides of each room would run an outside passage, or verandah about two feet wide, with an attractive ornamented railing, beyond which lay the garden. The first feeling I got was that here privacy is unknown. The sliding *shoji* have neither catch nor lock. Night and day they are open and liable to inquisition. However, these things do not worry the Japanese, who are a decidedly natural folk. Now a glance at the interior of the room: On the floor are mats made of golden *tatami,* newly purchased and polished. These mats measure exactly three by six feet in size. They have been made thus from the beginning of time. So why should there be a change in size? In other countries when a house is planned it will contain so many rooms, each of a given size in feet and inches. In Japan when the house is built, each room will be a six-mat room or an eight-mat room, or perhaps a ten-mat room—the exact size measured in terms of mats. Against the inside solid wall, which is built of polished cypress or some other beautiful wood in which Japan abounds, is constructed a low pedestal intended for a Buddha or a vase of flowers or other ornament, always simple and impressive. Above the pedestal hangs invariably the one *kakemono* or wall hanging. This is in reality a scroll which has been unrolled and fastened by the upper hanging. There may also be a bit of bamboo artistry, a graceful crane or one of the numerous gods that one sees on every hand. Over at the right and also built against the inner wall is a case of chests which in most hotels will contain the *futons* and other bedding. Aside from these two

Upper: Our Beautiful Home in a Japanese Inn
Lower: A Little Later with Dinner Spread

pieces of furniture, the room will probably contain a long low writing table, very narrow, the top standing about two feet from the floor. When one writes it is naturally done sitting on the haunches on a silken pillow. There are no chairs, as we understand them in Western countries. One sits upon the floor. The "bridal suite" of the hotel differs from the other rooms alone in the finish and polish of the woodwork, in the exquisite scrollwork cut in the ceilings and the wide walls immediately above the *shoji.* These incidentally help to ventilate the rooms when the *shoji* are closed at night.

Immediately we have entered the suite, *Foto-san* as head of the household takes his place upon the silken cushion, back to the *kakemono,* a *hibachi* before him, and if he is weary, an arm-rest at his left. Other pillows are placed around the *hibachi* and the family group are soon assembled. First comes what we may call the breaking of bread, which is no more nor less than partaking of a cup of *cha,* or green tea. The water kettle is already simmering over the *hibachi.* The maid enters, bowing and smiling, carrying the tea kettle, and serves all of us tiny cups of tea, oft repeated amidst much urging. The host now appears and greets us in Japanese. Incidentally, no doubt, he sizes us up to get an estimate of the *chadai* that he may expect. About this *chadai* we shall have a word later. He then retires, and inasmuch as this has been a long journey and we are weary and hungry, it is time to consider the *furo.* By this I mean the daily hot bath, without which no Japanese gentlemen can feel clean and self-respecting. By the way, there is an old saying among the Chinese that the Japanese must be a very dirty people because they feel obliged to take at least one bath a day! This charge, it seems to me, speaks a world for Japanese cleanliness. It matters not whether they be men of high or low estate, and women, too, for that matter, they all take their daily hot bath.

As I have said above, the Japanese people believe in

naturalness. Because of this some Western writers have charged them with being immoral. Others aver that they are unmoral; that they have no standards. The Japanese people are inclined to think that in matters of this kind, Occidentals should be careful not to throw stones, as we, they say, live in great big glass houses. "You Westerners," they exclaim, "have certain ways about you that are repulsive to the Orient. Think of the way you kiss, the way you embrace, the way you dance, to say nothing about the way you permit your women to dress! Such short dresses, sleeveless and collarless—a very disgrace! Is it not true that dress may be made even more suggestive than where one is truly natural, and lets it go at that?"

We had, of course, read about some of the strange customs of Japan long before arriving in that country; so we were not unprepared for the *furo*. I must confess, however, to the embarrassment of the first experience of this kind. While I was trying to change from Western clothes to the white inside cotton kimono and the heavier padded outer garment, *nesans* would persist in flitting from room to room, here straightening out the single flower in the vase and hanging up or taking down garments unnecessarily. Amusing, yes, no doubt to them, but very embarrassing to me. At length we were properly garbed and, headed by a giggling *nesan* carrying the soap and towels, we slithered away in our undersized slippers in the direction of the bath, both *Oku-san* and *Foto-san* expected to use the same tub. This is against the conventions of the West, but certainly very common in the East. The average Japanese bathroom is far removed from the pavilion in which one resides, although in half a dozen of the hotels we were fortunate enough to have the bathroom quite close to the pavilion. In some large inns there are several bathrooms; in the smaller, only one. The bathroom contains, where properly appointed, a large cube-shaped wooden tub, built into a corner of the room, about five feet in height from the floor,

so that a step is necessary for the convenience of small people. Under the tub is built a charcoal fire, stoked from some other part of the building, to be sure. The *furo,* in order to be right, should be near the point of parboiling. On the floor, as one enters, are seen lined up several small tubs of cleansing water. One likely contains water, ice cold, a second and a third tepid and warm water. We enter, and to our dismay find that the *shoji* here also has no catch or lock of any kind. At first the solicitous *nesan* and the stoker-boy volunteer their services at scrubbing our backs and otherwise helping out. This was too much for our Western conventions. They were both waved from the room with some firmness; but, alas! I felt intuitively that they had retired only a few feet beyond the closed *shoji,* to stand guard, possibly, to see that others should not interrupt the ceremony of ablution!

In Japan the *furo* is the property of several guests. You are fortunate if you chance to be the first to use the hot water. A dirty habit, you say? Possibly so. Still, the Japanese will insist that our method of bathing in the same tub is much more unsanitary. "You," they say, "step into your tub dirt and all. After you are well scoured the water is drained off and you rub from the tub as much of the dead cuticle and grime as you can. Here in Japan we expect every bather to remove all the dirt before stepping into the *furo.*" And how then is this done? First of all, the bather strips and lathers his body thoroughly with soap. Then he takes his pick of small tub or pail and pours it over his head. If he is a person of courage he will take the cold water. If not, he has his choice of the warm. After thoroughly cleansing the body, he now completes his ablution by stepping into the real bath. At first, to us, it seemed that the flesh would be boiled from our bones, but strangely enough in a few minutes it becomes a delightful experience. Here we sit submerged to our chins and after five or more minutes are ready for the shower, if we have the courage;

otherwise a good rubdown. Then enfolded in double kimonos we return to the dining room, wonderfully refreshed and ravenously hungry.

In Japan servants are plentiful and therefore cheap. This probably explains why the Japanese guest is usually far removed from the eating quarters. In further elucidation one ought to add that the Japanese inn boasts no such convenience as a central dining-room. Each one is served in private in his own rooms. The unfortunate thing about it is that the food gets quite cold by the time it reaches the one for whom the service is intended. This is notably true of dishes that are served uncovered.

After the delightful bath we gathered for the big meal of the day, six o'clock dinner. All were seated in a half circle in the largest room of the suite. The *nesans* thereupon brought in first of all the teakettle and the enormous rice bowl. Then each guest had placed before him or her a tiny four-legged lacquered table, standing about eighteen inches from the floor. The table contained several small lacquered dishes, together with paper-wrapped chopsticks, to be used once and then discarded. It is really not very difficult to eat with chopsticks after an attempt or two. Vastly more difficult is it to accustom oneself to eat in a half-reclining position, particularly under the amused surveillance of the maids, who take great delight in our blunders, reporting them in detail later, no doubt, to their fellow servants in the kitchen. The chief dish of all meals in Japan is rice, which is cooked deliciously flaky. One may disregard any other dish urged upon him by the host, but never the rice. It is considered a great discourtesy not to eat one's first bowlful, and ask for a second and a third helping. To praise a hostess' rice is to be certain of her good graces.

No country in the world has such a large variety of seafood as Japan. The people would probably starve were it not for the wealth lavished upon them by the sea. Fish in

greatest variety, and such shell fish as lobsters, crabs, and crayfish are served everywhere. Even for breakfast one may expect one or two kinds of fish soup, broiled breems, and choice broiled lobster. Then, for good measure, in some localities cuttlefish and even jellied sharks' fins are added. One of the most delicious dishes contains tiny broiled birds, and comes served with head and legs included. Not very attractive in appearance; but to the gourmand really delicious and palatable. I asked repeatedly for the name of the birds. For some reason our friends refused to divulge the name. Months later in Formosa I related the experience of the broiled birds, and friend Hara of that one-time Chinese island exclaimed without hesitation, "spa-rows." So, alas! we had been eating sparrows, the chattering, quarrelsome things of which we have so many at home!

No meal in Japan can be eaten without a liberal libation of *cha* or *ko-cha*, green or black tea, most generally the former. It is inadvisable for the foreigner to drink water in Japan. The water is safe only in the upper mountain regions where it flows out of the clear crystal snow. The lowland streams drain the highly fertilized fields and are quite certain to carry the germs of typhoid, typhus and other disease. The substitute, then, is *cha* and more *cha*. Ten to fifteen cups a day—small size—was a very common practice with us, and we felt no ill after-effects, surprising as it may seem. The Japanese also delight in vegetables of all kinds, served fresh and in the form of pickles. The mineral content of these is said to neutralize the over-abundance of starch taken into the system in the constant rice diet.

It is now time to retire for the night; but no beds in sight. Of course, we know that Japan uses no beds. The question is, where is the bed clothing? This is soon answered as several tiny maids quickly appear, and after carefully sweeping the already immaculate floor open the wall chests and bring forth, midst much giggling and amusement, *futons*

and other bedding to be used in the bed making. They appeared perplexed as by an unusual task. The *futons* or undermattresses were apparently designed for the five-foot-four Japanese rather than for the six-foot American. To add to our comforts, the *futons* were laid double. Freshly laundered sheets came next; then the needlessly heavy covering *futons* to which the upper sheets were fastened for convenience. The upper covers are extremely heavy, so that once a sleeper gets within the nether and the upper covers he lies there much like the dressing within the two halves of a sandwich. The pillows used in Japan are round and quite hard. Some of them seem to be filled with a material that feels to the touch like sand. More recently a round rubber pillow has been perfected. This is probably quite unsanitary. Even to this day ladies of high degree will make use of the wooden pillow which is made to fit as a rest for their necks, in order thus to save their elaborate coiffures. The pillows we usually rolled away and substituted instead one of the cushions used for seats by day. What delightful things these Japanese quilts and beds are! They are usually covered with silk, occasionally gay with colour, often snowy white. The covers are, on the whole, too heavy and cumbersome, and on cold nights we often longed for warm American blankets which can be tucked in—something that cannot be done with the Japanese *futons*.

One of the first words the tourist learns to speak in Japan is *benjo*. If one steps into the hall and looks about askance, a maid is sure to be near. One word only is necessary, and you are directed to the place. The *benjo* is usually placed near the general washroom and the *furo*. The toilets are placed in small compartments. There is no elevation, only an oblong fissure in the floor, sometimes porcelain lined, with a piece of porcelain slightly raised at one end. Seldom is there any flushing system, as the night soil is used for fertilizing the fields. Though emptied every few hours and the retainers kept scrupulously clean, the odours still are all

too evident. Why is Japan and the rest of the Orient so backward in sanitation? one might ask. The secret lies, frankly, in this, that the night soil is needed for the fields. Japan imports enormous amounts of artificial fertilizer annually from other countries, but probably would find it impossible to produce ample crops and make ends meet were it not for the animal and human fertilizer used everywhere. One should remember that barnyard manures are produced in quite limited amounts in Japan. Therefore, this other "golden treasure" has to be husbanded very carefully. Even in large cities like Tokyo and Osaka, early in the morning the fertilizer carts—pushcarts, oxcarts, and horse-drawn vehicles—can be seen making their way towards the country —not to say smelled. On these carts are arranged a number of wooden tubs, carefully covered. They are wheeled or drawn out to their destination and carefully emptied into concrete containers on the edge of the fields where the manures are to be used. It is probably also true that the great initial cost of modern sewer systems explains in part the amazing backwardness of modern sanitation in an otherwise progressive nation. However, one gets used to everything in the Orient. The disagreeable *benjo* makes for an awkward moment occasionally for the uninitiated traveller. The foreign style toilet is said to be an even greater puzzle to the native Japanese.

It is quite apropos that the little poem which appears below should have been printed in the *Kobe Chronicle* at the very time we were trying to get accustomed to the many odours of the Orient:

"You have all seen
Those advertisements
For perfume,
The chief offenders
Being the American
Publications
In which
The perfumes of the Orient,

'Those subtle,
Alluring
Romantic odours'
Are yours for the asking,
Providing
A cash payment
Accompanies the request.
And I often wonder
If the ad. writer
Has the slightest idea
Of what
The perfumes of the Orient
Really are.
Surely he has never
Passed a load
Of mushy *daikon,*
Nor has he
Ever driven up
From Shioya
On a warm summer's night
When the air was laden
With incense
Emanating from the parade
Of . . . carts

. . . . . .

For East is East
And West is West,
And it's certain that never shall meet
The writer of Oriental perfume ads.
And the carts on Kobe's streets."

There are no lavatories even in the best appointed of Japanese suites. The lavatory is usually set in an open recess adjoining one of the numerous passageways. It comprises, as a rule, one long sink where are placed a number of wash basins of polished brass. Occasionally flowing water is provided, but more likely one has to dip it out of a bucket. Hot water attachments are very unusual and are considered a great luxury.

Men and women commonly stand side by side while in their ablutions, often stripped to the waist in greatest

unconcern. The morning ablutions are real rites. One of my impressions that will live the longest, I think, is a picture of these mornings, as the guests come clattering down the passageways, kimono-clad, usually with a toothbrush sticking out of the mouth, a towel and a bag of toilet articles in hand. Neither towels nor soap nor toilet paper is furnished by the hotels, the former it is said because of a prevalence of eye disease that might spread through the medium of filthy towels. Tiny basins of salt are provided for the teeth; often toothpowder also, and in some places huge jars of inexpensive toothbrushes. At first we assumed these brushes to be common property, used over and over again by the guests. This phase of public health, however, is carefully looked after by government officials. These particular brushes are for the use solely of persons who may have forgotten their own brushes. They are cheap and are thrown away after a single using. The Japanese should have credit for the way they scrub their teeth and rinse their mouths. They consume a great deal of time in their ablutions. I could shave, brush my teeth and wash up face and hands, and be gone long before the average Japanese would have finished his teeth alone. All ablutions are done noisily and with an unnecessary amount of blowing and coughing and spitting.

And now for Japanese dress. I presume that the average American visions Japanese women garbed in gay flowered kimonos, daintily tripping along under cherry trees, with big paper umbrellas in their hands. At least this was my impression before leaving home. Quite a surprise therefore to find that Japanese women are no mere butterflies, especially in matters of colour and design of clothing. It often amused me while walking along some street with Japanese men friends to hear them covertly remark, "That woman we just passed is about eighteen years of age. This one is thirty or probably forty," and so on. "But how can you tell?" I would ask. "By the colour of their outer garments

and their design, and by the way the *obi* is tied." In other words, in Japan one can immediately judge the age of a woman by the cut and colour of her clothing. How different in Western countries, where women call to their aid every trick and device known to the modern dressmaker and modiste and beauty specialist, to remain eternally young in the sight of their men folk! One of the interpreters rather shocked the *Oku-san* on one occasion by suggesting that if her age was to be judged here in Japan by the colours she wore on her hat, she would assuredly be taken for not more than twelve or fourteen years of age. Then came horrified exclamations at the thought that Americans are unable to distinguish between the clothes worn by a *geisha* and a real lady. They never quite got over their fear that the *Oku-san* might at some unguarded moment purchase kimonos and other garments out of harmony with the best in correct Japanese taste. "Wait for us, and we will see that you get what is appropriate," were common assurances. Once I chanced to pick up a gaily embroidered garment in a shop adjoining one of the hotels—the kind made to beguile the unwary tourist—and immediately came the exclamation: "These garments are for people of low taste. No Japanese lady would think of wearing such things." We did learn at length to distinguish important differences in the dress of different classes of people.

Another interesting thing came to our attention. That was, one cannot purchase the photograph or picture of a real lady in a Japanese shop. Of *geishas* and actresses one can get a great abundance; but even actresses in Japan are not classed as ladies. In order to get a photograph of a *real* lady for this book, we had to appeal to our friends, who after some hesitation provided photographs of their own immediate relatives and friends.

The *Oku-san* had a delightful time shopping with a Japanese lady friend, and from her learned many intricacies of Japanese attire. The women are kimono-clad from the skin

out. The first garment is a surplice, cut at the waist, usually white, with short sleeves, to which in cold weather are fastened heavier sleeves with tighter cuffs. Then comes a straight piece tied around the waist, a sort of petticoat. The kimonos worn as underwear are usually of brightest colour. They are all manufactured according to the same pattern. An observing person can easily take account of the many layers of clothing that show through the woman's long open sleeves. The garment is planned long in make and is adjusted by tucking up at the waistline. Seven different kinds of belts and ties are wrapped about the waist or, to be exact, a little above it. The dress of Japanese women is not so simple as might at first appear. She suffers as much from binding and hampering the proper functions of her chest as our women did using the old-fashioned corset. Japanese women wear no stockings. The kimonos are so sheath-like that they afford some warmth for the legs. A cloth shoe, or *tabi,* ankle high, is worn instead. This footgear is made with a division for the big toe to make the *geta* strap easily adjusted. The *tabi* is worn by rich and poor alike. It is made of washable material, as a rule, although occasionally of velvet, and its immaculate appearance is absolutely essential in well-dressed persons.

The wooden *geta* seemed very stiff and awkward to us at first, but there are many redeeming features. A person well provided with footgear will own a number of these *getas,* some with low and others with high cleats underneath. One's choice of footwear will depend on the condition of the weather. The high ones are used on muddy roads and keep the wearer above the contamination of the street. Straw sandals are usually worn in the house or on the house porch. Sometimes the straw sandals are trimmed with a protecting top-piece, in colour to harmonize with the costume. The Japanese women walk pigeon-toed, and have anything but a graceful walk as we Westerners understand grace in walking. In the same connection it is interesting

to know that when recently the international Young Women's Christian Association searched the world over for the perfect woman's arch to use in their propaganda for correct shoes, a Japanese girl's foot was chosen.

The silk manufactured for home consumption in Japan is about fourteen inches wide. This width proves the most economical in the manufacture of kimonos. The silks usually come in dress patterns only. Formerly the designs and colour were, generally speaking, inconspicuous. This was probably because until recently the Japanese woman was wholly a home body, seldom leaving her house and children. Now that she is learning to appear in public more and more she is beginning to assume brighter colours and larger designs. Her dress, which would otherwise be too sombre, is relieved by the *eri*—a small silk fold worn around the neck of the dress—and by the *obi,* or sash, which is of as exquisite material as the wearer can afford. The *obi* often measures ten feet or more in length and is quite expensive. In wear one wraps the *obi* about the waist three or four times, and ties it in a big perpendicular bow at the back when worn by a young girl, or pillow fashion when worn by an older woman. The *obis* are colourful, sometimes quite stiff with gold brocade, and of a texture to induce thrills in any feminine heart. Japanese men can give their women folk no more valued gift than a fine *obi.* A person's station in life can also easily be reckoned by the size and quality of this garment.

Educated Japanese women are beginning to discard the stiff, greasy coiffure that one sees in the common Japanese prints. They are beginning, instead, to wear their hair in a loose knot, sometimes pushed out at the sides and at the top. I recall seeing several women seated in front of me at the theatre whose coiffures measured the same width as their shoulders. This is no longer common in Japan. Of course one does see a great deal of the old elaborate hairdressing; but this also is beginning to pass away. Not

A Japanese Bridal Couple Photographed in the Beautiful Traditional Wedding Garments

uncommonly nowadays does one see a Japanese flapper on the Ginza or in the parks, sporting bobbed hair in imitation of her Western cousins. The lady of high degree who insists on the old-time mode of hair dress is obliged to employ a regular hairdresser. She must also suffer the discomfort of sleeping on hard, round wooden pillows, mounted on little pedestals to keep the hair from being mussed up. Much of the financial outlay involved in Japanese coiffures is for ornamental combs and pins. These are more costly than the price of many a foreign hat. The head ornaments are made of bright silk crêpe, of beads and fancy brooches, often of the finest coral.

The kimono worn by the Japanese lady is attractive and its straight lines are very graceful. But when my lady dons her *haori,* or outside wrap, she is transformed in all appearance to a hunchback, because of the protruding *obi* underneath. The *haori* is a sort of loose coat, usually made in dark colour without ornament except the family crest, though with elaborately designed lining. This wrap is a popular purchase among tourists who fashion them into evening cloaks.

While we dress our babies in white, with maybe a touch of pink or blue here and there, the Japanese mother clothes hers in a veritable riot of colour—red, green, blue, and purple, with huge flower, stork and turtle designs. And what an amazing bulk of clothing these poor little ones are obliged to wear! They are literally padded in garment upon garment. The same styles are worn alike by young and old. The sleeves of the boys' kimonos gradually grow shorter as the boys grow older, and the design changes towards a blue and white. The little girls are privileged to indulge in colour. Their hair is dressed very much as that of Western girls. The boys always have their hair greased, short, and worn pompadour.

The woman's ceremonial dress is of dark colour with elaborate designs at the base, sometimes embroidered, often

dyed to order, always with the family crest appearing on the sleeves and shoulders. The bride's dress is worn only once, although it may be handed down to the oldest daughter as an heirloom. I found a shop in Tokyo where such dresses can be bought for a small portion of the original cost. Speaking of brides, these unfortunate beings are expected to furnish as dowry a wardrobe that will last them for many years. It is not uncommon for a bride to have in her trousseau a hundred changes of costume!

Western clothing has been worn by Japanese men ever since the Restoration. Particularly is it common among the business and professional classes. Japanese women on the contrary have been very slow to adopt Western ways. The change if ever made will probably come through the children who are now in school. There are those who think it a pity to have the Japanese woman change from her airy, graceful, flowing garments to the Western styles. But does the romancing sentimentalist realize that the Japanese woman is much more hampered in grace of movement by her dress than the Western woman is? It is a common sight nowadays to see entire family groups on the streets or on the trains, the mother still dressed in the native kimono, with the father and all the children in Western clothes. Especially does one see school children garbed in knitted garments from the skin out, and many are the tiny shops that sell exclusively yarns for foreign knitting. "Fleischer yarn" is a household word in Japan.

The Japanese woman is timid and conservative. Down through the centuries she has bowed before man-made rules in dress and daily conduct. The Japanese home will have to be changed considerably before the women can adopt foreign dress and find it practicable. One can be seated as the Japanese do, in a kimono, and get up again without a wrinkle showing. Perhaps there is another fear in the Japanese woman's heart, for this getting up and down is not conducive to the adding of flesh. The Japanese woman is

very small and unusually agile. It would be a pity should she add the avoirdupois which causes such distress to her Western sisters. In our travels throughout Japan, I saw less than half a dozen women who might have been classed as more than slightly plump. Possibly there were others in hiding somewhere.

Girls and boys in the public schools above primary grade usually wear a prescribed uniform. The boys dress in a dark blue coat, trousers and cap. The girls' uniforms vary in colour, though ordinarily fashioned as dark blue middy or norfolk jacket and full skirt. The *Oku-san* was walking along a street in Kumamoto one day with a woman who had spent more than half her life in America, when they met a group of Japanese schoolgirls in uniform, laughing and carefree—the embodiment of health and vitality. "Look at them," said the woman. "I feel almost envious, but yet I rejoice for them. Their legs are straight. They are taking to the new athletics and will never be content to put on their kimonos again."

"But why have you donned your kimono again? You did not use it in America," the *Oku-san* questioned.

"Because this is a small city," she answered. "Foreign dress for women is still uncommon here and my neighbours would call me conceited were I to dress as I did in America. I simply haven't the courage to do it, even though I greatly dislike kimonos."

Here is probably the keynote to the reason for delay in changing to the new.

Our male companions insisted on a frank opinion on Japanese women's dress. Dress for women is evidently a live issue in Japan, and there is certainly wide range of opinion in regard thereto. "I recall that at first I felt ridiculous in my foreign clothes," averred one of our companions. "I had to learn to adjust my habits and very thoughts to accord with the new clothes. I am, however, willing that my women folk go the same road that I did

until they learn how to *adapt* foreign styles, which is much more than to *adopt* them." Other Japanese men hope the change may take place, because Western clothes are less expensive. The income of the average Japanese gentleman is insufficient to provide a double wardrobe for the wife as he now must do for himself. The usual man of affairs appears on the street perfectly groomed in foreign clothes. In all probability when he returns home of an evening, he dons his native dress and therewith throws overboard the cares of the day. There are still those among the thinkers of Japan who fear to see the change in woman's dress lest it mean a change to Western ideas of emancipation as well!

A Japanese man garbed in native dress, visored cap or Stetson hat, and Western shoes, makes quite an incongruous picture. But one meets them on every hand. Men's native attire does not differ much in cut from the women's, excepting in length—being shorter. The sleeves, unlike the women's, are closed under the arm seam. The men, too, wear many garments, the outer usually interlined for cold weather. The sash worn by them is soft and wraps around the waist several times and knots. A well-dressed man never appears on the street without his *hakoma,* a sort of pleated divided skirt, generally made of silk, with stiff belt attached. What a convenience these sleeves and *hakoma* are as bundle carriers! They fairly bulge with packages after a shopping tour. The Japanese dress much warmer than Western folk do. So when they are seated on knees and heels, kimono tucked under them, they are snug and warm, save hands and face. For the exposed extremities the tiny *hibachi* will suffice, even in cold weather.

There is something strikingly dignified about a Japanese gentleman's formal dress. Men always wear a white neckcloth, or *eri,* and an attractive white braided silk cord for tying the *haori,* and white *tabi,* whose immaculateness is guarded as closely as a foreigner guards his dress shirt front.

So intense is the feeling in certain quarters against foreign

clothes that songs are occasionally heard upon the streets, sung by those who wish to ridicule this aping of Western ways and dress. The Japanese man flapper is ridiculed as *"haikaira-san,"* or high collar man. Even young women who adopt Western ways of hair dress are likely to find themselves in the *haikaira* class. But despite ridicule and paternal protest, the *haikaira* youth are increasing amazingly in number. No longer is it uncommon to see bobbed hair, notably in the port cities, and even the aversion to wavy hair seems to be lessening. We saw repeated instances where marcel irons were used. Nothing is more amusing than to watch Japanese women shopping, and to see how eagerly they search for foreign scarfs and purses and knicknacks of every kind, when to our eyes their native wares seem much more beautiful.

CHAPTER VII

Mito Park, Sages, and Reclamation Work—Early Morning Reception at Sendai—Shiogama Shrine and the Miraculous Vats—Specially Conducted by the Harbour Police—Glorious Matsushima, One of Japan's "Three Great Sights"—Consulting with Inaji Doi and his Tenants—Agriculture and Food, a Primary Problem—The Tahoku Imperial University—An Evening Banquet —From Morioka to Aomori.

MITO is a quaint but attractive little city, and was for ages the home of mighty *daimyos*. The city takes its name from the Mito branch of the Tokugawa family of *shoguns*. Our party arose betimes, for there was a full day ahead. First came a visit to the noted Mito Park and its charming pavilion. The park was originally planned as a private garden by the noted feudal prince Tokugawa Nariaki, who proved a staunch supporter of the Old Empire and bitter antagonist of everything foreign; especially did he fight bitterly the opening of the treaty ports in Perry's day.

In time the park passed into the hands of the great statesman and agriculturist, Mito Rikko, who in his day, by precept and example, did much to inspire his people to give their time wholeheartedly to progressive agriculture. This remarkable man retired from the high position of chief *Daic* in the province to devote his time exclusively to agricultural improvement. I have on my desk before me as I pen these lines an interesting wooden image of Mito Rikko seated on the ground, a hand sickle in his left and a rice measure in his right hand, with the sheaves of rice resting on the soil to the right—the ensemble symbolizing agricultural thrift and unselfish labor for his fellowmen. The beautiful pavilion is set in the midst of the garden where he gave his ripening years to meditation and study. It overlooks the one-time swamp lands and the river below,

where he first taught the Japanese modern ways of drainage and scientific farming—where now bountiful crops of rice grow in season to bless the people.

This democratic prince loved nothing better than to have his people around him—commoners as well as the nobler sort—to sit at his feet and learn the ways of wisdom. To this end the pavilion was admirably suited. Several rooms were planned for the favorite *No* plays. These were given on a verandah and could be witnessed by his retainers who would assemble outside in the garden.

The pavilion contains to this day Mito's Tea Ceremony room, set apart from the commonly used wings of the structure. The room is quite plain, and has a thatched roof with unhewn log supports. In the floor, an earthen pit where the fire could be laid. Entrance was from a small outer garden, where the guests had to wait. In turn they would be ushered along a narrow, difficult passage and through a door so low that they must stoop humbly to gain entrance. Everything betokened simplicity and humility. Within, the great sage was accustomed to prepare with his own hands the ceremonial cup for the honoured guest.

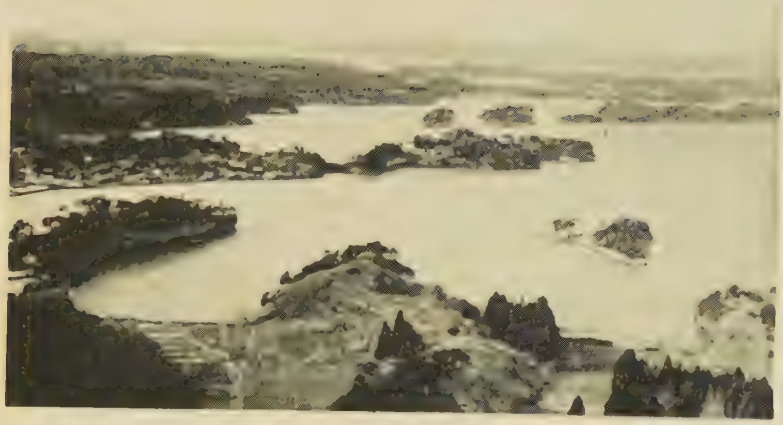
In the midst of this park, noted throughout Japan for its cherry and plum blossoms, for its groves and tiny shelter houses, Mito Rikko erected a library building where we were privileged to browse among the seventy thousand volumes, mostly original manuscripts and hand-written books, that the remarkable man had gathered from all over the Orient, and used in compiling his monumental history of *Dai Nippon*. I was shown the first, second, and third proofs of this great work, which have been preserved down to the present time.

The day at Mito was strenuous, in and out of the schools of agriculture, at dinner with the Governor, at lecture in the afternoon and again at night. I can never get over marvelling at what patience an oriental audience has. Behold in the legislative hall more than a thousand educators,

farmers, and co-operatives assembled. Early morning. The first lecture lasted nearly three and one-half hours; then the entire group adjourned for tiffin and small talk. The lecture was continued after noon for three hours; then adjournment was taken for the evening meal. Again at night the assemblage was reconvened with the same auditors, but now reinforced by wives and children; for there were to be stereopticon slides and "movies." Verily, the Japanese have the patience that overcometh all obstacles! Many of the audience remained upon their mats from ten in the morning till about nine o'clock at night, with occasional stretchings and tea drinkings between.

After midnight came departure by express train for Sendai in the next prefecture to the north. The committee in waiting thronged the station to see us off and wish us Godspeed, despite the clock pointed to one o'clock in the morning. Now we had our first experience in Japanese sleeping berths. The railroads, it will be recalled, are all narrow gauge in Japan proper. The sleeping berths are accordingly very narrow and, for that matter, very short, as they are built for the smaller Orientals. The berths are barely wide enough for one person and too short for good stretching.

Somewhat cramped, though fairly well rested, we arrived in Sendai in the early morning, and sure enough here, too, was awaiting us a reception committee, who bundled us off to the Hotel Sendai where we breakfasted and left most of the baggage. The plan was to take a sightseeing trip down to view the marvels of beautiful Matsushima Bay before settling down to business in Sendai. The morning was beautiful, and after rattling along in an accommodation train for two or three hours we reached the beautiful coastline and the loud-smelling fishing village of Shiogama. The harbour swarmed with *junks* and *sampans* and fishing smacks of every description. Great heaps of fish were piled upon the wharf and displayed in front of the fishmongers' booths.



Upper: Scene from the Beautiful "Inland Sea"
Lower: Matsushima Bay by Moonlight

Every imaginable variety of seafood seemed to be represented—sturgeon and shark, mackerel and tuna, scallops, crabs and lobsters and such strange habitants of the briny deep as octopus and cuttle fish. The tang of the sea and the smell of the fish pervaded everything. But from these necessary and somewhat sordid things of daily life, we turned our eyes to the hills overlooking the sea, where stands the famed *Shiogama Jinja,* which is to say—the shrine of salt-making. At some distance from the temple, and carefully hidden from mortal eye, are secreted the three iron bells, or vats, which the priests aver were used by Buddha when he first taught mankind how to make salt from the ocean brine. By request of the prefect of police, the priests opened the great doors of the enclosure and the staring party beheld the three large kettles, half full of salt and brine first made by the omnipotent Gods. But, of course, I am inclined to take this interesting tale of the first salt making "with a grain of salt."

Thereupon preparations were made for a launch trip down beautiful Matsushima Bay, known throughout Japan as one of *Nippon's* greatest sights. Popular fancy has it that the bay is dotted with exactly eight hundred and eight pineclad islands. By actual count, however, they number only about three hundred. The jolly launch party was in command of the prefect of police and several uniformed subordinates. A more charming picture cannot be imagined than these grotesquely shaped plutonic islands, rising out of the water everywhere, with dwarfed and gnarled pines clinging in every crevice. *Sampans* and *junks* flitted back and forth. Coastwise steamers glided by, coming and going. Fishermen were industriously at work setting their seines or emptying the fish weirs on the shallows along the coast. A thoughtful steward had loaded the launch with delicious refreshments. Here was good fellowship, with music and song to add to the refreshments. Then, rain began to pour down in torrents. But even this could not dampen our

enthusiasm. After twenty miles of steaming in and out among the fairy islands, the party reached the breakers of the open ocean. We landed on the utmost island and made our way laboriously to the top, along slippery winding paths. When at last the top was reached, a mile or more from the bottom, there before us lay the mighty Pacific, dashing its angry breakers against the island shore, while back of us was Matsushima Bay, with its emerald islands, its clustering fishing villages, and farther inland the golden glint of paddy fields and darker green of orchards. With some difficulty we retraced our steps from the island crest and took grateful seats in the staunch little steamer, proceeding thence to Matsushima. Here we landed and trailed through the mud to our lodgings, after bidding adieu to the charming hosts of the morning.

It was a cozy Japanese inn that had fallen to our lot at Matsushima. A suite of delightful rooms heavily matted, and trimmed in teakwood and redwood, with glorious screens and wall hangings and low set table, and silken pillows for reclining. The ensemble was restful and comfortable. Western furniture in such a room would have been an insult to oriental taste.

The rain continued to pour down. Unfortunately for our personal comfort an important interview had been arranged for the afternoon with a small landlord by the name of Inaji Doi, well known in that part of Japan for his wisdom and ability to get along with his tenants in these disturbed after-war times. Mr. Aizawa managed to draft for service a Ford touring car, the only kind of vehicle able to negotiate these particular Japanese roads in their present water-soaked condition. Along swollen streams and through half-drowned villages we picked our way. Here was a truly rich farming section. Between squalls of rain it was possible to catch the outlines of well-built, thatched farmhouses with flowers growing along the ridge of the roofs, and substantial white-coloured granaries and stronghouses bespeaking the

farmers' prosperity. *Geta* trees, feathery bamboos and protecting hedges loomed up indistinct and drenched in the downpour. The half-drowned paddy fields were even now in process of harvest, the sheaves hanging tier on tier from pole frameworks set here and there in the fields.

The driver came to a halt at last where the road narrowed down to a footpath, which wound away through the grain and flowers to the comfortable farm home of our host. Gingerly we picked our way, sheltered by enormous oil-paper covered umbrellas. It was first necessary to remove the footwear at the doorway. This was accomplished with some difficulty on account of the deluge of rain. Thereupon we were ushered into the large and comfortable living-room, I assume it should be called—*tatami* covered, almost devoid of furniture, but scrupulously neat and clean. As guest of honour I was given a seat at the inner end of the room next to the inside substantial wall, the *Oku-san* seated near me to act as amanuensis. Mr. Doi had meanwhile called in his tenants to take part in the conference. He, with Aizawa and Midzuno, sat in the foreground facing me, with the tenants at a respectful distance to the rear, while other members of the family had gathered in a second room opening into the audience chamber. After the usual exchange of courtesies, the conversation, consisting chiefly of questions and answers, got under way, *Foto-san* asking the questions, Mr. Doi answering them, often conferring first with his head retainer.

Question: What to your mind is the greatest problem confronting the rural section of Japan at the present time?

Answer: The extravagance of the rural population and their inclination to idleness which are among the curses from the recent war, and the continued movement of our best farm help to the cities.

Mr. Doi added further, "We are becoming a nation of wastrels. We have, I fear, departed from many of our ancient ways." He lamented that so few people nowadays follow the precepts of the wise sages, as they did in bygone

times. Among them he quoted the great Tenkai, who in his day habitually admonished the people that they "care not for ostentation, neither incur unnecessary expenses—let frugality be the rule. The way is but to bear privation." And

> "The more one gets,
> The more one wants;
> Blest he, unfilled,
> Is yet content."

Q. Do you believe it possible for Japan, by use of the best modern agricultural methods and utilizing fully the hill and mountain lands, to increase the food supply sufficiently to feed the nation without increasing food importation?

A. This is difficult to say for an ordinary farmer like me; but certainly much can be done.

Q. Do the landlords and tenants of this community work together harmoniously, or do you have difficulties with your tenants, as I understand they do in some prefectures?

A. In our prefecture, fortunately, there have been no serious difficulties. Our governors have used much wisdom and tact. This has stimulated the landlords and tenants to co-operate on a satisfactory basis.

Q. How much land have you and how do you manage it?

A. A little more than eight acres. Of this I till three and a half acres myself. The rest is evenly divided among my four tenants, which gives each of them one and one-eighth acres.

Q. Do your tenants pay the rent in rice? If so, how do you regulate the quality of the rent rice?

A. Yes, the rent is paid in rice. The prefectural inspector of agriculture grades all of the rice and under our agreement the rent must be paid in the best grade.

Q. Do your landlords and tenants co-operate in selling your farm products and in buying food stuffs, machinery, fertilizers and such like?

A. In the selling of rice, yes. Unfortunately in this prefecture we have been slow to organize co-operatives for buying purposes. However, we are making some headway.

Q. Do you have a young men's association in this community?

A. Yes, we have. I am honoured with the presidency of the association this year. Our association numbers a large group of young men from sixteen to twenty-five years of age. Our purpose is three-

fold: physical training in order to keep the young men in fit condition; to improve the social life of the community, particularly the moral standards which have become lowered since the war; and to lend aid through local savings societies and schools. Our young men encourage one another to lay aside a certain amount each week for permanent investment and loans, instead of as formerly to be wasted through extravagant living. It is not our purpose, however, to carry benevolence to excess, [continued he, quoting again Tenkai, who says:] "If carried to excess, becomes weakness; righteousness, stiffness; politeness, flattery; wisdom plans lies, and sincerity causes losses."

At the conclusion of this brief quiz, I delivered myself of a complimentary talk to which Mr. Doi responded in modest language. We thereupon made our way to the door where the footwear was in waiting. Wishing him and his delightful household all the blessings of the Gods, we left, retracing our way to the automobile. The *Oku-san* confessed with regret her inability to greet the wife and daughters, who had all the while kept their modest distance, and knelt with heads bowed to the floor when we departed. The host and his retainers accompanied us to the main road where the vehicle meanwhile had become the centre of attraction for a crowd of good-natured farmers and their countless progeny, all of them protected from the downpour by straw-thatched rain coats and huge oil-paper umbrellas. We departed regretfully, but as we wound our way homeward, rifts appeared in the clouds and the sun broke through, bathing in gold the rice fields and the farmsteads, snugly set in their carefully cultivated gardens and orchards.

A change of clothing and a delicious dinner; then an hour on the tiny hotel verandah with friends. The full moon rose in a silvery flood over the countless pine-covered islands scattered over Matsushima Bay. The night was too glorious for slumber. Out in the bay and to the right towered weird twin islands, spanned by an artistic bridge. Over at the left three or four enormous monolith-like islands reared themselves ghostlike out of the sea, gnarled pines clinging

to the crevices. In the immediate foreground, bathed by the silver stream, fishermen were industriously adjusting their nets or spreading their square sails preparatory to leaving for the fish weirs farther down the coast.

I lingered and meditated on what we had this day learned from one simple Japanese farmer who knows the wisdom of the sages—and fortunate is Japan that he and many, many others like him are zealous to use this wisdom for the advancement of their beloved country.

Mr. Doi was right. Rural Japan has been extravagant since the war. Just as at home in America the farmers speculated in new lands and bought new automobiles, their Japanese brother agriculturists reached out for another acre or two, and bought new bicycles, and other extravagances. Many of the best farmers have moved to the cities, taxation is often oppressive and unequally distributed. Land cultivation is even now exceedingly intensive. Though it is certain the returns from the land could be much increased with modern machinery, with co-operative buying and selling, as has been proved in Denmark and other progressive countries. I am convinced that Japan is capable of much enlarged production through further adjustment of the paddy fields from very small to larger fields, by opening marginal hill lands, and promoting grain farming, stock raising, and dairying.

The statement I am about to make may sound surprising to some people. There is a question—and a real question—in the minds of many Japanese agricultural economists whether the whole movement for industrialization of the country has not been a great mistake. Is the urban industry paying for itself, or is the factory system becoming established at the expense of the country's rural life? It is notable that Japan can no longer feed her increasing millions. More and more Japan is becoming an importing nation. The rice importations alone for the current year amount to almost five million *koku,* or practically twenty-

Upper: Typical Japanese Farmstead, with Rice Fields in Foreground
Lower: Harvested Rice. Threshing with Foot-Power Machine

five million bushels. At the present rate of increase, Japan will soon be importing ten million *koku,* or fifty million bushels of rice annually. Dr. S. Washio, a leading authority in this field, holds that the country is dangerously near the starvation line. He states: "Awakening from the delusion of the precarious urban industry, which has always been essentially untenable, we are now squarely facing fact. It is a foregone conclusion that our urban business will never be made to pay a three hundred million yen deficit for our foodstuffs. The solution of this alarming problem can be found, if possible at all, only by turning our attention from the questionable encouragement of urban industry to a more intense utilization of our rural resources."

My personal conviction in the matter is that Japan would at least be wise to adopt an aggressive forward-looking policy in its agricultural economy. True, most of Japan is intensely cultivated now—far beyond the comprehension of most countries. The Japanese are primarily rice farmers who are reluctant to adventure into the less known realm of grain raising, stock raising and dairying. The marginal lands between the low-lying paddy fields and the mountains can undoubtedly be enlarged greatly and made to yield other cereal grains, root crops, and live stock. Then there are great possibilities in Hokkaido, in Saghalien, in Korea, and in distant Formosa—but enough for the present. There will be occasion later to revert to this topic.

All good things are bound to come to an end. We left beautiful Matsushima this morning. Never shall the memory of that visit grow dim. Here we are again in the great Sendai, properly known as a city of schools. For here are situated the Tahoku Imperial University—one of Japan's five greatest seats of learning—an important technological college, a normal school, and two or three mission colleges. Sendai has long been known as the City of Trees, and for good reason. If one stands, as we did, on the steps of the *Zuida-den* temple in a grove of giant cryp-

tomeria at the mountain's side, there at one's feet the great city lies, just beyond a mighty roaring mountain torrent, in the midst of beautiful shade trees and gardens and parks as far as the eye can reach. The temple made a mighty impression. The ponderous silence. No sound save the whispering of the giant pines, recalling to imagination the whisperings in the oaks in the silent groves of Dodona. At the Governor's special request, the heavy gates of the temple, used only by the great ones of earth, were opened and we stood for a few moments in meditation at the shrine of departed *Date* Masamune, who through his wisdom and efficient rule had made the city of Sendai great.

There was much to see in Sendai which cannot be included in this chronicle. We visited the technological school and made a passing survey of the prefectural normal school. Thereafter a drive to the Imperial University where we dined as guests of the president and faculty. After dinner the president and staff members led us to the top of a lofty building for a birdseye perspective of the grounds and buildings. I was thoroughly impressed. Several new fireproof concrete structures were springing up, including a substantial new library building. If any one thing impressed me more than any other in Japan, that was the remarkable libraries found in the schools everywhere; and next to this perhaps the excellent scientific equipment, the completeness of the schools' laboratories, and their historical and industrial museums. At Sendai I inspected the so-called Wundt scientific library of fifty thousand volumes, recently purchased from the estate left by that great German scientist.

At the time of the earthquake the library of the Imperial University in Tokyo counted seven hundred and fifty thousand volumes, including numerous original manuscripts, many of which, sad to relate, were destroyed. The Imperial University in Kyoto has a library of more than one half million volumes. The other universities have almost as large collections. On one occasion I was inspecting a new

commercial college in the outskirts of Nagoya in southern Honsho. The school was only six years old and has a splendid equipment. For some reason the president of the school had neglected to show me the library. I called his attention to the oversight. He very frankly confessed that he had done so on purpose, "for you see, sir," he added, "we are a new school and we have such a small collection of books. I am really ashamed to show you it." When I insisted he reluctantly took me to a new library building provided with very excellent fireproof stack rooms. The librarian, pointing to the Dewey index cabinet said, "I regret to confess that we have only about twenty thousand bound volumes." The response gave me a pleasurable surprise. I know of some much older colleges in the United States that would be proud enough to display a library with as many as twenty thousand volumes!

Japanese people have an inordinate love of books. Books are to them almost as precious as their children—to be used right, treated with care, and thoroughly loved. A pathetic story of the Japanese book love was told me in a moment of confidence by Mr. Okuda, one of our interpreters. He is a schoolmaster and lives in the midst of his books. He was in his library when the first crash of the great earthquake came, shaking his little house on its foundations—books and furniture tumbling about his head. He hastily gathered his family about him and succeeded in carrying them to a place of safety in a vacant lot, not far from the house.

The quakes continued intermittently, and the danger from the onsweeping fire became more imminent every moment. Mrs. Okuda was a woman of practical mind and urged that an attempt be made to save some of the clothing at least. Mr. Okuda at first refused, feeling it was not worth the great risk. But as two students volunteered to make the attempt, he decided to lead them. As he forced the way into the crumbling study—the beloved books tumbled about

the floor in wildest confusion—he picked up first one and then another to carry it to safety. But, alas! he had only a few moments for choice. And they had all been such good companions. He confessed to weeping bitterly, as he loved them all so much. There was no time to save them all; so he decided the books should all burn together. But the Gods were good; the wind shifted in the nick of time, and both house and books were spared.

At six the Governor entertained at dinner. As usual the banquet was elaborate. The fish course included giant shrimp and very palatable cuttlefish, in Japan considered a great delicacy. Then came the usual address of welcome and *Foto-san's* response. At the conclusion of the entertainment, the Governor speaking on behalf of the prefecture, presented the *Oku-san* with a bolt of silk made in the prefecture. Of gifts we received many; usually they were representative of the industries of the province, such as cloisonnè, bronze temple lions, gift swords, often presents of fruits, oils, and even vegetables much to our embarrassment.

The next day we were off for Morioka, some distance to the north. The departure from Sendai was occasion for further display of graciousness; for although departure came before daybreak, the Sendai friends were at the station to see us off. Breakfast on the diner—only ninety sen, or thirty-five cents, according to the present condition of exchange. Fruit, oatmeal, bacon and eggs, and coffee—an excellent repast for the money. At Morioka there was the usual routine of school inspection. The Imperial School of Forestry, Agriculture and Agricultural Economics situated here is a great institution.

The afternoon lecture was held in the Morioka Civic Centre, an unusually attractive hall, decorated with not less than thirty-six large Sunrise flags. More than fifteen hundred were in attendance here. At the doorway leading to the assembly hall, fifteen-feet-long streamers announced in Japanese characters the sale of a Japanese translation of

one of *Foto-san's* educational books. Again there was the usual evening banquet held in a large popular restaurant near the lecture hall. The prefectural Governor, a man of much charm and ability, presided.

Our days would not have been complete without these banquets, which are served in a manner so efficient as might have brought looks of envy to the countenance of the average Western *maître d'hôtel.* Before the dessert and coffee, the Governor delivered himself of a very beautiful tribute in Japanese. *Foto-san* spoke briefly in appreciation. At such banquets there is little hilarity and no silly stories to cover up the speaker's inability to hold his audience otherwise.

The scene changes again. We are soon on the way to Aomori, the northernmost port in Honsho, where we expect to cross the boisterous Tsugaru Strait, separating the Main Island from Hokkaido, the "Gate of the North." After leaving Morioka, the train passed through a superb plain, rising gradually towards the mountain crest and Nakayama Pass, at which point the road passes through the fifteen-hundred feet-long Nakayama Tunnel. Volcanic peaks tower in every direction; probably the most startling, and certainly the most beautiful, is *Higagami-Date.* The uplands here are rather well adapted to stock raising. On the hill-slopes are famous horse-breeding farms. The panorama unfolding before us was ever-changing, but always beautiful and never wearying. By mid-afternoon we got a first glimpse of the tossing waters of the Strait. Much has been written about the unruliness of the waters of this particular passage, which has given it a somewhat bad name. Like the Pentland Firth of Scotland, its currents are treacherous, particularly when the cold winter winds come sweeping down from the Siberian mainland. The shoreline is picturesque, dotted close in with towering neo-Plutonian islands, attractive in their clinging pines. All these weird and, to the eye, surprisingly striking formations, are of volcanic origin. At length the train rolled into Aomori station and

we transferred directly to the *Shugaru Maru* of the Japanese Railway Service. A delightful and well-appointed steamer it proved, of about five thousand tons burden, and on her maiden trip. Our stateroom was large and airy, even better appointed than on the *Tenyo Maru*. Tea was served in the stateroom and later an excellent dinner. The harbour at Aomori is quite impressive, with great moleheads, lighthouses, docks and piers. Here is asylum for a great sailing fleet. Already the harbour is becoming too small, and the government has plans under consideration for an enlargement. As much might be said of the harbour of Hakodate, our destination at the southernmost point of Hokkaido.

Japan has under way a great northward expansion of empire. Hokkaido is very properly named the "Gate of the North," and is in many respects a new land. Its plains and valleys are preparing to receive millions of the surplus population from the overpopulated islands to the southward. Then there is Saghalien with its largely unexploited natural wealth, the far-reaching Kuriles, and the almost unlimited possibilities of the great Manchurian littoral. Who shall say whether this may not be the route that will lead to the solution of Japan's overpopulation!

The Strait is about forty miles in breadth at the point of crossing and gave the voyagers three or four hours of real rest before stepping ashore on the new million-dollar pier at Hakodate. Here met us a splendid gentleman, K. Utsonomya by name. He greeted us on behalf of the agricultural societies of Hokkaido, who had sent him to act as escort on the way to the insular capital, Sapporo. Mr. Utsonomya was the first agriculturist in the island to become interested in dairying on a modern, scientific scale. He had gone so far as to send his own son to Denmark to study agriculture, and particularly dairying, in that progressive little country.

CHAPTER VIII

Hokkaido, the "North Sea Gate" of Japan—An Agricultural *Terram Novam*—A Bit of History—Stamp of Early American Influence—Sapporo, City of Broad Streets and Beautiful Parks—Inspecting Government Experiment Farms—Japanese Who Greeted Us with the Danish "God Dag og Velkommen"—"Denmark Farm," A New Government Venture—A Novel Evening Reception—Addressing Eighteen Hundred Students without Use of Interpreter—On to Asahigawa—A Visit to an *Ainu* Village—Reception by a Village Council—A Shrine Dedicated to *Jizo,* Guardian of Innocent Children —Jozankei Hot Springs.

STEP ashore in Hakodate and you are in a new Japan. The Tsugaru Strait marks a definite line of demarcation between the old Japanese civilization and the nation's latest enterprise at home colonization. It may seem strange to the reader that Hokkaido, or Yezo, as formerly called, should have been a *terram novam* to a people that had lived almost within sight of its shores for nearly twenty-five centuries. But the Japanese are not a nation eager to leave home to adventure out into the world unless absolutely forced by economic pressure. Records show that the Japanese had no foothold in Hokkaido before the middle of the sixteenth century, and then they possessed only a fringe of the southern shore line. The great inland remained in possession of the little known hairy *Ainus;* those interesting but wholly unattractive sons of Esau, popularly supposed to be as hairy almost as apes, now living, a squalid remnant of a once proud race, in scattered villages along the mountain slopes and on the edge of the upland forests.

One gets the feeling almost of having set foot in some part of the United States. We no longer see or feel that overwhelming green lushness of the water-soaked, paddy-covered main island. The atmosphere is clear and keener, especially in spring and autumn. "Then," declares an

unknown writer, "there is light without heat, leaves and streams sparkle, and there is none of that half-smothered sensation that is produced by the choking greenery of Honsho." Much in the topography recalls to mind Minnesota and Wisconsin. Other features again are similar to Oregon, and still others very much like New England.

Hokkaido is a glorious country, replete with almost untouched natural resources. Mighty rivers rush from the lofty mountains, draining from near the centre of the island; streams teem with salmon and trout; great fertile valleys and inland plains are surrounded everywhere by glorious mountain chains, clad with primæval forest barely touched by the axe of man. The sea abounds in fish and other seafood—cod and herring, salmon, trout and halibut, crayfish, lobsters and crabs. Wild creatures are numerous, among them great grizzly bears, wolves, foxes, deer, hares, and wild fowl in great variety. The chief mineral wealth of the island is coal, estimated at more than one hundred sixty billion tons of excellent quality, far superior to the coal of old Japan, which belongs to more recent formations than the carboniferous seams of Hokkaido. The forest wealth is enormous. This together with the similarly untouched forests of Karafuto, or Japan's half of Saghalien, should be able to supply the Empire with pulp and lumber for many years to come.

But it is agricultural Hokkaido that we are particularly interested in. Japan proper is a rice-producing country, and the Japanese farmer is primarily a rice farmer. While one sees occasional paddy fields in Hokkaido, the land is better adapted for the production of such cereal grains as wheat, rye, barley, and oats, and early ripening Indian corn. Alfalfa, timothy, and clover, and a variety of other fodder grasses grow in great abundance. Accordingly, the greatest promise lies in mixed farming; that is, in production of cereal grains, of root stuffs, as potatoes, mangels, turnips and *daikons,* and in dairy products. In old Japan cattle are

Beautiful Escarpment of Volcanic Rock in Upper Hokkaido

seldom seen, aside from the few used as beasts of burden. It is evident that an island like Honsho is anything but suitable for producing cattle and horses, except along the steep hills and the mountain slopes. A few high volcanic plateaus in Kyushu produce limited numbers of cattle and sheep; but it is to Hokkaido we must go for dairy and grain farming. The industry is still in the pioneering stage; although rapid headway is being made under the prevailing expert government guidance. First, however, it was necessary to teach the Japanese rice farmer new methods of agriculture, and the use of improved farm machinery. In fact, he had to be treated as a pioneer in a strange country. He even had to be taught how to construct his dwellings to withstand the cold and the rigor of the harsh winters in this new land.

At the time of the Imperial Restoration, an attempt was made by followers of the crumbling Tokugawa régime to seize Hokkaido and make it an independent fief. After several months of fighting along the Tsugaru Strait, the shogunal followers were forced to surrender. This was in June, 1869. The same year the island became incorporated as a part of Japan proper and placed in charge of the great leader, General Koroda. Hokkaido was fortunate in getting such a far-visioned pioneer administrator for its first leader. Governor Koroda had long studied from afar with keen interest American methods of opening our own great West. In 1870 he made a trip to the United States to study for himself American methods of settlement and systems of agriculture. He was so well impressed that when he returned home to Japan he was accompanied by General Horace Capron, at that time Commissioner of Agriculture in the United States government, and several other American advisers. He brought back likewise American farm machinery, farm stock, and many hitherto in Japan unknown seeds and grains. The Governor and Commissioner Capron were agreed that if Hokkaido was to make any real progress agriculturally, the first step must be to establish an agricul-

tural college. For this was chosen Dr. W. S. Clark, then president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, well known for his wide learning and profound knowledge of scientific and practical agriculture. It was difficult for Massachusetts to spare Dr. Clark, who had just entered upon his work at Amherst; but the old Bay State honored itself and our nation by loaning him to the Japanese people for a period of two years.

In the summer of 1876 Dr. Clark arrived in Hokkaido with his two American assistants. The beginnings of the school were very modest and men of less determination or zeal in a great cause might have despaired. The students of the first year could be counted almost on one's fingers. Yet out of these small beginnings came the great Sapporo Agricultural College, at the present time the most important college of the great Hokkaido Imperial University. Great honor and credit is due this splendid Christian gentleman, not alone for the establishment of one of Japan's greatest educational institutions, but for the profound influence exerted by him in untold other ways. Not the least of these was his positive Christian attitude—an influence which has permeated the religious life of Sapporo and all Hokkaido, and has reached even into the uttermost parts of the Empire. The faculty of the Imperial University in Sapporo is largely a Christian faculty today, headed by President Sato, himself a confessing Christian and member of the Methodist Church. In Taiwan, whither Dr. Sato's disciples have gone in large number, we found one of them, Dr. Oshima, president of the Taihoku Imperial College of Agriculture, a devoted Christian, whose faculty is also in the main composed of active Christian church workers.

Governor Koroda was determined that the new college offer a course in ethics, and was anxious for Dr. Clark to give this course. President Clark expressed his willingness to do so, but let the Governor understand that the only

ethics he knew were Christian ethics. "So," as he put it, "if I teach this subject, I shall have to teach Christianity." After some hesitation, Governor Koroda decided to let Dr. Clark have his own way, with the understanding that religious propaganda must be avoided.

In course of the next ten years, seventy-five scientists and experts of every kind came to Hokkaido on the Governor-general's invitation. Forty-five were Americans. Among them were engineers, surveyors, geologists, educators, farm experts, and horticulturists. The land was surveyed, arterial systems of highways were planned, and some were actually constructed. The first of the many excellent railways was built. There are now more than eleven hundred miles of good trackage in the island. Geologists meanwhile opened the great coal beds and prospected for other minerals, of which copper, sulphur and iron are found in abundance, and even some gold. The agricultural experts brought with them from the United States a variety of apples and American pears, small fruits, all the cereal grains, vegetables, cattle, horses, sheep and swine. One may go out from Sapporo in almost any direction now and behold great apple orchards, including the well-known Grimes Golden, the delicious Wintergreens, Baldwins, and Bartlett pears, Concord and other fine grapes. And in the large pastures, studded here and there with enormous elm trees, one may see herds of Holsteins and Guernseys with an insprinkling of Ayrshires, mostly imported from the United States.

Sapporo is a modern city of more than a hundred thousand people. The first glimpse of the railway station square impressed us with the progressiveness of the city and its evident pioneering spirit. The square is large and bordered with imposing buildings, substantially constructed of stone and brick. On the way to the Yamagate-Ya Hotel, we bowled along acacia and elm tree lined boulevards, surprisingly broad, with double street car tracks running down

the centre. Not only the main avenues were straight and wide; even the transverse streets were of unusual width, running at right angles—like a modern American city. Seldom have I seen a more beautiful driveway than Commonwealth Avenue in Sapporo, running as it does from east to west clear through the city. It is a place of beauty. Beautiful flower beds, green-blue grass lawns, statues and fountains along the way make one think of a miniature of the Mall in Washington between the Capitol and the Potomac River. The Nakkajima Park lies on the southern outskirts of the city, with beautiful Mount Miowa for background, and a splendid lake in the foreground. The Sapporo Botanical Gardens and park, with the fine museum of natural history, are here; they also add much to the beauty of great Sapporo.

The *Do-Cho,* as the Hokkaido government is known, maintains several well-managed experiment farms out over the island. The Imperial government likewise operates several experiment stations and farms maintained separately from the farms of the *Do-Cho* government. One of the greatest surprises in Japan was this thoroughgoing work in live-stock experimentation. Only a short time ago I chanced to read a syndicated article from the pen of an American writer which began with these words: "In Japan one never sees a cow. Milk, save the canned variety, is unknown," and so forth. If our good friend could have seen what we were privileged to see from day to day in Hokkaido, he would have hastened to recall his misleading statement. The first *Do-Cho* experiment station lies some six miles from Sapporo. This station, by the way, was established originally by the early-day American experts. It maintains some excellent dairy cattle—fine Holstein cows imported from Massachusetts, Missouri and Wisconsin, all of honourable pedigree; and fine specimen draft horses, coach horses, and even race horses, likewise imported from the United States. This particular experiment farm makes use of every kind

Upper: Trial Fields of Rice at an Agricultural School in Honsho
Lower: Imported Holsteins, Guernseys, and Ayrshires in Hokkaido

of American farm machinery and the directors never tire urging the farmers of the island to throw aside their antiquated hand tools for the new labor-saving machines.

In the afternoon we made an excursion out to the Imperial government experiment stations. The first had some fine flocks of sheep, herded by Japanese shepherd boys, the first we had ever seen. At a second farm were great barns filled with dairy cattle, and hog barns full of choicest importations from the United States and England. Such persistent work by the local and national governments is certain to bring great reward to the people.

This has been a day of real surprises. The first came in connection with the promise we made Mr. Utsonomya to visit his home. In due time our auto swung from the main highway into an attractive drive, leading to the Utsonomya farm, or rather farms, for Mr. Utsonomya's sons and sons-in-law all live on adjoining farms according to the age-old Japanese custom. We were pleasantly surprised on reaching the farmyard to behold a substantial farmhouse and large outbuildings. The best piece of advice of General Coleman to the people of Hokkaido was to part with the architecture of old Japan and build substantial houses, glass-encased, with modern means of heating, instead of the inadequate *hibachi.* His advice has been followed quite generally throughout the island, especially in the cities. At any rate, the Utsonomya homes were substantially built with large glass windows, and well painted, something that is quite unusual in Japan where buildings are permitted to weather in accordance with the old Shinto teaching that everything must be plain and unpretentious without and beautiful and attractive within.

Here great, modern cattle barns and silos delighted us, built after American and Danish patterns. Mr. Utsonomya greeted us cordially and introduced his oldest son, who to my utter astonishment greeted me in Danish. *Velkommen til Hokkaido,* he said. Certainly I had not expected to find

Danish spoken in Hokkaido, and least of all by a Japanese. But there were further surprises in store. Mr. Utsonomya had long been interested in remarkable little Denmark and her agricultural system. Himself, he was so tied down with agricultural enterprises that he found it impossible to go to Denmark and study agriculture as he had long dreamed. However, he sent his oldest son and wife to Denmark, where they were students for several years at the well-known Roskilde Folk High School. Here they became so imbued with the ideals and teachings of the Danish folk high schools that they are now in turn devoting their spare time to promulgating the fine folk school doctrines among their friends and neighbours. Other Japanese young men were attracted to Denmark by the interesting letters written home by the young Utsonomyas. These young people likewise spent some of their time at Roskilde. All of them travelled about considerably and studied Danish agriculture at first hand before returning home. An outstanding member of this small group of pathfinders was a Mr. Kanda, now in charge of the island co-operatives for the Hokkaido government. This interesting young man attached himself to our group and formed one of our escort from one end of Hokkaido to the other. Ever will our memory remain fresh and green of this scholarly gentleman's untiring courtesy and helpfulness.

The interest in Danish rural life and agriculture has culminated in an interesting international experiment. Three years ago, the *Do-Cho* government decided to invite two Danish farmers and their families to Hokkaido to establish demonstration farms on the Danish principle. The lot fell upon Morten Larsen, a small landowner in the island of Zealand, and Peter Fenger, who owns a small-hold in the same island. These Danish agriculturists and their families agreed to undertake the experiment on a five-year contract. Mr. Larsen is developing a farm of thirty acres, and Mr. Fenger a small-hold of ten acres. The farms in Hokkaido,

Larsen's Home at "Denmark Farm" near Sapporo—A Model Danish Farmstead

it must be understood, are considerably larger than the rice-producing farms in old Japan. We called on the Larsen family, who were living temporarily in a tiny Japanese house while the substantial Danish farmstead was being developed. It was interesting to learn that the newcomers are permitted to construct the dwelling houses and outbuildings after their own Danish plans, with such modifications as are required to make them meet the older Japanese traditions and mode of living.

Since the time of writing, these dwelling places have been completed and the experiments are going forward. The results may prove momentous to the future of Japanese farm life. Mr. Larsen began with a study of the soil. He found it contained too large an element of nitrogen, due to over-fertilization; but very poor in potash. He is at work to remedy these matters. The corn grown in this particular section of Hokkaido is liable to fail of ripening before the early frosts. Since my return home to the United States, I have sent Mr. Larsen several bushels of early ripening varieties of Minnesota and South Dakota grown maize. The new varieties have proved exceptionally prolific and have matured early under the Hokkaido sun. This experiment also may become a real boon to the people. At the Larsens' we got coffee and real cream, something not at all common in Japan. It is interesting to note also that the new Hokkaido dairy farmers are already sending their butter and cream to every part of Japan; yes, even into Manchuria and Korea.

The Hokkaido Imperial University has faculties in agriculture, law, medicine, and the liberal arts. In Dr. Clark's day, the course of study was limited exclusively to agriculture, and to directing the pioneers in the new agricultural enterprises. The president of the University is Dr. S. Sato, one of the first class to graduate from the original school. Dr. Sato, by the way, has studied for many years in America and is widely known for his scholarship and ability as an

educator. No one perhaps is more beloved by his fellow workers and students than he. We were the guests of Dr. Sato and his faculty at the University. Needless to go into details of the work of this great school. Suffice it to say that in equipment and material plant, including libraries, museums, laboratories, hospitals, experiment farms, and experimental forest areas, the University measures up well with the best American state and privately endowed educational institutions. A delightful luncheon was served by President Sato and his deans. As usual the *Oku-san* was the only woman to grace the board. After an interval of conversation and rest we passed on to the auditorium of the University, where I had the pleasure to address eighteen hundred eager, blue-uniformed young men. It speaks well for the quality of the English instruction in this school that I was able to speak to the young men for an hour and a half without aid of an interpreter. There is no better English spoken anywhere in Japan than in this University.

No sooner had we returned to the comfortable hotel than the *nesan* announced a messenger from the University. This graciously bowing servitor was ushered into my presence carrying a beautiful lacquered tray covered with a silken napkin. That he was carrying gifts, I assumed. If friend Midzuno had not come to my rescue, I would assuredly have committed a breach of etiquette. I was on the point of accepting the silken napkin as the gift, when lo! the napkin was drawn aside and a neatly wrapped package came into view, the package bearing the seal of the University, which forthwith I accepted with sincerest thanks. The gift proved a most liberal and unexpected honorarium for the convocation lecture of the morning. Japanese people do nothing by halves. Every gift-giving is a kind of ceremonial. Down through the ages they have been carriers of gifts. The process of presentation with them has indeed become a fine art.

Before departing from Sapporo we were the guests of the

Hokkaido Agricultural Society at dinner. Again the usual elaborate banquet. Then that erudite scientist, Dean Minami of the College of Agriculture, delivered himself of a beautiful address of welcome in English. I made the customary response. For once we departed from the established custom at these banquets and had brief informal toasts. I say, toasts. Short, instructive speeches would be more to the point. Among others, we heard from President Sato, Professor Midzuno, and Mr. Larsen, who speaks excellent English. We learned much about the enterprises on foot to attract hither additional millions from the crowded southern islands. Hokkaido contains about thirty thousand square miles, we learned—just about twice the area of Denmark, and about the size of Massachusetts. The present population is two and one-half million, with room for five or six million others. The Imperial government has comprehensive plans under way for an internal Empire-wide migration that includes Hokkaido. The gathering was enthusiastic, and even reminded me in some respects of a good, old-fashioned American booster meeting to build up the country. Hokkaido's great land area was stressed by the speakers. Only about seventy-five thousand acres are actually under cultivation, including both grazing and farm lands. Most of the developed area lies along the southern coast, while the great hinterland is waiting for the new settlers.

Mr. Kanda, the director of co-operative agricultural associations and secretary of the Sapporo *Do-Cho* office, from this time on took over the rôle as conductor and general adviser. The journey hereupon passed northward through great plains where the government railway service maintains experimental tree plantings, probably as much for an object lesson in reforestation as for windbreaks along the railway lines. In the plains there are paddy fields and other small farming, with prosperous dairy farms in the foothills. Soon we passed into the most beautiful mountain

section imaginable. Here the railway tracks meander along the banks of the picturesque Ishikari River. Although the season was only the middle of October, the crisp chilly nights were already turning the mountain maple into beautiful gold and russet. With startling suddenness the train left the glorious mountains behind and plunged into a far-stretching plateau, at whose centre lies the thriving city Asahigawa. The nearby overtowering snow-clad *Tokachi-san* and *Ishikari-san* gave an impressive, if somewhat chilling, welcome.

Once again, the now fully expected ceremonial welcome by the city and *Do-Cho* authorities. However, as one gets farther north, conditions are more primitive and the best the mayor and chief of police could do was to furnish two Fords for our conveyance, and none too good at that. Each car suffered several blowouts in course of the day—the first experience of the kind in Japan. In this great agricultural section we had a repetition of many of the Sapporo experiences, visiting dairy farms and forestry schools. We partook also of several wonderful excursions into the foothills and the mountains, and were privileged to see with our own eyes the much touted hairy sons of Esau, the *Ainus*.

The Asahigawa Hotel is foreign style, and like most foreign inns in Japan is quite unattractive. Somehow when the Japanese copy foreign hotels they leave out all the most desirable features and conveniences. This makes the hotels dingy and unattractive. The walls in the halls of this particular hotel were kalsomined a vivid, purplish blue. The waiting room was done in deep pink. There was an air of uncleanliness about the entire premises seldom experienced in the native inns. The *nesans* were dressed in ludicrous garments, quite unlike the dainty kimono-clad maidservants smiling upon one in the native inns. Evidently some foreign visitor had been here at a time when short skirts were in vogue; for the waitresses were dressed in the extremest of foreign style. They made a ridiculous picture in their light grey and very full woollen skirts and

black velvet waists, the latter cut decolleté, with pink cotton bloomers plainly visible under the short skirts.

An amusing incident occurred at the dinner given in our honour at this particular hotel. The mayor, who presided, asked a question and our interpreter seemed very reluctant to translate. The mayor insisted, however, and I was asked: "Doesn't this hotel seem very dirty to you after what you have seen elsewhere?" This frankly put question stumped me for a moment, but I managed a polite, though evasive reply, which proved that I was well on the way to become adept in oriental ways. From this time onward, we avoided the foreign hotels in favour of the charming, scrupulously clean native inns—except in the larger cities, of course.

The car that conveyed us out to the *Ainu* village likewise proved a contrast to the luxurious cars at our disposal in other parts of Japan. It was an old Ford touring car. The back seat had been shortened and an extra seat inserted, to make room for six passengers! Perhaps Japanese can endure such crowding with reasonable comfort; but to us Westerners it was little short of torture to the jammed together in the cramped quarters.

We had heard a great deal about the *Ainus* and looked forward to this particular visit with real anticipation. The reader will recall that the Ainus are the aborigines of Japan. Like the American Indians, they, too, once possessed the entire country. But now they have been driven out of the Main Island and far up into the mountain fastnesses of Hokkaido, and even into the inhospitable islands still farther north. Only a few thousand of them remain who eke out a precarious existence in their squalid villages of thatched houses far up over the mountain slopes. Tradition gives their ancestors as the offspring of man and beast. To such a strange origin they attribute their hairiness. While the *Ainus* would not be conspicuous in most countries, in Japan by contrast with the hairless, smooth-skinned Jap-

anese, they seem like veritable Esaus. Their hair is heavy and a wavy black; their beards are long and bushy; and their bodies astonishingly hairy. As a people they have taken unkindly to civilization. They are shiftless, ignorant, filthy, amiable, and hospitable; but very reserved and taciturn. Physically they are larger and bigger muscled than the Japanese. Their big, soft, brown eyes seem to sparkle with intelligence, though in truth the *Ainus* are of very low mentality. The Japanese have made extraordinary efforts to educate them, with little result, as most of them have the mentality of mere children. The women are surprisingly like Spanish gipsies. They are fond of adorning their ears with big silver hoops and large strings of turquoise beads with hammered silver pendants. The women are all tattooed. This process of ornamentation begins when they are children, a few years old. Their lips, chin and cheeks are cut with a sharp instrument and soot and bark of trees are rubbed in to fix the pattern and give the desired blue colouring. When a girl approaches her seventeenth year she develops a large bow-shaped moustache with tiny chin whiskers on her lower lip. Some of the women look quite like dashing young braves.

We were escorted to the hut of the chief, who lives in indescribable filth. He was eager to display his swords, headdresses, beartraps and ornaments and implements of many kinds. Nothing was for sale, to be sure, though he was glad enough to sell pictures of his baubles and trinkets. The village proved disappointing, because it was so unkempt and dirty. The houses were originally covered from ground to roof with a thatch of bamboo. The original dwellings are gradually giving way to modern Japanese architecture; so whatever of originality there may have been in these villages formerly is now a thing of the past. At the rear of the houses the *Ainus* keep cages of bears and foxes. Annually the village has its Festival of the Bear, a last relic of savage days. On this occasion the bears are turned loose

and wrestled by the strong men of the village and finally slain with bow and arrow, and, according to ancient usage, eaten to give strength and courage to the tribal huntsmen.

Before our departure from Asahigawa, the dignified members of an adjacent Japanese village council, dressed in their official kimonos, escorted us pridefully to their village, *Higashi*-Asahigawa, which means East Asahigawa. The council was eager that we should know the history of their struggles to make this once inhospitable plateau land one of the really productive spots of the island. Some years ago, I was told, a small company of Japanese migrated from the Main Island to this section. Here they built a modern community of fine farms; of well-constructed homes, suited to the cold, northern climate; and added a practical central council building and excellent schools. The task was not done, however, without going through all the hardships and privations that pathbreakers are subject to in other new countries. The council then took us for an interesting excursion into the foothills of nearby towering *Topachi-san*.

The drive was mighty impressive, with the well-kept roads, the substantial houses, and fine milch cows of which the council complained there are too few in the country. They believe that the *Do-Cho* government would show wisdom were it to import many more milch cows and sell them to the farmers at the lowest possible prices. A good pedigreed Holstein cow, they added, was valued variously from twelve hundred to thirty-five hundred yen. Hokkaido has the best horses in Japan, mostly bred from American stock. Here one sees the driver actually seated on his load, driving the animal Western fashion. In Tokyo and other places in Honsho, the driver invariably walks at the horse's head to guide him. Nearly all ploughing in Hokkaido is done by horse power. In the northern part of Honsho most of the soil is turned laboriously with the old-fashioned pick, wielded by sturdy toilers, who stand often knee deep in the muck. In the southern part of the Main Island where much

of the rice production is done in drainable paddy fields, the soil is turned with ploughs drawn by small horses, or by the humped native black oxen. When one gets into tropical Formosa, ploughing is done by the wallowing water buffaloes.

The climb into the foothills was exhilarating. It was a crisp clear October morning, with hoarfrost heavy on leaves and trees. As we struggled upward occasional Buddhas and other images of Deity would gaze benignly at us from sheltered nooks in the hillsides and from the protecting pines and oaks. There are surprisingly many shrines throughout Japan, and in the most unexpected places. Many of them contain crude figures especially dedicated to *Jizo,* the guardian Deity of children, pathetically decorated with little children's garments, with gifts of food, flowers and small stones. For the legend goes that all children when they die must go to the "dry river bed of souls." Here they are tormented by being forced to build up small heaps of stones which are tumbled down as fast as the children can build them up. The frightened little souls in their anguish run to the compassionate *Jizo,* who hides them and comforts them and makes the demons go away. The stones one sees heaped around the images are put there by compassionate people for the sake of the little ones; often also by the mothers of dead children who believe that every little stone will help some child's soul to complete his penance. Sometimes a doll, as much like the dead child as possible, is bought and placed at the foot of the image.

At last we reached the top of the beetling cliff. From here we could spy out the beautiful rich valley below. The colours of the landscape I shall never forget—the great oaks turning to gold and blood, and the towering green pines; the thousands of tiny farms in the valley below, divided and again subdivided, like so many patches of yellow, green, and brown.

From the hills our excursionists retraced their steps to Asahigawa and thence entrained for Jozankei, a famous

hot springs resort in the lofty mountains nearer to Sapporo. Work had been strenuous. So a period for relaxation and recreation was welcomed by every member of the party. Here we were, then, *Foto-san* and the *Oku-san,* Aizawa, the manager, and Midzuno, chief interpreter, together with Mr. Kanda of the *Do-Cho* office, and Mr. Koyanagi, another *Do-Cho* official. Glorious scenery on every hand during the return trip. In the suburbs of Sapporo came a transfer to a tiny narrow-gauge, privately owned railway, which meanders far up into the mountains. The manager of the railway kindly volunteered personally to conduct the party to the much-heralded hot springs. The engine and cars reminded me strikingly of a little narrow-gauge railroad out in Colorado, that the reader may have taken between Salida and Montrose, by way of lofty Marshall Pass. The Jozankei road climbs up and ever up in a snaky wind. One can see far below the track over which he has come. Here are rushing mountain streams on one side and beetling cliffs on the other. The great chasms broaden out here and there to allow of small farming. But what glorious colouring of leaves! What artistry of tree and rock! Cherry blossom season is loved throughout all of Japan; though scarcely less is the people's delight in autumn time, when the maples turn to gorgeous colours. On the mountains, as we passed along, the lighter greens blended into the darker hues of the pine and hemlock, and the maples shaded from yellow and gold into most gorgeous russet and crimson.

At length, with a puff and a snort, the train came to a halt at Deer Springs Hotel, and in a jiffy we were installed in a delightful two-room suite. The river that rages under the artistic bridge approach to the hotel is steaming hot, and its waters are of supposedly great curative value. The Japanese love their hot springs and the parboiling *furo,* so much sought after at these hot springs. I have often wondered if the craving for hot baths is not because of the

badly heated houses. When the devotees become thoroughly chilled the parboiling process of the *furo* penetrates every part of the body and restores circulation delightfully.

At all the hot springs one can see signs of Japanese *geisha* life; in some of them, no doubt, with considerable profligacy, though probably no more marked than in the gayer sections of our own resort life. The *Oku-san* and I had our own exclusive *furo,* which Mr. Aizawa had succeeded in getting us by his *finesse* at bribery. At some of the hot springs the sexes bathe promiscuously in the great steaming pools, just about as innocent of clothing as when they came into the world. Let us hasten to add that the government frowns down upon these things; but such unwarranted interference in what seems quite natural, and therefore quite proper, is hard for many Japanese to comprehend. Oriental naturalness is often exceedingly embarrassing. One day I chanced upon an old gentleman who was in the act of changing his clothing in a railway waiting room from the skin outward, while thirty or forty people were looking on, or more correctly, were utterly indifferent. To be sure, his wife did try to screen him by holding up in front of him an ordinary *furoshika,* measuring perhaps two feet by a foot and a half in size!

After a gloriously restful day and night at Jozankei, came the return trip to Sapporo. Here, the same night in the midst of a torrential downpour, the Governor's limousine splashed us through the floods to the station to entrain for Hakodate, southward bound for the Main Island.

CHAPTER IX

Return from Farthest North—The University Marine Station, and the *Geisha* Suicide Rock—Along the Tossing Japan Sea to Akita—A Sunday School for *Geishas*—Discussion of the *Geisha* System—Sato's Interesting School—A Well-administered Village Community of Note—Sontaku Ninomya, the Peasant Sage of Japan—*Kato-san* and His Folk High School—Symbolic Fencing—Progress of Modern Sports in Japan—Traversing the Mountain Rim to Fukushima—In a Seri-culture Centre—Beating Back to Niigata on the Japan Sea—The Irritating Custom of *Chadai*—Hotel Windows Overlooking the *Bandai Bashi*.

THE train boy had some difficulty this morning to get us roused and dressed before the train pulled into the Hakodate station. All night long the torrential rain had continued, and after the strenuous day we slept the sleep of the just. But we were up betimes and got a glimpse of the vanishing fishing villages clinging to the seashore along the western coast. A jumble of ugly straw-thatched huts are these villages, clustering close as for protection against the storm wind and the bitter cold of winter that beats in from the Siberian shores. The roofs and thatch are held in place by enormous stones, which look much like the roof stones of Swiss chatelets. The fishermen's sea-faring crafts had already been put into winter storage; that is, they had been covered with an enormous straw thatch, making them appear in the dim morning light like huge, grotesque monsters. The night train makes connection with the railway steamer. Without much delay we found ourselves again aboard our old friend, the *Shugaru Maru*. It was bitterly cold when we left the protected harbour and the sea was doing its very best to live up to its evil reputation. The boat pitched disconcertingly. The passage was

a little too much for good Midzuno and Aizawa, who both rolled up in their blankets and slept through the four hours of tossing and pitching.

Our plans were laid to include several additional hot springs that so delight the hearts of the Japanese people. Before starting on the long and strenuous trip down the northwestern coast of Hansho, it was thought best to spend another night and day in rest and recreation. A branch line carried the party down to Asamuchi, a short distance south of Aomori. This village is noted throughout all Japan for its delightful hot springs and startlingly impressive seascapes. Especially do people flock here during the hot season of the year to get the benefit of the cool ocean breezes. Our suite of rooms faced the ocean. Today, though, there was no need of cooling breezes, for the Pacific was in tremendous uproar, rolling its angry breakers over the rocks and tossing the spume to the very windows of the tiny, flimsy hotel wing that contained our rooms. The seaward view was one not easily forgotten. Squalls of rain beat fitfully upon the waves in a vain effort to still them. The great breakers beat against the shore as far as eye could penetrate the mist of rain. Strange, grotesque, Pluto-Neptunian islands, here and there, towered sheer out of the ocean to a height of two or three hundred feet, and, so far as I could see, absolutely unscalable, the frothing breakers dashing in spray against their black and frowning sides. It was indeed an awe-inspiring sight.

The hot *furo* was greatly prolonged this evening, because of the chill in the air. The bath was restful. And shortly, well tucked under several layers of covers, we slept in spite of the whistling wind and the cold that persisted in getting through the double, clattering glass panes that our host had swung into place for additional protection. The *Oku-san* had first mended a broken window pane with adhesive tape.

How strange, we thought, while snuggling in bed to keep

warm, that some proprietor with a little Yankee ingenuity does not pipe the almost boiling water from the springs through his hotel, and discard the everlasting, inadequate *hibachi*. Such an innovation would surely add much to the popularity of the hot springs as winter resorts, to say the least.

Morning broke bright and clear, but crisp and cold. The storm clouds had broken, but were still chasing each other across the sky. The ocean, too, was still troubled, though rapidly losing its fury. We motored down the picturesque coast to the Marine Station of the Tohoku Imperial University of Sendai. This great marine station is a kind of "Woods Hole" to Japanese scientists interested in aquatic life. For beauty of location and practical access to the sea it surely has no superior, lying as it does at the foot of a great headland with mighty pine-clad hills back of it, and great towering islands in the roaring bay in the foreground. The station is used chiefly as a summer biological station and research institute, utilizing the myriad marine life that swarms in the sea and at the river mouth here. Several world-famous scientists from three continents were working out their problems here at the time of the visit. Among the interesting experiments going on at the present time was the study of a marine animal labeled "Which is the Head?" This unusual animal has no arterial system but is entirely filled with blood instead. The laboratories are excellent examples of substantial Western architecture, adapted to Japanese conditions. The scientific equipment, the laboratories, the exceptionally complete aquarium, and the interesting museum are all of them the best of their kind. I doubt if any schools at home have any better.

On the return walk from the marine laboratory we met a group of country women with horribly blackened teeth and shaved eyebrows—a custom once prevalent throughout Japan. A woman must make herself as unattractive to

other men as possible immediately after marriage. But the custom is rapidly dying out.

Asamuchi Hot Springs is especially popular with the residents of Aomori and vicinity. Like most Japanese hot springs it attracts the sporting element as a suitable place to visit with their *geishas*. We were occasionally disturbed by the sounds of the *samisen* and ribald laughter at these resorts, and the sickening odour of *sake* was not uncommon in the hotel passages. On occasion we would observe the *geishas* enroute to the hot springs, either travelling alone in groups or under the escort of older women. The Japanese sporting class consort quite brazenly with their *geishas* in public, and the hosts at the inns seldom demur at receiving them. To the trained observer the *geishas* are easily recognizable. Their hairdress and facial expression and even their mode of dress are unmistakable.

Of course, one hears a great deal about the *geisha* in Japan, and at home before going to the Orient. For this is the life most commented upon by the tourist, as this, alas! is the phase of life in Japan that he most frequently looks for. Accordingly, readers have come to think that Japan as a nation boasts of instead of blushes at this corrupting national institution. Many educated Japanese are as resentful of the misinterpretations put on this phase of life as we would be should the Japanese tourist spend his time in our cabarets and write of our night life as the typical American life.

Here in Asamuchi I got quite a different aspect of the *geisha* system. A heap of ragged, cruel-looking rocks was pointed out to me on the edge of the turbulent seashore, down near the marine station. This I was told was the notorious "Suicide Rock." It had long been a favourite place where the unfortunate girls, realizing the hopelessness of their future, had come to end it all. "They love beautiful things," I was told, "and prefer to die among the beautiful places in nature." At a single time recently ten

girls jumped into the sea from this rock and were carried by the swirling currents to their death. Then some devout soul erected a tiny shrine at the base of the rock. From that time forward, I was told, the call to prayer has driven the distracted *geishas* away; and now they seek the panacea of eternal oblivion at other rocks several miles farther up the coast.

Later in the day we returned again to Aomori and entrained for Akita near the west coast. The last glimpse of Aomori disclosed scores and scores of fruit stalls lining the streets, wildly gesticulating fruit venders literally blocking the thoroughfares with their huge baskets of Hokkaido grown apples and pears and plums; and I said to myself: "This America has done for you, Japan."

The west coast of Honsho on the Japan Sea is strangely different from the east coast of the island, chiefly due to the difference in climate. West of the mountains the winters are harsh, with a tremendous snowfall, which often covers the villages in as much as ten or twelve feet of snow. The houses are accordingly built more substantially here, and the roofs are tied on better to withstand the blasts of the wind. Even the mulberry trees are pruned in a different way from most other sections. Here the tree is cut to the ground and sprouts permitted to shoot up, three or four in a bunch. The saplings are tied together before snow falls. The snow may then cover them entirely, bending them flat to the ground, without any serious damage.

The Akita prefecture is famous Japan over for its cryptomeria forests and for the systematic plan of reforestation in use. From the train one can see the great trees up over the mountain sides, growing in strange parallel lines, the result of the care taken by the foresters. Akita is a small place of not more than forty thousand people. The usual committee-in-waiting escorted us to an inn for rest. Although it was Sunday we must be about our tasks. First a brief inspection of the Mining College of Japan—an

interesting school doing valuable service. Of even greater interest to *Foto-san* was the very practical adaptation of a Danish folk high school out just beyond the city limits. The school is directed by a devoted young school man, a nephew of President Sato of Sapporo. Once a year are chosen a group of twenty students, the prize graduates from the normal schools of the prefecture. They are here given a unique further training for rural community leadership and as teachers of agriculture in rural continuation schools, now established in practically every Japanese rural community. This valuable contribution to modern education was inspired by Governor M. Kishimito, at present governor of Yamagata prefecture, where he has sponsored the organization of still another such school under the leadership of the remarkable *Kato-san,* with whom we shall get acquainted soon. I was pleasantly surprised to learn how eagerly the Japanese are adapting the Danish educational ideas and ideals to rural wellbeing.

At Akita we were taken to an unusual kind of Sunday school, planned for ambitious *geishas.* This may sound incongruous to the average American with our acquired impressions of *geishas* and the *geisha* system. The story is told that a noted *geisha* in Akita had an overpowering desire to learn something more than just the accomplishments taught in the *geisha* schools. Japan has a system of compulsory education. Yet, for some reason, the *geishas* are not required, or even expected, to attend the public schools. This particular girl made a personal appeal to some of the influential women in Akita. It must have taken courage to face these matrons; for the women of Japan, one may rest assured, are not overly enthusiastic about *geishas.* But the women approached by the poor yearning soul became convinced that education might in a way be made the entering wedge to a better life for these girls. Sponsored by a great national organization known as the Women's Patriotic League of Japan, these and other women of experi-

Geisha Girls on a Bridge. Please Note How They Lift Their Kimonos with the Left Hand—A Sign of Their Profession

ence, as teachers, volunteered to organize a Sunday school for *geishas.*

We were privileged to see the first such school in session. The women in charge displayed good intelligence and leadership. They had courage also. For it is no easy task to get women to sponsor whole-heartedly a social reform of this nature. The Sunday school was housed in a private residence where fifty or sixty girls had assembled and we found them industriously at work. The study included the usual fundamentals and, in addition thereto, sewing and ethics. The students are self-governing and pay seventy *sen* a month for tuition. The money is used to purchase textbooks. The girls appeared diligent and eager to learn. In age, I was told, they ranged from twelve to twenty. Here was an excellent opportunity to see them without the usual makeup in paint and gorgeous raiment. *Geishas* are chosen for their beauty and aptness, and are usually the children of the poor who are unable to make other provision for the girls' future. To me they did not seem nearly so attractive as the happy, intelligent students we had seen daily in the girls' schools. I expressed as much, and this remark of mine was frequently quoted to the amusement of many; for the average Japanese community is very proud of its *geishas,* and Akita particularly boasts of its beautiful entertainers.

Are these girls immoral? one asks. "No, not from the first. But they will most likely become so," is the calm reply one gets. The *geisha,* which means an accomplished person, is not necessarily immoral. She is often confused with the *joro,* or licensed prostitute. The *geisha* institution has been in vogue for centuries in Japan. At one time the *geishas* were a potent factor for good, furnishing æsthetic entertainment in all the feminine accomplishments that appeal to the masculine taste, as dancing, singing, playing the *samisen,* serving the meals—especially pouring tea and *sake.* They are quite apt at repartee, and on the whole have had a powerful hold on masculine Japan. If a *geisha* is

popular she is likely to earn hundreds of *yen* monthly; for she will have many invitations "to present her face," at social affairs in a single day. A banquet is considered incomplete without *geishas*. They are often called in to enliven simple luncheons or to accompany boating parties where they play and dance for entertainment.

The *geisha* uses an enormous amount of paint and powder and possesses a strikingly gorgeous wardrobe, for which she is almost always in debt to her mistress. And this debt, alas! often means virtual enslavement. The girls are exposed to temptations hard to resist. Sometimes they marry good men; but this is unusual. Most men would consider it a disgrace to confess that their wives had been *geishas*. Often, if they marry at all, it is to men who browbeat them and make their lives a living hell.

Many young girls, my friends confided, look longingly at the beautiful clothes of the *geishas,* and are envious of the admiration they receive. Secretly they regret the drab existence that may await them in the lot of "good wife and wise mother," for which the Japanese girls are educated. The papers occasionally recount the suicide of *geisha* girls, but most of these deaths go unheralded. There are sometimes double suicides, when an unfortunate young man has formed a deep attachment for a *geisha* and comes to a realization that his parents would never consent to the marriage. So the two make a pact to die together.

A well-known Japanese novelist has recently written a popular drama known as "The Priest and His Disciples." The book discloses in vivid terms what a terrible hold the system has on the people. Some Japanese publicists go so far as to claim that all Japanese men reaching maturity have fallen under *geisha* influence sometime or other to their own moral corruption. The assertion has been as vigorously denied by others who claim that the really educated Japanese are bored by the *geishas* and despise them. Let this be as it may, it can scarcely be denied that the

geishas are the one great menace to Japanese home life. In times past, not alone has a wife had no recourse when she saw her husband or son fallen under the influence of these mistresses of allurement, but she has been taught to endure in silence even if a *geisha* were brought into her home. "Can she do nothing?" I heard asked. "The most potent influence for good in Japan today is the family unit," was the reply, "and the mother is usually the power there. The family can make it very uncomfortable for a man who runs with a *geisha*. But legally she can do nothing."

The story is told of an American woman who asked a married Japanese matron the question, "Just what would you do if your husband would come in and say, 'I am expecting to take a little trip and I am going to be accompanied by a *geisha*'?" She replied without hesitation, "Why, I would hasten to see that his purse was plentifully supplied with money!"

The *geisha* has had a monopoly on charm and in manner of dress. The Japanese woman is educated to be just as inconspicuous and retiring as possible—becomingly modest in clothes and manner, her thoughts given to naught but the comfort of her husband and her children. But times are changing. She has nursed resentment in her heart beneath a placid exterior. Education, Christian standards of equality, and the leaven of modern unrest are reaching her.

The popularity of the *geisha* among Japanese men is largely due to a natural craving for feminine society. The wife presides over his household and is very seldom seen in public. Japanese men have had little opportunity for a healthy mingling with the opposite sex in social life. His sole opportunity to meet women socially has been through the *geisha* system. One young man confessed to me that "even if we were permitted to call on young ladies in their homes, they would not know how to converse intelligently. The girls are not reared that way. Even though this obstacle were removed, we would still be bound by the

ancient rules of etiquette, which require that older people must be present and monopolize the conversation." To put an end to the *geisha* system, homes must be created that can furnish intellectual companionship and recreation for men and women alike. General adoption by all women of the beautiful colours and fabrics now monopolized by the *geisha* would add immensely to the charm of women in the home. An educated wife and such home accessories of civilization as music and books and magazines, and a mother and daughter trained to take interest in outside social matters would in all likelihood soon fill the Japanese home with the attractions that are now sought instead at the tea houses.

There are sixty thousand *geishas* besides an even larger number of *joro,* in Japan. "This," a Japanese woman reformer told me, "is one of the reasons why our infant mortality is the highest in the civilized world. One-half of all cases in the hospitals may be classed as due to social disease." Many earnest-minded people in Japan have thrown themselves heart and soul into the campaign to destroy the deep-rooted old *geisha* system. They realize full well that radical measures are necessary shall Japan continue in a place before the world in every respect a truly great people.

After leaving Akita the railroad crosses great lowlands, dotted with groves of plume-like bamboos, towering pines, great russet maples, and close-crowding orchards of apple, pear, and persimmon. Gradually the train enters a mountainous region, running through narrow, winding valleys, past thundering waterfalls, and through long tunnels. At length the valleys widen into a rich, far-stretching plateau. Here at the foot of beautiful green hills lies Yamagata, capital of Yamagata prefecture, noted far and wide for its excellent organization of rural life. Here good lodgings awaited the party.

We were awakened early by the distant roar of the city. The Japanese people do not need so much sleep as Western

people do, it would seem. They retire late and rise early. They must work long hours in order to gain their daily bread, their leaders say. At any rate they are incessantly toiling, building, improving. This has made them great—a mighty nation to be reckoned with as a leader in modern civilization. Just as well, is it, for other nations to realize before too late that the Japanese people will not long endure being cuffed about and gratuitously insulted by self-seeking politicians. Much better have them for friends. And that is just what the Japanese have every reason to expect from America.

In Japan a village is known as a *mura*. But this has come to be a political organization, subdivided into smaller hamlets or *o-aza,* each with its own peculiarities, and organized for administrative purposes under one village council, with representatives from each hamlet. The first visit of the day took us to *Kanai Mura,* a few miles beyond Yamagata. We drove to the *Yakuba,* or village office building, being received there with much ceremony by the village council of seven old wise men. Cards were exchanged and tea and sweets served. Thereupon the chief elder gave the history of the village and its organization. The population of this particular *mura* was seven hundred fifty-two families, or about fifty-five hundred persons. We must understand that the village organization embraces both the central village and all the adjoining farmsteads. About ninety-five per cent of the farm folk, I was told, belong to a great co-operative credit association. This furnishes to borrowing members a limited amount of financial aid, and is in fact a very useful savings organization for all who have a few *yen* to put aside. The credit organizations are doing much in Japan to encourage thrift among the young labourers and tenants, as even among the more substantial farmers. This particular association features also co-operative buying of manures, of food and clothing, and of farm machinery. It goes farther and prepares the rice crop for marketing, and

has more recently begun to do the same, in a limited way, for marketing pork, poultry, eggs, and fruit. The *Kanai* co-operative is probably one of the best of its kind in the country.

The village council took great pride in showing what progress has been made in recent years in their village community. Among other places they escorted us to an interesting agricultural continuation school, a type of institution somewhat like our rural high schools at home. But in Japan the schools are open to instruction practically all the year round—in winter during daytime when farm work is slack, and in summer at night after work is done. The continuation school accepts only students who have completed the regular elementary school course and are obliged by necessity to spend part time at work. When we arrived on the ground, the students were assembled in the gymnasium. Here they stood at attention till we had taken our seats. The students delighted us with their vigorous singing and their gymnastics; but especially were we taken with the *jiu-jitsu* and their fencing. In the former the students took some amazing bumps, often being thrown clear over the heads of their opponents. It did not seem so much a matter with them of winning as to be able to bear their bumps and hurts shining-eyed and grinning—not so much a question of victory as of curbing one's temper and making a show of *spiritual elation,* if that means anything to Westerners who stake so much on the intent to win.

The founder of Japan's co-operative credit societies—or as they are called in Japan, the *Hotokusha,* is none other than the noted Sontaku Ninomiya, who established successful co-operatives at least a quarter of a century before the world-renowned *Raiffeissen* societies had come into existence in Germany. The life and works of this remarkable man should be studied by thinking people the world over. Born in 1787, he died in 1856, eleven years before the beginning of the Meiji period. He belonged, therefore, to the pass-

ing feudal era. He came to reform the evils under which the downtrodden peasantry were struggling in this period of reckless extravagance and incompetence by arrogant feudal lords. Ruined villages and impoverished fiefs were as common as in France immediately preceding the French Revolution. At this critical time came Ninomiya, preaching and teaching a new gospel. To the reckless overlords he exclaimed: "Live within your income!" and the shiftless, idling villagers, he admonished, "Labour to fulfil your duty in the great harmony of Heaven and Earth."

This wonderful personage came of poor but well-born parentage of the small farmer class. In his early years he endured all the bitter hardships of the peasants to whom he came to "inspire confidence, stimulate courage, and renew hopes." He lived among the poor and ate their simple fare; he dressed in their cheap cotton clothing; and he laboured with his own hands, setting an example for them all, refusing every official honour that would have been bestowed upon him by grateful feudal lords and government officials, saying: "Why should men who want to serve their country receive remuneration for doing so?" Ninomiya's ideas of social service and welldoing were startlingly like the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. When Ninomiya commanded, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor," he was obeyed; for, "my way," said he, "is to sacrifice oneself to save others." When this great philosopher and preacher, reformer and economist, passed to his eternal reward at the ripe age of sixty-nine, all Japan mourned his death.

His ideals of social service sound surprisingly modern in their essence and in the comprehensiveness of their grasp. His example of welldoing and thrift has left a lasting imprint on the Japanese people; notably, of course, in the rural communities where his labours of love were done. Many have been his disciples down through the years. Some of them it was our good fortune to meet and learn to know, among them *Kato-san.*

Kato-san is not a disciple of Ninomiya alone; he has for long worshipped at the shrine of the great Danish folk high school philosopher, Bishop Grundtvig. We had planned the trip into Yamagata prefecture chiefly to meet him and to study his work. It is really amazing how much Japan has learned from Denmark and how well the country has put these lessons into practical use. In the United States we talk and lecture much on the inimitable folk high schools and other rural schools of Denmark; but somehow we have never gone so far as to put much of it into practice.

The story of Kato's school is replete with life interest. Thirteen years ago a high prefectural official, Fuji by name, chanced to read a translation of the German professor Hollman's "Danish Folk High Schools," translated into Japanese by Professor Nasu of the Tokyo Imperial University. The work of the Danes impressed him tremendously, and Fuji made up his mind then and there to plan such a school in his own prefecture as a kind of memorial to his own administration. Suitable land was procured and the first buildings erected, and *Kato-san,* the philosopher farmer, was induced, after much hesitation and meditation, to accept the principalship. Meanwhile, Fuji himself abandoned the high position as governor to become a Christian evangelist, in which new capacity he is accomplishing great good among his people.

The school is government supported. Its work, to say the least, is very unique. From November first to April of the following year the forty students—all of them chosen by prefectural officials from scattered farm homes—carry on their studies and personally keep house at the school. For the rest of the year they labour together under *Kato-san's* fatherly care on the one-hundred-and-fifty-acre school farm up on the mountain slope, twenty-six miles from Yamagata. In *Kato-san's* study hang pictures of Japan's great men; though the place of honor is given to Bishop Grundtvig and

Kristen Kold, Denmark's two greatest philosopher-educators.

At the school gymnasium we were spectators to an interesting exhibition of the old symbolic fencing, done as *Kato-san* put it, "more to humble and strengthen the contestants' souls than to win." The contests were both weird and impressive. While the contests were on an absolute death-like stillness prevailed in the gymnasium. Only the panting and the breathing of the fencers could be heard, though immediately after they were through the plaintive notes of the *Shaku-Hachi,* or one-foot and eight-inch flute, set the gymnasium to echoing and re-echoing with the weirdest of music. This also, *Kato-san* informed us, was an attempt to interpret the players' soul longings.

Let me digress here to comment briefly on the progress of modern sports in Japan. The Japanese people still cling tenaciously to their ancient sports, which include fencing, wrestling, and the more scientific *judo,* or *jiu-jitsu.* Archery, too, is very popular in many sections of the country, and is more recently being taught in the schools. It is not at all unusual in Japan to stumble into a great compound where the community assembles for the sports, to meet the ancient and the modern sports side by side, the contestants of each surrounded by zealous supporters. Only recently I was told by a friend that he was escorted into a stadium in Tokyo where the dignified and ancient pastime of archery was being engaged in on one side of the stadium to the sibilant inhalations of a large, appreciative group of mature men; while over on the other side, and separated from the archers by only a canvas screen, the great American pastime, baseball, was being participated in by the younger element, rooting and cheering for their teams much as in the States at home.

Every middle school and college has its spring and autumn outdoor sports day. Then the grounds are gaily decorated with the flags of all nations, and the students—both men

and women—contest in track athletics, in baseball, in tennis, and in other seasonable games and sports. In certain sections hockey and skiing have become as popular almost as in Western countries. It would appear, therefore, as if the Japanese have taken to our sports with a lasting zeal. Internationally, they are beginning to make themselves felt in the Olympic contests, in baseball, and in tennis. In some of the universities, competitive rowing has also become quite popular recently.

From Yamagata we continued the journey southward, traversing that afternoon the lofty mountain plateau which forms the backbone of the Main Island. This is a romantic and astonishingly wild section. Now the train rushes windingly down the side of some steep chasm, with its tumultuous mountain stream, then roars across a hanging bridge into the darkness of a tunnel, to be vomited out again in a moment into a broad open mountain valley, gorgeous in all the colours of autumn and coming to a halt at last at the station platform in Fukushima, one of Japan's great sericulture centres. But it is not my purpose to tire the reader with the details of cocoons, mulberry trees, and silk filatures at this time. From Fukushima where we rested over night at the Aizaka Hot Springs, where baths are very hot even for Japan, we entrained again and retraced the journey through the mountains on the way to Niigata on the Japan Sea.

An interesting illustration of Japanese efficiency greeted us on the return drive from the hot springs into Fukushima. In a small village on the way apparently every family had moved their entire household effects into the street. "Is everybody moving?" I asked. It was made clear that in Japan at stated intervals, say twice a year—and oftener in time of contagious disease—a thorough housecleaning is required by law. Fortunately, furniture is not a long suit with the Japanese; so this housecleaning is no great task. Everything washable must be washed; mats must be cleaned

and aired; floor boards—which are not nailed—must be taken up; and disinfectants used freely. The time for housecleaning is set by the police department, and the populace do not dare move things back until the police have made their inspection and placed their official approval on the housecleaning. Even stores and shops must move their stocks of goods, though large establishments are granted special concessions, and may do the housecleaning more gradually.

Every inch of ground in Japan seems full of historic and mythological lore. There is some tale attached to almost every stone. Near Fukushima tower two lofty mountains—one of them is called, "Alas! My Wife," in memory of the wife of a celebrated warrior of fifteen hundred years ago who sacrificed her life for her husband. The mountain opposite is named "Alas! My Husband," after the grief-stricken husband.

Likewise every district in Japan has a "trademark," symbolical of some episode in early history. Here at Fukushima it is a sheaf of barley and ferns. It commemorates the story of a great general who was forced to abandon the girl he loved. She found that by rubbing the barley and ferns together she could bring back his beloved vision; but in bringing him back she had to give up her own life.

A very fine type of pottery is characteristic of this province—grey in colour, with crackle effect, and stamped with the figure of a rearing horse in gold outline. The Fukushima ware is almost as renowned as the Satsuma ware.

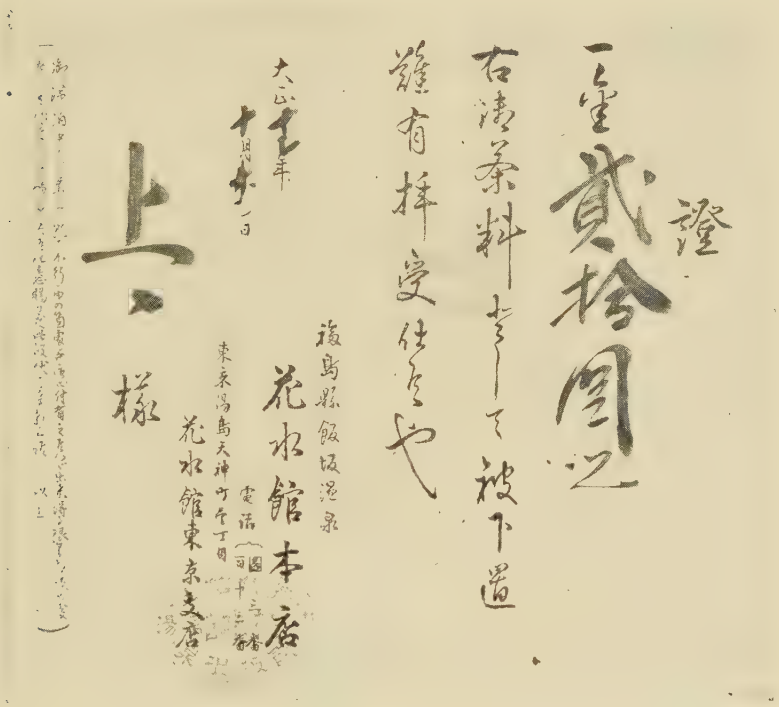
One of the most peculiar, and to foreigners, especially, irritating and embarrassing custom in Japan is *chadai,* or "tea price," that is exacted of foreigners and wealthy Japanese. The more subtle of the Japanese victims are beginning to learn their lesson and often take refuge in Western hotels to avoid the *chadai.* From the Japanese viewpoint, *chadai* is not a graft, but is a premium placed on exceptionally fine service. In olden time the *chadai* money

was customarily handed to the host by the guest when he arrived, and his additional comforts and attentions from the host and servitors were supposed to depend on the size of the bounty. In case the guests should neglect to pay the *chadai* upon their arrival, the host, who is a good judge of humanity, would size up the guest's ability and likelihood to pay liberally, and the service rendered would be in accord with this rating.

It has become an established custom for the wealthy and people who hold high governmental positions to give a liberal largess whether they can really afford to pay it or not. University professors, prominent government representatives, and others equally badly paid, in consequence find the *chadai* a real nuisance and downright hardship.

Since we travelled as representatives of a national association of educators, a great daily newspaper, and the government itself, we were expected to be liberal. Certain it is, we always were received with the highest honours and at every hotel the very best suite of rooms with the most charming outlook was placed at our disposal—everything always arranged by the Governor's office before arrival. Take for instance the Nurokho Hotel in Niigata, where these lines were penned. The *Oku-san* and the writer were established in two beautiful rooms at the corner of the second story. They overlook a beautiful miniature garden where are dwarf trees, fountains and tiny lakes, and, just beyond, glides the Shinano River on its way to the sea. The rooms measure about eighteen by eighteen feet each—unusually large for Japanese rooms. On the floor was the finest *tatami*. The walls and ceiling were finished in black and brown lacquer work. The crane screens, the peacock hangings, and the flower stands massed with flowers, were all symbolic of the high educational rank that had been given us. Mr. Midzuno insisted that a setting like this and the exceptional service by *nesans* and *boy-sans* should be worth for the two days' stay fifty *yen* for *chadai*. Otherwise

we would fail to live up to our reputation. When I told him that twenty *yen* seemed to me reasonable, and if we were charged more I would make a note of it in the travel book, he exclaimed, "Do not do so. The book will probably be read in Japan and what would the Japanese think of you for such failure to honour the rank that has been placed upon you!"



Receipt for *Chadai,* or "Tea Price"

The journey towards the sea, while strenuous, at least was not monotonous. We got a glimpse of beautiful Inawashiro Lake, famed for its salmon fishing, and the summer home of the Prince Regent, now Emperor, situated on a very picturesque shoreline. The river course that we traversed penetrates the heart of the terrible spotted fever

belt, to receive mention in a later paragraph. The Niigata prefecture and one or two adjoining prefectures are noted for their large rice fields—the paddies being larger and more satisfactorily adjusted than in any other section of the country. Here is also the centre of Japan's petroleum area. As a fact, ninety-nine per cent of all the petroleum produced in Japan comes from this district. Better still, the prefecture is famed the nation over for its pretty women, its rich farmers, and the delightful courtesy shown to strangers. As the train rolled out of the mountains into the lowland plains on which Niigata stands, torrents of rain commenced to fall. We arrived in the midst of a terrific downpour; but at the station uniformed officials and black-frocked educators were in waiting just the same, and with little delay the procession was on its way to the hotel, crossing the *Bandai Bashi,* or "Myriad Ages Bridge," an interesting structure that has a length of four hundred and thirty spans of six feet each.

CHAPTER X

Niigata on the Japan Sea—The Governor's Banquet and *Geisha* Dancing—Along the Changeable Japan Sea—Ishikawa-Ken, the Home of Mighty *Daimyos*—A Graveyard of the Ages—*Kenroku-En,* or "Six-Fold Garden," Another of Japan's "Three Greatest Sights"—Getting Ready for the Heavy Winter Snows—A Strenuous Day at Nogano—Uedo Seri-culture School—Inspecting Japan's Greatest Silk Factories—Life of a Factory Hand—The Emperor's Birthday, and a Delightful Excursion into the Mitake Mountains—Lecturing Within Castle Walls at Kofu.

NIIGATA is in many respects a picturesque city. It sprang up ages ago on a sand point between the Shinano River and the Japan Sea. It is a flat, clean city, rather better paved than most Japanese cities. Because of the continued downpour we found many streets flooded, making travel difficult. Architecturally Niigata is substantially built. The houses have very wide overhanging eaves, which serve to protect the *shoji* from rain and shifting snow. When the tide rushes up the river and on through the many canals that lead out from it—one of these winding by immediately in the foreground of our garden—*junks* and *sampans* in countless number begin plying up and down, their crews straining and poling, literally lifting their crafts over the shallows into the deeper water beyond. At the left rises the *Bandai Bashi;* and beyond it, near the mouth of the river, is anchored a strange assortment of Chinese and Japanese craft—steamers unloading timber from Saghalien and fish and other wares from Vladivostok, or in turn taking on varied cargoes for Port Arthur. A lively, colourful scene, this, that bursts upon us through the open *shoji* of the delightful suite.

Another day of educational study—a good junior college, a normal school for girls, and two or three public schools. The Niigata Medical University proved the most profitable

and interesting. This school has recently been raised from a private institution to the dignity of Imperial University, although as yet with one faculty only—the medical. The institution is doing an important research work for eradication of the dreaded spotted fever, prevalent along the river courses in several of the western prefectures. The fever comes from the bite of a small tick, just visible to the naked eye. This tick hatches in the rice fields and other boggy areas near the river banks. I was told that fully forty per cent of the cases are fatal. We were permitted to see the progress of the fever's ravages on several victims in the University hospital. The University is also making a searching study of bubonic plague control. We were hurried past several laboratories where this terrible pest is under study. The professors having the party in charge urged us on with the statement that "the contagion is ever present." The daily lecture was held in the normal school auditorium. The room was crowded to capacity despite the downpour which beat upon the auditorium roof so uproariously that both speaker and interpreter had to shout at the top of their voices, leaving both utterly exhausted after four hours of continued effort.

The Governor and prefectural officials entertained for dinner at Niigata's boasted Italian restaurant. An unusual place, and an exquisite menu. There are many spacious restaurants throughout Japan; for Japanese men, the reader will understand, prefer to do their entertaining in public places. The banquet hall was very large and very new, with the dampness of new plaster still upon it. The unheated room was consequently penetrating in chilliness. The gentlemen present were unusually interesting and entertaining. Among them was a learned doctor of medicine known as the distinguished discoverer of the spotted fever tick that has caused such great mortality among the natives along the west coast. He was about to depart for England, the Continent and America on an extensive lecture tour.

Several other noted scholars and statesmen graced the banquet with their presence. The dinner table was most tastily decorated; the eight-course dinner was perfect. In course of the repast the Governor inquired, somewhat hesitatingly, whether we would care to see the *geisha* dance. The hesitation was directed towards the *Oku-san*. Of course, all were eager for such an entertainment. The formal speeches of the dinner followed; whereupon all thronged into a small auditorium annex set with a regular stage. We took seats informally. Immediately two very sombrely dressed, middle-aged *geishas* glided out from behind the scenes and seated themselves on a side platform. One began fingering her *samisen* and the other sang. I watched her. Her mouth opened so slightly and her throat seemed contracted so tightly that my own throat began to hurt in sympathy. Such weird-sounding music! The curtain rolled up, and there stood six smiling *geishas*. Their raiment was gorgeous in colour and pleasingly harmonious in design. Their sleeves, hanging almost to the floor, were used very effectively in the sinuous body movements and posturing that followed. Their *obis* were of rich brocade, and tied in immense bows diagonally at the back. Their coiffures likewise were elaborate, but, alas! their faces were masklike in thickly daubed paint. They wore much jewelry, which is said to be rather unusual. The dancing was gracefully done, though in reality more of posturing than dancing, of fancy steps and a waving of hands. At the opening of the last act, a third woman joined the other musicians, carrying a tiny drum. The *geishas* sang as they danced, keeping time to the playing trio, who also joined in the singing. The song was symbolic of a Japanese country fair. The singers' voices were of a penetrating falsetto quality, full of breaks and queer little quavers, directly antagonistic to the open throat method used by Western singers. The men went wild over the beauty of the entertainers—and the girls were undeniably charming even according to Western standards. When

the curtain dropped the *geishas* thronged in at the door, and one of them brought the *Oku-san* her *samisen* to play. They all giggled excitedly at her awkwardness. Our compliments on their beauty and charming clothes were conveyed to them, whereupon they withdrew smilingly.

The gentlemen now volunteered a number of solos from a Japanese opera. They displayed none of the self-consciousness common in the average amateur. The impressions made on me by the gentlemen's singing had better be left unsaid, however. At length Midzuno rose to his feet and said something in Japanese. There was much clapping of hands and to the *Oku-san's* horror and embarrassment they insisted that she sing. Fortunately, the room was graced with a rare article for Japanese inns—a piano—and she sat down and sang "Annie Laurie," which the audience probably did not understand though their applause was generous enough.

Still raining, as next day the auto rolled across the Myriad Ages bridge on the way to the station. At the river front I counted at least a score of schooners just arrived with cargoes of lumber and fish from Vladivostok and Saghalien, many other craft the while plying to and fro. We travelled for eleven long, wearying, though thrilling hours southward, most of the way along the beautiful Japan Sea. Now great mountain ranges would crowd the railway line close to the breakers' edge and force us through tunnel after tunnel; then they would recede again and give place for rich coastal plains. But always the high, snow-clad mountain peaks towered gloriously in their snow caps in the background on the landward side.

Wish that I had the artist's skill to paint the Japan Sea. Today gentle, rolling lazily against the coast and barely showing its white teeth, while lapping against the rocky islands and tossing in the shoals that lurk here and there. But it is the coloring of the water I have in mind. On the far horizon the water seemed ultra-marine blue, shading gradu-

ally into a deep sea-green, this becoming a golden yellow as it reached the shallows and the sands. In stormy weather the ocean whips up the dunes along the coast and drives the sand in blinding sheets far inland. The squalid fishing villages cling to the shoreline, with the houses clustering close together for protection against the wind and weather. The roofs are anchored down with great rounded stones to hold them in place against the frequently recurring storm blasts. The breakers reach far out to sea. In stormy and foggy weather there is danger along this coast. We passed in course of the forenoon two great granite cliffs, rising sheer out of the deep, known to the Japanese as *Kushi-Racu* and *Oyashi-Racu,* translated "Not Knowing Children," for the first and "Not Knowing Parents" for the second. Freely interpreted it means that when the hapless voyagers are caught here in stormy weather, the only hope of rescue is for each to look after self—parent after parent, and child after child. Many a hair-raising story could be told by the hardy villagers living along these coasts of storm and famine and death.

At nightfall our little group reached Kanazawa, the present destination—an attractive city of a hundred and thirty thousand, noted chiefly for the delightful Kutani porcelain manufactured here, and for the numerous attractive little shops where are retailed most exquisite porcelain and chinaware.

Ishikawa prefecture, of which Kanazawa is the capital, is noted in Japanese history. Overlooking this and neighbouring prefectures towers the much celebrated *Haku-san*, or Mount Blanc, a graceful, snow-clad cone fully eighty-seven hundred feet in height. It is said that *Haku-san* is to the mariners of the Japan Sea much what Orizaba is to the coast-wise sailors of the Mexican coast, a beautiful inspiring landmark. *Haku-san* ranks as one of the highest and finest of Japan's mountains. Kanazawa dates from the fifteenth century, and was founded by the famous Maeda

Toshiie, whose old feudal castle still stands surrounded by powerful granite walls and deep moats, overlooking the city. He was a mighty feudal lord, this Toshiie, and held several provinces in fief to the great *Shogun,* Hideyoshi. He and his successors lie buried at the top of a great mountain slope near the city in large tumuli, adorned with great weathered *torii* and separated by great walls and fences from the lower slope where slumber their thousands of faithful retainers. This was the largest graveyard to come under my observation. And a powerful impression it left on us all—crowded full with a myriad of moss-covered, crumbling gravestones, five or six hundred years old, many of them—graves of *samurai* and nobles, of *geishas* and actors, of common peasants and tradesmen, and mingled with them, in strangest profusion, shrines and "god-shelves," great Buddhas and lesser Gods. Over them all grew a wonderful forest of towering cryptomeria, fragrant cypresses and pines, and far over these again a wonderful blue sky, and in it, as I looked heavenward, soared a great Japanese army plane in white with the great national emblem—the large red disc—on each wing. And over all of this again reigns the same God that in truth is worshipped by Buddhists and Christians alike.

Japan boasts of many parks of surpassing beauty. By general agreement three of them have been chosen for the nation's "Three Greatest Sights." The *Kenroku-En* or Six-Fold Garden of Kanazawa is one; the *Kayroku-En* of Mito, made famous by the agricultural sage, Mito Rikko, mentioned elsewhere, is another; and the *Koroku-En* at Okayama is the third. The Kanazawa Park dates from a very early period and the name was given it by Rakau Shigawa, a noted statesman and scholar of the feudal age. "Ken" signifies "possessing" and "roku" means "six." Literally, then, the park is said to possess all the six elements that according to the best oriental standards are required to make a perfect garden: grandness, retired

Upper: Our Party in the *Ritsurin* Park at Takamatsu
Lower: In a Charming Hotel Garden

quietude, human effort, antiquity, artificial ponds and fountains, and grand outlook. These requisites the park has to a remarkable extent. In grandeur of outlook it beggars description, lying as it does on a height with a glorious view of the mountain valleys and coastal plains, with glimpses of the lapping sea beyond. In human effort there is nothing to wish, with lotus ponds, bubbling fountains, quaint rustic bridges, pagodas, trees and flowers, secluded waterfalls and grottos. We proclaimed the *Kenroku-En* marvellous beyond power of description and let it go at that.

Here terminated the westward and southward journey along the Japan Sea—with a day of rest and work. Then beating back inland to Naoeku, thence southward toward Nagano in the heart of the mountain fastnesses. Here the tired group arrived amidst a drizzle of rain soon after nightfall. Five hours of the afternoon we had again skirted the Japan Sea, flecked everywhere with fishing fleets hard at work to lay in their store of fish now before the autumn storms should break. It was a beautiful sight, especially as out of the opposite car window could be seen a mighty chain of snow-clad mountain peaks. The valley was still green, and the peasants were eagerly at work everywhere in the rice fields, and tying up the mulberry trees for protection against the heavy winter snows, now due to come almost any time.

Nagano is a small city, picturesquely set in a horseshoe curve at the foot of mountains that rise sheer behind it, green and beautiful. Nagano is noted chiefly for the great *Zenko* Temple of the *Tendai* sect of Buddhists, and is a veritable Mecca for pilgrims from all the region west of the mountains. Our hostelry, the Fujiya Hotel, faces one of the main avenues of the city. On the street front the hotel presents an imposing façade of stone and mortar. Yet to everyone's surprise, the really habitable part of the hotel is at the rear and fronting a delightful garden. This portion of the hotel is entirely Japanese—here is dainty,

fragile architecture, with the sliding paper-covered *shoji;* the tiny polished verandahs; the dream garden and all the other delicate paraphernalia and settings that go to complete the picture of a real Japanese inn. The meals were excellent, as was also the service. But the expense! Fifty-eight *yen* for the two of us for two nights' lodgings including only four meals! It seems that the nearer one draws to Tokyo again, the more exorbitant the charge becomes. Or is it our reputation for largess that has preceded us?

To give the reader some idea of the work of a day I may be permitted to outline a single day at Nagano. In the morning, a brief meeting at the local prefectural experiment station, with tea, professional conversation, and inspection of fields, laboratories and storehouses. Thereupon, a brief visit to the local temple. Next in order came the inspection of an interesting training school for boys, directed by the prefectural normal school for men. Thereafter we were hurried by auto to the girls' higher school—junior college rank—just in time for a mighty wholesome luncheon—Japanese, of course—served by the girls in their own dainty dining-room. The home economics teachers in this school had received their training in the noted Women's Union College in Tokyo. They assuredly showed the excellent results of superior training. We could not but remark upon the fine physique, the easy manners, and the Western walk and rhythm of these young women, and involuntarily contrasted them with the pigeon-toed, *geta*-clattering ladies that may be seen everywhere in Japan, with heavy *obis* tied at their backs, making them look deformed and humpbacked almost. Will these fine schoolgirls be obliged to revert to the old time-honoured type of womanhood; or have we here at last the new woman come to take the place of the old? To be absolutely candid, while the delightful, ever-smiling, attractively robed Japanese woman has an undeniable charm about her, *Foto-san* much prefers the new woman, just now beginning to emerge out of the higher col-

leges for women that are sponsored especially by a union of foreign Protestant churches.

The afternoon audience at the lecture hall was inspiring. It was so responsive. Too bad the hall was so small and could not hold all who sought admittance. So many were turned away. As usual, Midzuno and I spoke for four hours with an intermission of fifteen minutes. At 6:30 o'clock the Governor entertained our party and a group of officials and others at a restaurant with a cuisine of pleasingly French flavour. The Governor was a jolly gentleman who had been chief of police in Formosa for seven years; where, as he put it, his chief task had been to "pacify" the fierce headhunters of the mountains. In the early stages of this process, he asserted, he had been obliged to have recourse to rapid-fire guns and wire trochas to shut the fierce savages into a limited mountain domain. Later he had invited the headhunters down to the cities where whole army divisions had drilled and paraded to impress the natives properly. All this seems to have helped, for when we sojourned in Formosa later the danger from sulking, murderous aborigines appeared not at all great.

From Nagano we entered Japan's greatest seri-culture district. Mulberry trees are grown in all parts of Japan, often as a sideline in the general process of agriculture; but in this district silk production is the chief pursuit of the people. We spent a day at Ueda, the seat of a seri-culture school. Thereafter came several days of study at the leading silk factories in the factory towns nearby.

A few words may not be out of place in regard to the Japanese seri-culture industry in general. Silk ranks first in the Japanese export list, Japan supplying, as a matter of fact, fully sixty per cent of the total consumption of the world's silk, sixty per cent alone of her product being consumed by the United States. The increase in output has been unusually large in recent years and is in great demand on foreign markets, chiefly because of the excellent quality.

The greater part of Japan's silk is exported in the form of filature, or raw silk, and is manufactured abroad. The United States permits the importation of raw silk, duty free. This is manufactured in the great silk factories of the East. Nevertheless, the export of manufactured silk goods, such as handkerchiefs, napkins, underwear, shawls, night-gowns and kimonos is increasing steadily.

Silkworm culture originated, ages back, in China and came to Japan through Korea, almost two thousand years ago. This was so far back in the beginning of time that most Japanese farmers have looked upon silkworm culture as indigenous to Japan. The introduction of silk culture has had from the beginning the enthusiastic support of government, which has done everything it could to encourage the industry. This was carried so far at one time as to make maintenance of mulberry gardens obligatory for all farmers in the silk-producing districts. Silk was likewise accepted as a substitute for rice in payment of taxes.

It may be interesting to know that almost eight and one-half per cent of all the tillable land in Japan is used for mulberry culture, and the farmers engaged in silkworm growing number about one-third of all the farmers in the country. In an average year two hundred sixty million kilograms of cocoons can be produced. Until recent years silk production has offered great opportunities as a sideline for the agricultural population, in growing the mulberry tree and producing the cocoon, and also in reeling the raw silk as a winter's occupation at home. Unfortunately, this once so profitable home industry is yielding to less expensive machine reeling in the great silk mills. Many farm people, and particularly peasant girls, are being drawn to the great factories to take charge of the machine work. The effect has been to terminate much of Japan's delightful old-time home industry, forcing the people instead into the factories, with their many attendant evils.

In this connection we are told the dowager Empress does all in her power to encourage a continuance of the ancient home industry in seri-culture. She not only raises silkworms, feeding them with her own hands, but also reels the silk from the cocoons, spins the silk and weaves it into usable textiles, later presented as gifts to members of the Imperial family and a few other intimate friends.

The government maintains a number of seri-culture experiment stations for scientific study of silkworm rearing and raw silk reeling. There is a central station in Tokyo with a number of branch stations throughout the country. These experiment stations undertake also to educate a limited number of seri-cultural students, and are centres for distribution of breeding eggs. The greatest care is taken that common and wild silkworm eggs be not sold. A large number of government inspectors maintain offices where all marketable eggs are inspected. Three higher training colleges for seri-cultural experts have been established, located respectively at Ueda, Kyoto and Tokyo. In addition to the work offered in these schools, special seri-culture courses are maintained in the Imperial universities.

We may now return to the Ueda seri-culture school, one of the three colleges mentioned above, where seri-culture experts are trained. The college was established thirteen years ago and draws its students from every corner of the Empire, although only thirty students are admitted annually to the three courses in seri-culture, filature, and spinning. All the work of study and experimentation is not done at Ueda, as the mother institution maintains sub-stations everywhere mulberry trees can be grown. One scarcely realizes that more than three thousand varieties of the mulberry tree are grown. Four hundred and thirty of these varieties are classed as satisfactory, and suitable to the climate in different sections. It is also worthy of note that Japan breeds a thousand different varieties of silkworms. Of these Ueda

interests itself in one hundred and thirty varieties, varying in color from purest white to golden yellow, brown, green, and pink.

We got quite an insight into the silk industry at Ueda. We were escorted into the fields and shown the different varieties of mulberry trees, and from there to the storage chambers where the breeding eggs are kept. Thereupon we followed the process of producing the raw silk from the egg to the cocoon, and from the cocoon to the finished spun silk. Finally, we saw it woven into the finest patterns of silken cloth, including some exquisite patterns in many colours, taking shape as flowers, butterflies, and long-legged cranes.

The silk produces some remarkable by-products that go a long way towards making the industry profitable. The dead grub when removed from the cocoon has the oil extracted. This is used in the manufacture of excellent toilet soaps. And, surprising as it may sound, several tonics are made from the extracts of this grub. They appeared attractive enough in their beautifully labelled bottles; but none of the party showed any disposition to try their medicinal value.

The next day was spent in the great silk factory town Okaya, and in the adjoining factory town Shinshu. We were the guests of Mr. Katakura of the noted firm of Katakura & Co., Ltd., with factories, storehouses and plantations scattered elsewhere throughout Japan. Mr. Katakura, the venerable head of this great firm, met us at the station and took charge of the party. After tea and other refreshment in his well-appointed offices, all of us were taken on an impressive round of the great factories, whose tall smokestacks reminded me of some great American factory city. From the Okaya factories we drove to Shinshu. The factories here are members of the same co-operative corporation as the Okaya factories. Then we inspected the central warehouse plant of the co-operative

association. Here I learned were twenty-five million *yens* worth of cocoons, for the present stored in the sixty-nine great fireproof storehouses belonging to the corporation.

By this time our company had been augmented with several factory directors and village officials, all invited by the factory corporation to dine with us at a quaint old Japanese inn. The officials at this particular dinner represented corporate interests with a capital of more than one hundred fifty million *yen.*

The repast led to a very frank exchange of opinion on labour conditions in the factories, and relations of employers to employés and many other matters of like interest. This great central co-operative organization, I learned, is profit-sharing. After eight per cent of the profits is set aside for sinking fund, ten per cent of the balance is divided among the employés. The remainder goes to the stockholders. Old-age pensions, free hospital facilities, rest-rooms, reading-rooms, playgrounds and baths play important parts in the organization of factory life in these towns. But the wages are low, altogether too low. Cocoon winding girls receive only one *yen* per day, with board and lodging, while piece workers get up to two *yen,* board and lodging. The conditions of the average worker in Japan's silk factories are far from satisfactory. The same is true to an even greater extent of life in Japanese cotton mills.

Today (October thirty-first), to lapse into the historic present, is the Emperor's* birthday, his forty-sixth, and all Japan is celebrating. We are spending the day at Kofu, the last halt before returning to Tokyo. Kofu is a delightful little city of fifty thousand inhabitants, set in the midst of a broad, productive plain, dotted with vineyards, mulberry plantations, and fruit orchards. The Kofu grapes are noted throughout all Japan for their wonderful flavour, as are also Kofu's great dried persimmons. Today all public offices, banks and schools are closed. The city and

* Died, 1926.

country districts are gay with the white sunrise flags with the red disc at the centre. All Japan seems on its way, marching into the country districts and to the parks to celebrate. The children have gathered first at their schools for a glimpse of the Imperial shrine with which every school is equipped, and to listen to a reading of the Rescript on Education and a brief patriotic address. Let me recall again that in Japan the Emperor is considered God's Vice Regent on Earth, and he is virtually worshipped as such.

Bright and early in the morning, our party of seven started for a real holiday into the glorious *Mitake* Mountains, a far-flung spur of the Japanese Alps. Southward, fifty-five miles away, rose the crest of glistening snow-clad *Fuji,* and to the westward, other beetling snow-covered Alpine peaks. We drove six miles in autos, and were then obliged to proceed on foot upward and ever upward for a distance of four miles into the heart of the mountains. I have no words in which to describe the majestic beauty round about us. I have seen the wildest mountain peaks of Norway, the marvellous Selkirks of Canada, and the best that our own Rockies have to offer. Though the *Mitakes* are not so lofty as some of these, they have such glorious colours, such stupendous chasms, such amazing up-pilings of giant boulders, due to frequent cataclysms of nature, that for genuine many-sided interest and unexpected surprises, I am inclined to give the Mitakes first place.

We lunched high in the mountains—to be exact we drank tea and ate quantities of delicious Kofu grapes. Thereupon with much regret we hastened back to the Governor's luncheon, arriving quite late, it is true. Here was another delicious luncheon. Giggling *geishas* waited on us and danced harvest dances and several rather suggestive comiques.

Kofu was the centre of turbulent times during the Japanese Middle Ages. The only reminder of those days is the Kofu castle, erected long ago by one of the early-day feuda-

tory princes, known as Takeda Harunobu. The heavy stone walls and deep moats still stand; but the old castle enclosure has been turned into a public park, wherein lies the *Kizan-Kwan,* a kind of social centre, where I delivered my last public lecture on the first circuit. The audience of fourteen hundred delegate educators and agriculturists was the largest, I am told, to assemble in the city for many years. To be sure, it was the Emperor's birthday, and everybody was released from work and at liberty to do what he pleased. The audience was in holiday attire. An unusually large number of the gentlemen present were dressed in their native ceremonial robes. At the entrance to the auditorium they removed their shoes. The latter were checked and parked in attractive squares outside the building, each one receiving a wooden check for his *getas* or shoes. At home one checks his coat and hat; in Japan these garments are carried into the auditorium and the shoes are checked instead.

CHAPTER XI

Shopping on the *Ginza*—Famous Chrysanthemum Shows—Southward Along the Historic *Tokaido*—Into Japan's Noted Tea Garden District—Personally Conducted by Mr. Ishii—Nagoya, a Great Industrial City—Historic *Tenshu-Kaku* Castle—Entertained by Governor Haruki-Yamawaki—A Side Trip to Tsu on Ise Bay—A Pilgrimage to Ise Shrine.

THE *Ginza* is to Tokyo what Fifth Avenue is to New York City. Before the earthquake it was lined with great stores of all kinds, including many department stores, that sold goods garnered in from the four corners of the earth. When the earthquake and fire came, all these splendid structures were crashed to the earth or devoured in the maw of the all-devouring fire. With indomitable courage the Japanese began rebuilding their *Ginza* even before the debris from the old had had time to cool. As far as the eye can penetrate this famous street is now lined with temporary shops and structures of all kinds, with here and there great skyscrapers taking shape, finer and more durable than before. No department store in all Japan is probably so well-known to the traveller as the *Mitsu-Koshi* department store on the upper Ginza near the famous *Nihon-Bashi*. This store is to the average Tokyo shopper what the *Bon Marche* is to the Parisian, or Gimbel Brothers or Marshall Field to the Philadelphian or Chicagoan. The *Oku-san* was determined to see *Mitsu-Koshi's* and shop there as the Japanese do.

First, on a shopping tour of this kind, one may as well leave the auto or *ricksha* behind and join the throngs upon the crowded streets and along the narrow sidewalks of the *Ginza* itself. Nothing can be more entertaining to the stranger than to watch Japanese men and women at their

shopping. I exclaimed to one of our companions as we were walking along, "These Japanese women at their shopping act exactly like American women at theirs. The counters with beautiful silks and luxuries and bric-à-brac is what attracts them."

"But, do you see them buying much?" my friend parried.

I had to admit that they did not seem to purchase much. His answer came:

"The Japanese women are very expensive shoppers when they do buy; but they do not purchase extensively. They go from shop to shop and eventually choose the very best, unless they are poor, of course."

The stores on the *Ginza,* notably the department stores, offer for sale a great variety of foreign merchandise. Many of the clerks have some knowledge of English. Their English is not always good English and is rather bookish. On this particular day the *Oku-san* asked for some georgette crêpe. Immediately the clerk got out his dictionary. He looked for "George" and found it a boy's name. He called in other clerks to his succour. They laughed together and pondered a great deal. They suggested, finally, that she go to another floor where surely the article could be found. The same difficulty was met when she asked for a lock for a piece of luggage. The "l" to the clerk—being Japanese—sounded like "r." It took much explanation and time before light dawned and the desired article was forthcoming. Again, when she looked for some silk underwear, garments in thirty-inch size were brought out; but were, naturally, too small for the *Oku-san.* When she mentioned the desired size, the clerk looked aghast and could not refrain from smiling rather broadly. He hastened, however, to apologize, and added: "Madame, since the fire we are out of many things; but if you will come back in two months' time we will unquestionably have received a shipment from abroad."

The bookstores of Japan are interesting places to visit. We dropped into the Marazen Store, one of the most noted.

Here is a great establishment with branches in many cities, much like Brentano's in the United States, which offers for sale books in all languages. The thing that strikes one about these stores is the enormous crowds of the studious-minded, industriously looking over the books. In places where smaller bookstalls open on the street, the street front is crowded several deep with children and young people who stand there for an indefinite period of time, not alone glancing over the books, but actually reading them. It is quite pathetic. The vast majority of Japanese cannot afford to own their own books. In this way they get what they can, and the fine thing about it all is that the book dealers take this thing for granted and permit them to stand and read all they wish.

We were fortunate to have chosen for our sojourn the season of the chrysanthemum and the maple. No one has really seen Japan who has missed autumntime when the maples burst into their glorious colouring of red and russet and gold. Many insist that cherry-blossom time is the best; but as for me, give me maple time! Then come also the wonderful chrysanthemum shows for which Japan is renowned far and wide.

The annual chrysanthemum exhibit was on at this time in Hibya Park, right across the avenue from the Imperial Hotel. Great crowds were constantly pouring into the park, among them the aristocracy of the nation; though probably a majority of the flower-lovers were of the middle and lower classes. The Japanese love flowers as they love all nature. The buildings or booths of the flower shows were arranged in a labyrinthine maze, each unit harbouring an amazing variety of glorious chrysanthemums of great size and shape and colour. Many of the plants were gigantic and bore blossoms many inches in diameter, one to a stalk and supported by spindling bamboo canes. Others had strange hairlike petals. Still others looked more like enormous snowballs than the chrysanthemum to which we were

used at home. Several booths contained shelves from which hung veritable cascades of flowers, trained on wires downward instead of upward. Others were trained on latticework, fashioned into pyramids, cylinders, and a variety of other geometrical designs, all marked by perfect symmetry. In other booths, again, the flowers were trained in most fantastic shapes. There were flower *rickshas* and automobiles and moving aeroplanes. Single bushes by actual count contained a full thousand blossoms. Giant warriors, fighting *samuri* a-horseback, and beautiful maidens in gorgeous kimonos would thrust themselves upon one's view in the most unexpected places. In addition to the regular chrysanthemum show, there were other exhibits featuring trees, among them pines, maples, and fruit trees, absolutely symmetrical and perfect, being, it was said, hundreds of years old. In another section of the exhibit were miniature gardens, mountain views, farm scenes and landscapes with tiny people, boats, animals, and every imaginable living creation. Many of the trees and plants used were alive, the *ensemble* being amazingly realistic. In still another section of the exhibit one could read the history of Japan in flowers, beginning with its very dawn and continuing through the days of the warring *daimyos* of the feudal age, and through the period of the Restoration to the present time.

One has to be an expert artist to do justice to Japan's famous chrysanthemum shows. The artistic effect is quite overpowering. The time, the labour, the patience required to raise the flowers and prepare them for the final display is beyond the grasp of the Western mind!

A real load was lifted from our breasts this morning when our express train left Tokyo and, later, the ruins of Yokohama behind, and sped southward along the coast of the opalescent sea into Japan's great tea garden district. Here was scenery never to be forgotten. To the landward great rugged mountains, dark in their evergreen dress. And further back, using the lower mountains as a foot

screen, towered beautiful *Fuji,* glistening silver-white in its purity of new-fallen snow. The countryside gave the appearance of vivid green painted here and there with autumnal colours, with quaint straw-thatched farmhouses blending into the passing landscape. Every foot of the land is under intensive cultivation and appeared to our eyes like a never-ending succession of gardens. The tea farmer usually carries other crops in addition to his tea—and in a sense his is a balanced system of agriculture. He usually grows some rice, a few patches of mulberry trees for cocoons, a few *geta* trees, Satsuma oranges, native pears and grapes—not to forget his gardens of long white radishes—the inevitable *daikon*—long white onions, and other malodorous Japanese delicacies.

Tea production has been known in Japan for more than a thousand years and is, next to silk, the most important export product. Green tea, or *cha,* is used everywhere in Japan and is drunk many times a day by grown-up people and children alike. The present total area devoted to tea production is approximately one hundred twenty thousand acres, and the production is eighty-five million pounds. The chief tea-growing districts are in Shizuoka, Miyo, Kyoto, Kagoshima, and Nara prefectures, and north Formosa. Tea is produced profitably in other sections of southern Honsho and the islands to the south. In Japan proper the natural tea-producing area lies largely in the section of Honsho between Shizuoka and the ancient capital of Kyoto. The tea of Japan proper is known as green tea and is said to have a high vitamin C content. Formosa produces the famous *Oolong* tea, and the scented *Pouchong* tea, the latter exported chiefly to the East Indies.

Shizuoka prefecture produces at the present time more than fifty per cent of all the tea used for home consumption and about fifty-two per cent of all that is exported. Of the eighty-five million pounds produced annually, the United States and Canada absorb about twenty-seven million

Upper: Attractive Tea Plantation in Japan
Lower: Picking Tea in Formosa

pounds. In ancient times, Kyoto was the centre of the tea traffic, and even to this day the choicest tea is produced there; but Shizuoka has taken the palm away from Kyoto and the great export centre is now busy little Shimizu, its port.

It is worthy of note that Japan's great tea gardens centre in the home prefecture of the great sage Ninomiya, whose influence is still felt in the thrift of the people, in their honesty, in their excellent agriculture, and in their patriotism and devotion to religious duty.

The president of the Fuji Tea Company had recently returned from Copenhagen as a participant of the International Boy Scouts' *jambouree.* I soon learned to know him as a prince among men. To see his beaming countenance and listen to his well-modulated voice was sufficient. Alas! he spoke English but little. He took much interest in our visit, but on account of his inability to speak English fluently, he placed at our disposal a special protector, Mr. Ishii, a cosmopolitan gentleman who knows America like a book. Mr. Ishii spends about half of his time in New York City, where he is in charge of the sales department of the Fuji Company. He is, indeed, almost American. In appearance, too, he might readily be taken for Caucasian. One finds here and there in Japan a type of Japanese with almost perfect Grecian features and very light complexions. If there is any truth in the assumption of some historians that in ages past the island of Kiushu became the asylum for a migration of Hindustani after the fall of their civilization along the Brahmaputra, then certainly these Japanese are among their descendants.

Mr. Ishii took delight in explaining every detail of tea making. How, for example, the tea is dried, fired in kilns, machine-stirred, or in baskets, hand-stirred. It surprises the novice to see the many processes necessary to get the tea ready and marketable. One of the last processes is "stemming" the tea. The United States, as an illustration,

does not permit importation of tea containing stems. They are all removed by hand. In the stemming rooms women are seated on the floors, removing the stems with nimble fingers. The rooms were light, clean, and airy. Nevertheless, I felt sorry for the women who toil here from morning till night, getting only one *yen* per day—albeit twice the amount they got before the war. The stemmed tea is heaped into enormous bins where it is compressed and sliced down very much like an enormous layer cake. Then it is again mixed and finally packed. The stems are not wasted. They are shipped in large quantities to Hokkaido where the fishermen along the coast brew them into a tea, very strong, it is said, though much to their liking. We called at several other factories in the vicinity of the Fuji Tea Company's factory. Nothing is quite so fascinating as to see the nimble-handed Japanese sorting the brands of tea that are household words in America. It was a satisfaction to know that the tea is prepared in the midst of such immaculate surroundings.

Mr. Ishii proved an interesting personality, wholly aside from his business acumen. He is a devout Christian gentleman in a land where it takes considerable courage to live one's Christianity openly. He said to me, "*Foto-san*, I am happy to know that you are devoting your lectures to rural education. Our agricultural classes need this, but especially do they need great emphasis placed on the spiritual phases of daily life. We are, alas! too materialistic here in Japan."

At noon all the officers of the Shizuoka Tea Association entertained at an honour luncheon, presided over by President Udioyamada. Unfortunately or otherwise, the toasts had to be cut short by the threatened departure of our waiting train. We hurried to the station and were soon thundering along on the way to Nagoya, a great industrial city of six hundred thousand population, and fifth largest in the Empire.

Again a charming landscape—on our left the beautiful ocean, dotted shorewise with dark, pine-clad islands, and inland crest above crest of blue-black mountains. It was dark when we arrived in Nagoya. At the train was the customary reception committee. Then, in well-appointed automobiles, the party rolled along to the hotel, a hostelry thoroughly Western in style and management. For a change it was good to have real Western beds and bathroom again, all our own, instead of having to patter slipper-shod through long passages in search of the *furo,* piloted by some tiny, irresponsible *nesan.*

Nagoya is noted for the manufacture of cloisonné, porcelain, clocks, fans, embroidery and lacquered wares, and for silk weaving and cotton spinning. The tourists will probably remember Nagoya longest for the remarkably well preserved *Tenshu Kaku* castle, said to be one of the finest in Japan. This famous old cyclopean pile is the property of the Imperial household and was not at the time of our sojourn open to the public. The Governor's influence, however, brought us the desired *open sesame* and a very courteous conductor.

The powerful *Shogun* Tokugawa Ieyasu forced his restless *daimyos* to construct this castle with its triple walls and moats at the time he gave his son the province in fief. The real castle is a five-storey, fortified structure, lying within these walls in large beautiful grounds. The courteous castellan in person escorted us to the very top of the lofty citadel, and took us in our stocking feet through the delightfully sombre council chamber of departed *Shoguns* and to the tiger chamber where the Emperor even now occasionally gives audience to the great men of the nation.

In the evening the Prefectural Education Association banqueted us. Governor Haruki Yamawaki presided. The Governor toasted me in an excellent English speech. The toast in Japan is always in *sake,* whether one likes this oily fluid or not. Such is their time-honoured custom. Gover-

nor Yamawaki is one of Japan's greatest public men of the day. He was Japanese commissioner general, representing his country at the Panama-Pacific Exposition and at several other international expositions. He speaks a fluent English and is well at home in the United States where he has been a number of times. He was a special friend of three presidents—Roosevelt, Taft and Wilson—whose autographed photographs he treasured very much. But much to his sorrow, they were all destroyed in the great Tokyo earthquake and fire, as he kept all his treasures in the old family home at the capital.

A side trip to Tsu on the seacoast this morning. At an unguarded moment I had promised to address the students of the Mie Agricultural and Forestry School there. In Japan one expects all these promises to be made good. So the extra trip was undertaken. Here I made the acquaintance of a noted Japanese scientist, Seiki Morisawa, whose specialty is rice production. This particular agricultural college lies in Japan's most important rice-growing region. Accordingly, the school is a centre for experimentation in rice and rice culture. The school advocates tile drainage for the paddy fields, so that as soon as the rice is cut the fields can be drained and barley and wheat sown for a second crop. Larger fields and ploughing instead of the old hand labour with primitive tools still commonly used in the northern part of Honsho, are likewise advocated with good results. Dr. Morisawa has spent some years in Texas and Louisana rice fields and is an ardent advocate of the American system of drainable fields. He maintains that two million acres in Japan are in need of draining. Unfortunately, the cost is almost prohibitive, reaching often as high as four hundred *yen* per acre. Japan has about three million *cho* in rice and three million *cho* in other crops, including one-half million *cho* in mulberry trees.

Dr. Morisawa asserts, moreover, that in Texas the production of rice is seventy-seven hundredths *koku* per *tan*

(one-fourth acre) using American seed, and one and two-tenths *koku* with Japanese seed; while in Japan the production per *tan* is two *koku*. This goes to show that despite the virgin state of the soil in Texas, the Japanese are able to produce much more, acre for acre, on their fields, which have been under cultivation for thousands of years.

We retraced our steps to the main line and were soon on the way to Yamada and the pilgrimage to the noted Ise Shrine. At Yamada, the seat of the Ise Shrine, the secretary of the Shrine office appeared in person at the depot with automobiles for our use. We drove through Yamada—a clean and attractive little city, nestling close to the base of a great range of wooded hills. Seven or eight hundred thousand tourists a year are said to throng through the streets of Yamada on their way to the greatest of national shrines. Ise is to the Shintoist what Jerusalem is to the Christian and Mecca to the Mohammedan.

The famous shrine dates from the fifth century. Not so old as Iuzoma Shrine on the Japan Sea, yet it is the most sacred of all Japanese shrines. All Japanese people are zealous to worship at the shrine before they die. The average artisan believes himself incapable to earn a good living before he has bowed in prayer at Ise. The common people who live within easy reach of the shrine are satisfied with no less than one pilgrimage a year.

One speaks of Ise Shrine. As matter of fact, there are really two. The shrines are set quite far apart. The first stands in the midst of a magnificent grove of cryptomeria and is dedicated to the goddess of the cereal grains. The second crowns a glorious one hundred sixty-four acre park higher up on the mountainside and is dedicated to the divine ancestors of the Imperiai family. To enter the holy precincts of the shrines we had to pass under the usual *torii;* thence across a picturesque bridge and under a second *torii.* Along meandering walks we penetrated to the heart of a great silent park, crossed a small bridge, and down by the

rippling waters of the Eseu River, where we laved our hands in the water before continuing into the sacred precincts. In the warmer season, more extensive bathing is indulged in at the river's brink for one's purification. But as this was winter time it was sufficient to wash the hands.

The shrines are striking in their simplicity, as are all Shinto shrines. What impresses one vastly more than the shrine structures is the great old cryptomeria that line the walks and stand like druids of eld on guard, whispering and moaning as the pilgrims pass to and fro. They were planted more than two thousand years ago—so 'tis said. Most of the trees are protected with matting or fenced off to save them from injury or stripping by fanatical devotees. All Japanese, regardless of their religious beliefs, show the greatest respect for Ise Shrine. The devotee approaches with head uncovered and coat removed. Cigarettes are thrown away. He must pause at respectful distance from the first shrine entrance. Only the chosen few are permitted to pass the first gateway to the inner shrine, and then only if garbed according to time-honoured requirements. We, unfortunately, had neglected to change to frock coats and the *Oku-san* to visiting dress before leaving the hotel. Had we attended to these matters, the priests assured us, we would have been admitted into the inner shrine. There was much consultation between the priests and the officials, but to no avail. They regretted exceedingly that under the circumstances it would be impossible for us to enter. Even the Emperor, they assured us, would not be permitted to pass the portal without the conventional dress. They could, of course, make no exception in our case. Because of the disappointment, the priests piloted us to a high vantage point on the hill which enabled us to look beyond the walls and get a glimpse of the inner shrine. It was like looking into the promised but forbidden land.

The shrines are of purest Shinto architecture. Each structure is built from finest selected *hinoki* wood, roofed

over with *hinoki* bark and trimmed in glittering brass. The crests are carved in mystic symbols. The principal deity worshipped at Ise is the sun goddess, *Amaterasu,* from whom the present dynasty is said to have descended. She is represented by a sacred mirror, kept in a special casket in the holy of holies and never shown. Custom requires that all the buildings of the shrine be torn down every twentieth year and new buildings erected in their place. This is cause for great ceremony. The builders must wear white, spotless robes. Should a finger be cut while the labourer is at work so that a drop of blood chances to touch the timber, the latter is immediately discarded. During the period of reconstruction temporary buildings are erected on a plot of holy land adjoining the regular shrine enclosure.

Great stress is placed upon worship at the Ise Shrine. Japan is noted for its autumn excursions, when for weeks the trains are crowded with school children going to the woods, to the mountains, and to the historic places. Possibly more of the excursionists find their way to Ise Shrine than to any other place. I have even suspected that the Japanese government goes out of the way to direct them thither. At any rate, Ise Shrine is the centre of Japanese patriotism and loyalty to the Imperial family, and here the royal family must come for worship. Here they assemble in time of national crisis. Here the great Emperor Meiji prayed to the Gods at the time of the Russian war which laid the real foundation of the present glory of *Dai Nippon.*

One of this great ruler's many poetic prayers has been preserved by Dr. Genchi Kato. It reads:

"Tokoshiye ni
Tami Yasukare to
Inoru naru
Waga yo wo Mamore
Ise no okami!"

I pray to the Great God of Ise that my subjects may have peace forever. Bless and protect my reign, O Great God of Ise!

CHAPTER XII

And Now Comes Beautiful Nara!—The *Dai Buttsu,* "Sitting Silently Through the Ages"—On the Trail of the Prince of Wales—The Interesting Nara Higher Normal School for Girls—In Kyotō and the Sacred Precincts of Ancient Japan—Pilgrimage to the Meiji Mausolea—At the Shrine of General Nogi—The Imperial Palace in Kyoto—The Wisdom of a Governor.

BEAUTIFUL Nara! For eighty years the glorious capital of ancient Japan. World-famed for your temples and shrines—for your awe-inspiring *Dai Buttsu*—we have arrived to do you homage. To the Japanese pilgrim, not a mountain, not a rock in all the Yamato province that has not its story or legend dear to Japanese hearts. It matters not how little the foreign traveller may know about the history of ancient Japan, he is certain to be impressed with the evidences of the great ancient civilization that has existed here by the wonderful richness of its monumental remains.

The so-called Nara period was the Augustan Age in Japanese history. This was round about A.D. 800. Nara was then at its glory in literature, in the fine arts and crafts. Then were reared mighty palaces, glorious temples and shrines. Nara was the home of the nobility and the wealthy of the land. Its temples were the richest and most influential in all Japan. But, alas! as time went on, many of the most splendid structures were ravaged by fire or were permitted to crumble and fall into decay.

In one section of the city—the eastern—these glorious structures fortunately remain practically as originally constructed. Here the pilgrim will find a repository for some of the richest treasures in the Empire. Most of the beautiful temples, shrines and pagodas are scattered throughout the surprisingly beautiful Nara Park, the largest in all

South Gate, *Kasuga Jinsha*, Nara, with Ancient Stone Lanterns Lining the Approach

Japan—almost twelve hundred fifty acres in extent. It is a natural woodland park somewhat rolling along a gentle hill slope, and studded with mighty trees of many species, among them roaming hundreds of tame deer. The entrance to the park is indicated by a large red *torii,* others like it are seen here and there, marking entrances to shrines and temples.

One finds it impossible in a narrative like the present to enter into detailed descriptions of temples, shrines, and temple images and temple worship. These the reader must seek in the ordinary guidebook of Japan. But let us enter the precincts of the *Todai-Ji,* or Great Eastern Temple, one of the largest and oldest of the Nara temples. This fane was founded in A.D. 752. Here we come to the Big Bell, said to have been cast as early as A.D. 572. It is thirteen and one-half feet high, ten inches thick at the rim, and twenty-seven feet in circumference. It weighs about forty tons and is the third largest in Japan. I paid five *sen* and was therewith given the privilege to swing back a huge beam suspended before the bell, the intonation breaking with a mighty boom, echoing and re-echoing from hill to hill.

A short distance beyond is the *Dai Buttsu-Den,* which is to say, the hall of the great Buddha, wherein is enshrined the colossal bronze image of Buddha, erected in A.D. 747, the largest of all Buddhas in Japan, though artistically inferior to the Kamakura *Dai Buttsu.* As the centuries have come and gone, he has sat "silently through the ages" listening to the pilgrims' prayers. As one stands before his august countenance, one is mightily impressed. His weight is nearly five hundred tons. The height is fifty-three and one-half feet. The face is sixteen feet long by nine and one-half feet broad. The eyes are three feet eleven inches from side to side. The ears measure eight and one-half feet, mouth and nose each three feet nine inches wide, and the shoulders twenty-eight feet seven inches in breath. The present temple was burned to the ground years ago without

injuring, so it's said, the *Dai Buttsu* in the least. The temple was rebuilt on much the same plan—enormous pillars supporting a great tiled roof, with lavishly ornamented eaves and gables.

On the right-hand side of the image, and somewhat to the rear, there is a supporting pillar, with a square hole hewn in it near the floor. Through this hole visitors sometimes try to squeeze their bodies, drawn to it, no doubt, by the popular tradition which has it that "he who can pass through the narrow passage is well on the way to enter Paradise." It is said that when the Prince of Wales visited this temple on his recent trip to Japan, he noticed a little Japanese boy squeezing through the aperture. In spite of the protests of his outraged attendants, he doffed his coat and after a desperate struggle succeeded in making his way clear through the square opening! *Foto-san* attempted to worm his way through, but succeeded only in wedging his shoulders fast in the opening. It would seem that when the Gods planned this mode of advent to Paradise, they must have had in mind the small Orientals and not the full-grown man of Western build.

Every now and then in our wanderings about Japan we crossed the trail of that wonderfully independent, democratic-spirited member of royalty, the Prince of Wales. They tell in Nara, whether substantiated by fact or not, that after his first experience in the *Dai Buttsu-Den,* the prince found diversion by playing a few sets of tennis on nearby courts, thereupon eluding his followers, to return again to the temple to repeat the interesting experience of finding an easy way to Paradise. In several of the schools we visited the crown prince has left his autograph in a bold hand on the golden scrolls of the institution, now framed and given places of honour in the library or in the president's sanctum. An additional yarn goes the rounds of Japan. I repeat it for what it is worth. While visiting ancient

The *Dai-Buttsu* (Vairochana Buddha) of Nara "Benignly Gazing Down Through the Ages"

Kyoto the prince again eluded those who were to look after his safety, including the Japanese secret police. The prince took great delight in exploring the avenues and winding lanes of the city until at length, as many another Westerner has done, he lost his way. Finally he made bold to approach a police station and there asked to be directed to the hotel where the Prince of Wales had his quarters. The police officials in charge, not recognizing the prince, feared that here was a demented Westerner seeking to assassinate the heir to the British Crown. They naturally detained him at the station. The prince was determined not to expose his identity. It began to look as though the heir to the empire on which the sun never sets might spend the night in durance vile, when a group of officials who knew the prince by sight chanced into the station. They immediately made their ceremonial bows and greeted him, to the abject horror of the crestfallen police officers in charge of the station. Without further ado the prince was escorted back to his hotel.

About fifty years ago, the Japanese government chose three of its most promising young men and sent them to the United States to make a study of the American system of teacher-training. One of them decided to study in the Normal School at Bridgeport, Connecticut, the others at Albany and Oswego, New York. Upon their return home, some three or four years later, these pathfinders were permitted to organize the higher Japanese normal schools, or normal colleges to be distinguished from the ordinary prefectural normal schools of lesser rank. There are only four such schools in all Japan, two organized for young women and the others for young men. Nara is the home of one of the two higher normal schools for girls. This it was my privilege to visit and study. I have attempted to compare this institution with the best of the four-year teachers colleges at home, and certainly the Nara school does not suffer by the comparison. The young men who went to

America most assuredly did learn their lesson well. In some respects they even improved considerably upon what one is likely to find in similar schools in the United States.

The Nara Teachers College is limited in attendance to five hundred students, with many always on the waiting list. The college is built—eleven buildings in all—on an attractive and very practically planned campus of several acres. Here is the usual administration building, an excellent modern auditorium, several classroom buildings, a number of well-equipped laboratories, a large gymnasium, and a fine library building with fireproof library stackroom. There are five dormitory buildings with a capacity of five hundred students. The training school facilities are unusually complete. On the campus and housed in separate buildings one finds an elementary school and kindergarten in which Miss Parkhurst's American Dalton Plan of teaching and discipline is being tried out. Besides these the school maintains a training school of high school rank. Nara, in common with most schools of Japan, has an excellent museum containing large historical, scientific and industrial collections.

In the home economics department I found some practical dyeing rooms, laundries, practice kitchens, and model dining-rooms. Perhaps the outstanding feature of the school is the dormitory system. Each of the dormitories is divided into suites, each for twelve girls—three bedrooms, a living-room, a kitchen, and a bathroom. The girls prepare their own food under the direction of a home economics expert, and their general housekeeping is supervised by the dean of women. There is no charge for room rent and no tuition or incidental fees to pay, as the Japanese wisely argue that the men and women who devote their lives to education—so meagrely recompensed—should receive as much encouragement as possible while preparing for their life work. It is interesting to learn that in most normal schools in Japan proper and in Formosa, the students receive a small stipend in

Upper: Class in Horticulture. Nara Higher Normal School for Women
Lower: Dressmaking in the Nara Higher Normal School for Women. A Modern Make of American Sewing Machine Is Used Exclusively

addition to free board, lodging, and tuition. And why not? Who is more deserving than the teacher, who, goodness knows, is never overpaid?

The Nara school has beautiful grounds, and some very interesting experiment gardens and trial orchards. All the work about the school, except the very heaviest of the manual labour, is performed by the girls themselves. I made the rounds of the gardens and orchards where nimble-fingered students were at work placing paper sacks about the luscious apples just beginning to ripen, to save them from troublesome insects. Others were working with their *daikons,* with long Japanese onions, and crisp, delicious Chinese cabbages.

After a good six-course luncheon, prepared and served by the students themselves, we were ushered into a well-appointed Japanese house lying in its own tiny garden, in the remote recesses of the school grounds. Here the young women who are to go forth to bless Japan as teachers receive regular instruction in etiquette, moral training, and discipline. This model home is very complete. It has its living and sleeping rooms, an attractive little kitchen, a ceremonial tea room, and one large room matted with golden *tatami,* containing also a shrine with *kakimono,* or religious hanging, and a beautiful vase with flowers artistically arranged, in place of the Buddha commonly seen in places of this kind. In this room the students assemble for their lectures and practice work in etiquette and morals—the room lending them the desired atmosphere.

From Nara a few hours' ride by train brought us to Kyoto, the "Imperial Capital," than which there is none more picturesque or full of charm in all Japan. This ancient city of a half million souls is situated near the centre of the renowned Yamashiro Plain and is almost surrounded with beautiful evergreen mountains whose gracefully sweeping skirts, according to one writer, "are flecked with mediæval pagodas and temples, girt in turn by flower-em-

bowered landscape gardens, its palaces, museums, parks, and universities and its multiplicity of fascinating shops endowed with charms which have potent attractions for occidental travellers."

For more than a thousand years Kyoto was the national capital. Yet Kyoto was much more than the national centre of government. It was as well the intellectual, religious and artistic heart of *Nippon*. Even during the years of Imperial decline, while the emperors lived in retirement—or captivity almost—in their modest Kyoto palace, the nation continued to look to Kyoto as the seat of all that was worth while in politics, in education, and in religion. For here dwelt, albeit in humble circumstance, the Heaven-descended Mikado, whom the most brilliant of powerful *Shoguns* were never able to supplant in the imagination of the people.

The mountains surrounding Kyoto fairly blazed with the glory of reddening maples while we sojourned there. Yes, the maples were at their best. People who could leave the city flocked to the mountains to feast their eyes on the gorgeous colours before the leaf-fall should come. What pleasure they seemed to take, wandering along the paths or reclining in the woods on little stands covered with red blankets while drinking their endless cups of tea! A few we met had been consuming something besides tea. They were in a state of joyousness such as only *sake* can produce. No people probably are more devoted to excursions into nature and to historic shrines and other noteworthy places than are the Japanese. The paternal heads of the households love nothing better than to take their families, and notably their sons, on walking tours through the historic spots of Japan, to teach them their country's history as they visit from place to place.

Sunday is a holiday in Japan. We, also, were up bright and early to take advantage of the day and join the native throngs sure to be seeking recreation in the glorious groves,

or rest and peace of mind at the shrines and temples. The Governor's auto was at our disposal, and several prefectural officials graciously volunteered as guides for the day. To visit, and particularly to do justice to, the numerous temples and shrines of classic Kyoto was clearly beyond the possibility of our brief stay of a few days. To make the rounds of these strange fanes, representing an almost endless variety of religious philosophy, reaching back over a thousand years of history, is a real task; but to set down these experiences in a book would require months of research and constant study.

Let us pause only a moment in contemplation of a few of the most remarkable of the temples and shrines and leave the rest to the readers' imagination, or better still recommend them to one of the recent tomes on temples and shrines prepared by the Japanese government for interested English readers.

On one of the great modern thoroughfares of Kyoto, a short drive from the Kyoto Hotel, tower two imposing Buddhist temples, *Nishi* and *Higashi Hongwanji* (Western and Eastern *Hongwanji*), masterful and rich exponents of the cleansing reformation that has for long been going on within the Buddhist church. Farther away in the northwest outskirts of the city the noted *Kinkakugi,* or gold pavilion, arches high its pagoda-like roof midst reflected gold; while its lesser counterpart, *Ginkakugi,* or silver pavilion, towers high in the evergreen hills of *Higashi-yama* in the northeast precincts. A little farther south *Chion-in,* a fine old Buddhist temple and the monastery of the powerful *Jodo* sect, rises imposingly on a series of green wooded terraces cut in the lower slopes of *Higashi-yama.* Still farther south and separated from *Chion-in* by a very popular park known as *Maruyama* Park, one may follow the meandering bed of a little mountain stream into broken hills, rugged and tree clad, and from a point of vantage behold temples and pagodas and tea houses liberally sprinkled along the hill

slopes. This is *Kiyo-Mizu-den,* which is to say, the court of the Clear Water Temple.

We came as invited guests of the priests to *Higashi* and *Nishi Hongwanji,* which rank high among the many hundred temples of the *"Shinshu"* or reformed Buddhists, whose founder was to Buddhism what Luther was to the Christian Church—through the Protestant Reformation. As a special favour the priests displayed for us many of the sacred temple relics and served us with *cha* and cake. They presented me with an especially engrossed copy of the *Jodo* doctrines and sent us on our way with their blessings; for these priests had heard of *Foto-san* who had come from America to study agricultural conditions in Japan, matters in which the brotherhood were greatly interested.

The golden pavilion is a monument to the pride and glory of the Ashikaga period. It stands in a beautiful garden by the side of a tiny island-dotted lake, with steep pine-clad hills in the background. The pavilion was constructed as a summer home to please the vanity of the mighty Ashikaga *shogun,* Yoshimitsu—where he was wont to retire in his declining years to delight in the society of poets and painters and other learned men from all over Japan and China. The structure is pagoda-like, three storeys high. The roof is upward tilted, the upper story somewhat smaller than the first. The pavilion was originally covered with great sheets of pure gold that would cast a reflection in the clear shining lake at its base. These, alas! have long ago been scraped off, and even the gold foil that was restored to the upper roof in 1906 is beginning to lose its lustre. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

The silver pavilion is given mention here less for architectural importance than for its historical significance. Architecturally the pavilion is more than disappointing—a rickety, two-storey, worm-eaten, frame structure, with only a tarnished fleck here and there of the original silver plating. On the warped and creaking ground floor visitors are shown

the thousand and one tiny images of *Jizo,* the protector of poor little children. Rickety stairs lead to the upper floor. Here is a worm-eaten sandal-wood shrine containing a well-executed image of *Kwannon,* the great goddess of mercy.

I have spoken of the silver pavilion as a counterpart of the much superior gold pavilion. Here briefly is the story: Eighty-two years after his great ancestor had erected the golden pavilion for a place of retirement after a glorious reign, the wholly unworthy *shogun,* Ashikaga Yoshimasa, found it necessary to abdicate the shogunate in favor of his nine-year-old son, to save the rule for his dynasty. The profligate *shogun* now retired to a beautiful sequestered nook in the *Higashi-yama* northeast of the city on the opposite side from the gold pavilion, and here on the edge of a tiny lakelet set in the midst of towering cryptomeria and old gnarled pines and beautiful maples, the insanely extravagant ex-*shogun* set about to ape his noted grandfather. He called in from far and near—at the risk of bankrupting the nation—celebrated architects, painters and landscape artists who planned and builded him a great palace on the mountain slope. Within the palace enclosures he erected the silver pavilion. Fortunately or otherwise, death called this unworthy pedant before he could complete the silver plating of the pavilion. Like other well-known but notorious rulers, Yoshimasa dawdled in his gardens and palace chambers in the midst of fawning flatterers, court dames and libertines, while the impoverished people groaned under heavy burdens, caused by the shameless ruler's incompetence and disgraceful living.

The temple of *Chion-in* is only a short distance to the south of the silver pavilion. It occupies a commanding site, as I have stated above, on the slope of *Higashi-yama,* the grounds rising in charming green terraces, set with broad stone staircases and lined with noble cryptomeria, pines and maples. The approaches, the elaborate gateways, and the very temple courts themselves remind one strikingly of

inimitable *Nikko.* The great temple maze one beholds here is truly worthy of its founder, the learned *Genko* (1132-1211) who abandoned in his day the doctrines of the *Tendai* sect and gained renown through his profession that salvation could be gained only through constant prayer. To this end he repeated the name of *Amidabutzu,* the supreme Buddha of the Paradise of the Pure Earth of the West, sixty thousand times daily. When the sainted priest died he was canonized and a great temple erected in his undying honour.

Our interpreter, Okuda, had laughingly promised to show us this day a waterfall more important and to the soul's salvation of greater efficacy than Niagara! Toward evening we drove down through the beautiful, tree-embowered *Maruyama* Park on the way to the Temple of the Clear Water in fulfilment of the promise. Few metropolitan fanes are more noted than the Temple of the Clear Water. It ranks high among the large group of temples sacred to *Honen Shonin,* and to *Kwannon* the goddess of mercy, whose images are liberally dispersed over Japan. The approach is very steep. We were obliged to abandon the automobile at the base of a hill in the winding lane leading to the great vermilion-coloured temple entrance. This *Kiyomizu Zaka* is known to foreigners as "Teapot Lane" for the numerous porcelain and earthenware shops that flank it on either side.

The temple traces its origin to 880 A.D. and belongs to the *Jimon* branch of the *Tendai* sect. The temple buildings seem literally to cling to the abrupt terraces overhanging a steep rocky ravine. From massive porticos constructed of gigantic tree trunks one can get a never-to-be-forgotten view of the many-hued gorge spread at one's feet, with refreshment stands and inviting nooks where visitors may retire for rest and meditation.

But it is not the purpose now to dwell on the temple structures or the lofty Chinese pagoda, the great bronze lions, or even the pathetic little images of *Jizo.* We are to see Okuda's Niagara! We therefore made our way to the head

of the great stone stairway leading to the rocky ravine, and there at our feet, built hard up against the rocky ledge, we beheld an overhanging shrine shelter. From its roof leap out three tiny streams of sparkling water, each splashing into its own little concrete pool. This stream is the *Otowa-no-taki.* The superstitious believe that the stream is surcharged with miraculous power. Under this Niagara admirers of the human form may study it in perfect nudity or in white kimonos as the misguided sinners stand under the streams, the cold water splashing from their heads down over their shoulders and bodies. Here they stand often by the half hour, the length of time regulated, I presume, somewhat by their sins or the elasticity of their consciences.

I heard a tourist exclaim one day after he had completed much the same round of temples and shrines that I had: "What is it all about anyway? I don't understand it." In light of the tourist's perplexity, I have tried to analyze my own mind. What has been the effect of it all on me? I think I can say in all sincerity that the subtle philosophy of the East, its religions with all their outward pomp and form, and the other extreme of great simplicity, have in no wise changed my firm belief in the efficacy of Christianity. It has, on the other hand, made me more charitable of the beliefs of other peoples. Surely Buddhism is great and Shintoism is great. They are all striving for the same solution of life, all seeking the immortality of the soul!

Sunday morning and the ancient city was abroad early, some wending their way to the temples, others to the Christian churches, but the vast multitude literally poured out to the country, to the mountains, and to neighbouring lakes. One could see them, marching in groups, school children with their teachers, employés of the large factories marching under their factory banners, others slipping by in their noiseless *rickshas,* the military a-horseback, the well-to-do in their automobiles, and masses of the commonality in street cars.

For our part we had dedicated the morning to a pilgrimage to the last resting place of the great Meiji, the Emperor of the Restoration, who is outstanding as one of the greatest rulers of the Japanese dynasty. As we left Kyoto behind and reached the narrow highway leading through Momoyama Station, the thoroughfare proved crowded with a colourful multitude of happy holiday seekers, who good-naturedly allowed themselves to be crowded to the edge of the gutters by the honking of the automobile, particularly when they observed the Governor's coat of arms on the vehicle. Soon thereafter we swung into a beautiful highway, leading direct to the Imperial mausolea. Japan is notoriously backward in the construction of modern highways. Most of the roads were built ages ago before anyone dreamed of automobiles. The roads are mostly very narrow, built for handcarts, *rickshas* and decidedly narrow-gauge one-horse carts. I never saw such a thing as a narrow-gauge cart before coming to Japan. But there is one marked exception to this road-building. Wherever an important Imperial shrine or mausoleum has been erected, there is constructed also an excellent driveway, well macadamized, with concrete waterdrains at the sides and beautiful shade trees planted at even distances. The roadway leading to the Imperial mausolea near Kyoto is one of the best in Japan. As much can be said for the road at Yamada, leading to the Ise Shrine, and many other shrine roads with them.

The automobile came to rest at length at the foot of beautiful tree-clad hill slopes, forming an almost perfect semicircle. Immediately above, great stone steps—several hundreds of them—led to an artificial plateau higher up. It was a toilsome walk to the top. While ascending we had time to study the changing colour of the autumnal foliage. At the top of the slope we could discern the Imperial mausoleum lying still higher up among sombre, overhanging pines, and accessible only by way of several lofty *torii*. This path

is trod by members of the royal household and on exceptional occasions by foreign ambassadors and other high officials. Others may not approach nearer than three hundred yards from the tomb. The latter is fashioned from enormous blocks of granite, the entire mass weighing hundreds upon hundreds of tons, in shape almost like the upper half of an enormous granite globe. The Imperial sarcophagus is said to rest in the earth forty feet below this impressive mass. Those who approach to the three hundred yard limit are expected to leave overcoats, umbrellas and hats behind them before stepping near the first *torii* to do homage to the Imperial dead.

The earthly remains of the great Empress of the Restoration rest in a similar tumulus half a mile to the East, a tumulus much smaller than Meiji's tomb. To such length does ancient custom dominate Japan that even these two great rulers, almost inseparable in life, may not lie side by side after death. In common with the other worshippers we bowed in veneration at the graves of these great ones of the earth, and meditated upon the profound work the great Emperor had begun, greater in realization even than he in his wildest dreams could have visioned.

Not far removed from the Imperial mausolea a shrine is erected to the memory of General Count Nogi, the hero of the Russo-Japanese War. Devoted to the last to his Imperial master, this great warrior refused to outlive his master and with his devoted wife committed *harakiri. Harakiri,* as most of our readers will know, is a method of suicide peculiar to old Japan. It was in general practice among the *samurai* for long ages. *Harakiri* is sometimes spoken of more politely as *seppuku,* which means "belly-cut," a most painful method of separating oneself from life, it would seem. When two persons die together by mutual consent, as in the case of General Nogi and his wife, the act is referred to as *junshi.*

General Nogi belonged to the old school of stern military

leaders. In every other respect he adopted modern civilization and warfare as few others. But the ancient *samurai* blood denied him life with his great Emperor dead. He must follow the master to the other world. There are those, however, who say that he committed the extreme act as a protest against the extravagance, the levity and the superficial life common among all classes in Japan since the World War.

To leave Kyoto and not visit the Imperial Palace would be to leave the picture incomplete. Not that the Kyoto palace is an imposing pile, though glorious in colouring and appointments. Indeed, it is a very modest structure as Imperial palaces go. The long and noble history is what makes the Imperial palace of Kyoto renowned throughout all Japan. Here lived in retirement and practical imprisonment the Mikados of Japan for seven centuries, while the *shoguns* ruled the land. Here the Mikados lived and dreamed, surrounded by a group of loyal adherents of the Empire, while messengers passed back and forth over the great *Tokaido* between Kyoto and the *shogun's* splendid fortified palace in Tokyo to keep the Imperial court in touch with national affairs. For even in their retirement the Emperors were recognized by the powerful *shoguns* as divine and, therefore, the spiritual heads of the Empire.

The palace lies within a far-reaching compound or series of compounds, entered by guarded gates. At an inner gateway we were received by a curtsying official who led the way first to an anteroom where all visitors are requested to register their names and addresses. The palace is visited only occasionally by members of the Imperial family nowadays, as their palaces in Tokyo and summer palaces in other places are more modern and convenient. But all coronations take place at this ancient seat. The main palace lies in the midst of a delightful garden. The palace courts and chambers remain today exactly as they were when the royal family left them to return triumphantly to Tokyo. The

chambers are bare and practically unfurnished. Most of the furnishings are kept in the treasure house. The woodwork is flawless from thatched roofs to perfectly laid floors. It was a delight to see how artistically the sand and the pebbles are raked in the walks, appearing as though they had never been trod by human feet. A wonderful place for meditation, this. Indeed, within the palace enclosure, near the main palace building lies a tiny shrine where the Emperor is said to have retired daily for prayer. The dining-room, formerly used by the immediate Imperial family, was entirely bare save for several long low tables set at one end of the room. The throne room is a spacious hall, opening on to a courtyard. Here are set separate thrones for the Emperor and Empress, hers somewhat the smaller of the two. The hangings are rich in red and purple. The steps leading to the throne and all the woodwork are in finest red and black lacquer. The emperor's throne is placed at the centre of the hall. On a stand near the throne and within the ruler's reach lie the insignia of royalty—the sword and the jewel. The mirror, the third of the three national treasures, is kept at Ise Shrine.

The chambers of the palace are many. Eleven of them are set aside for use on Imperial visits and are not shown visitors. Through a tiny crack in the woodwork we were permitted to catch a glimpse of one or two of these rooms. They appear to be furnished in foreign furniture. The floors of the palace are classed as "nightingale floors" in which Japanese architects of old took such delight. These creaking, singing floors give an atmosphere of mystery, and are said to have been devised originally to warn the inmates of the approach of spies or lurking enemies.

We were often tempted to buy *bric-a-brac* as we went about from place to place in Japan. But friends would invariably urge us to wait till we should arrive in Kyoto, for "there," they assured us, "you can buy anything." Truly, Kyoto is the most interesting shopping place in Japan. One

may wander along the winding lanes and streets and almost pass up the modest entrances that invite one's inspection. The uninitiated find it quite difficult to judge by these humble entrances what great riches in cloisonné, in damascene and bronze may be treasured within. Again and again we were ushered through such disappointing portals only to have unfold to our astonished gaze large stores of everything that the exclusive shopper's heart might wish.

Japan is unique in this, that each province boasts its own specialty, and very seldom deals in the wares of other provinces. Thus one district is devoted particularly to cloisonné, another to damascene, a third to crystal beads, and so on. But in Kyoto it is different. The shops and stores cater to all kinds of wares. Some of the larger stores seek especially foreign trade. There are even big department stores. But the delight of the shopper's heart is, after all, the smaller exclusive Japanese shops. The persistence of the Japanese merchant is quite amusing. Unlike the Chinese, he has generally only one price on his wares, though he is tempted on occasion to come down. Let me illustrate this: We had admired and priced some bronze and lacquered ware in one of the shops, and departed without purchasing anything. When we returned to our rooms late in the evening, we found there awaiting us this very merchant, who had brought to the hotel a great many wares, including the articles we had admired. He wished us to look them over again, he said, assuring us, of course, that his only desire was to have America become the fortunate possessor of some of his artistic handiwork. I fear that his persistence led to the desired reward.

At six Governor T. Ikematsu banquetted us at the hotel. The Governor of this prefecture has shown exceptional wisdom and astuteness in handling the difficult agricultural situation which prevails at the present time here, as elsewhere in other sections of Japan. Since the war the relations between tenant and landowner have been

getting more and more strained and critical. Each has made demands such as the other appears unable to meet. The only way out of the dilemma, apparently, is to help the tenant become a landowner. Governor Ikematsu has initiated this very thing. Last year he borrowed from the Imperial government one million six hundred thousand *yen* at 4.8 per cent interest (national insurance accumulation). He then loaned the money to tenants throughout his prefecture at three per cent interest. This has enabled them to buy farms. Again this year he has borrowed a large sum of money for a similar purpose. The results have proved satisfactory beyond expectation. Many tenants have purchased land that is beginning to yield much more than it did under the old tenant system. "Even though we are loaning this money at an interest rate less than it costs the prefecture," declared the Governor, "it will ultimately prove an excellent investment, when we take into consideration the greatly increased taxable wealth due to increasing thrift in the management of the land."

CHAPTER XIII

Osaka, the Manchester of Japan—The New Industrialism—The Pressing Slum Problem—Movement Towards Democracy—*Nakayama-Tai-Yodo,* an Illustration of High Efficiency Applied to Manufacturing—Story of Osaka Castle—Through Kobe to the Inland Sea—Baffling Beauty of the "Inland Sea"—Nawaki Yokoi, Grandson of Japan's Cavour—*Ohara* Institute for Agricultural Research—Sitting in Judgment on *Koraku-En* Park—Across the Inland Sea to Takamatsu—Japanese Courtesy Again—Japanese Honesty to the Test.

FROM Kyoto, city of ancient splendour, there is only a short commuter's ride by train or by auto over the short winding *Tokaido* to Osaka, the ugly, ill-smelling industrial centre of Japan. This great manufacturing centre and second largest city in Japan boasts a rapidly growing population of one million seven hundred thousand souls, and stretches along the delta mouths of the slimy *Yodogawa,* the *Ajikawa* and several other equally unattractive streams that empty their dirty waters into Osaka Bay. It is quite true that Osaka is one of the busiest, most progressive and energetic cities in Japan, but also in most respects one of the filthiest. Cut by a maze of river arms and their connecting canals, spanned by some seven or eight hundred bridges, it has by some been given the name of Japan's Venice, an otherwise most unsuitable name. Osaka is known also as the Manchester or the Chicago of Japan, as its vast number of belching chimneys and its suffocating smoke shroud have variously impressed British and American travellers. Osaka is often subject to inundations when the network of rivers suddenly rise beyond their banks, and also to terribly destructive fires, the great fire of 1910 being the last, destroying nearly twelve thousand homes and property valued at many million *yen.*

The city does not seem to have been planned. It just grew, stretching outward and inward, disregarding all the sanitary laws and social conventions considered in other parts of the world as necessary to common decency. Until very recently this great teeming city has had no sewers whatsoever, and especially in the winding backstreets is it indescribably filthy. If I were charitably inclined I might excuse this condition by saying that the city has grown too fast to keep pace with the necessary sanitary requirements; but more likely Osaka, in common with the rest of the Orient, does not yet realize its own disgraceful condition. The new tremendous industrialism has brought wealth, prosperity, progress, push, and ceaseless toil, and also a seething mass of poor, who are obliged to live from hand to mouth in slums, so indescribably bad as are seldom equalled in other great cities. Not until Osaka wakes to a realization of this critical situation and constructs sewers and gives the people modern sanitary appliances can the great seat of oriental commerce become really clean and decent.

Osaka is very old. It seems always to have been the industrial heart of Japan. Here is manufactured practically everything that is made in Japan and distributed over the world. First and foremost are the great spinning mills for cotton textiles, silks, and woollens. While other parts of the Empire have been in the throes of war and have been rent asunder by factional strife, life in Osaka has moved along in its own way, little concerned with what might befall elsewhere. I am overstating facts a little; for Osaka has had its own bloody tragedies also. Here Hideyasho, one of the great triumvirate to shut Japan's doors to the world, reared the mighty Osaka castle, which to this very day lifts mighty granite walls out of broad moats near the heart of the busy city. Here also his son, Hidiyoro, and his retainers were besieged at a later day by the mighty Ieyasu Tokugawa, founder of the Tokugawa Shogunate. Fighting with the valour of despair, the besieged held out till at last

treachery came to the besiegers' aid. Then and not before did the stupendous castle fall, ending all in fire and blood.

The industrial progress of Japan in the last half century is almost unbelievable to Westerners. Nowhere has the new industrial spirit been stronger than in Osaka. Many of the old household industries have been absorbed by the modern machine-driven factories, not without great losses to the old village communities, that formerly combined the handicrafts with their agricultural pursuits.

The question is often raised since the World War whether this industrialization was directed by true wisdom. Has it been forced upon the nation as the only way out for a people that is no longer able to produce from the soil enough to fill their many mouths? Or has this very industrialism been realized at the cost of undermining the nation's agricultural life? There seems to be good argument for the latter assertion. Again, since Japan must import most of its raw material and even much machinery, can the nation hope to compete in the long run with Europe and America, which are undeniably—at least yet—much more efficient in machine factoring than are the Japanese themselves? For, by way of illustration, as Japanese industrialists themselves confess, in English cotton mills on an average three hands can attend to one hundred spindles, while in Japan on an average twenty hands are required for the same number of spindles. No doubt the inexperience of Japanese operatives in handling big machines is the cause of this; as otherwise for real expertness in the household arts, their finger nimbleness is renowned the world over. Some Japanese industrial leaders go so far even as to express fear for the possible loss of many markets won during the World War; notably in China where spinning factories are being established in increasing numbers, and in India where similar conditions prevail.

In an eagerness to assimilate the industrial life of West-

ernism, Japan has, unfortunately for its own welfare, been slow to safeguard itself against resulting social evils of poverty, disease, and vice, which go hand in hand with the factory system. In addition thereto the Japanese have long had an evil all their own that has been steadily eating like a cancerous sore into the social life of the nation. I refer to the large class of unfortunate pariahs, the despised *eta* (a name never spoken above a whisper in Japan) who are said to number more than two million, living within segregated districts in the large city slums, of which Osaka has the largest.

In 1871 after long weary centuries of degradation, the *eta* were officially set free and were called henceforth *shinheimin,* which is to say, new-comers. Legally, therefore, there is no distinction between them and other Japanese. But so deep has been rooted the ancient prejudice that many people still look upon the unfortunate class as unclean, and to marry into the *eta* would mean for the venturesome one definite ostracism from his own family group and clan.

But who, then, are these outcasts? And whence did they come? These are questions that even the Japanese themselves cannot answer with any certainty. They prefer naturally to think of them as of foreign origin; say, the descendants of slaves taken in war ages ago. Some suggest that perhaps they were at an early day enslaved prisoners, taken from the primitive Ainus, and Chinese and Korean prisoners captured at the time of the overwhelming defeat of the great Mongol invader, Kublai Khan. Such an origin is not impossible. Such a hypothesis might at least account for the original nucleus of the group. But the *eta* as they exist today must be counted as Japanese. For not even the Japanese themselves can deny that for hundreds of years thousands upon thousands of the old Yamata stock, or pure Japanese, have fallen from their higher estate and have become reduced to membership of this sad moribund group. According to the best accounts, the *eta*

undoubtedly include marginal folk of all kinds, descendants of outlaws, disgraced *samurai* and members of the nobility, criminals, wandering nomads, scavengers, horse-flayers, tanners, and others considered undesirable and unclean according to the old Buddhist teachings. As a problem the *eta* have been handed down to modern Japan from the old, more cruel feudal age.

At the time of the so-called "rice riots" a few years ago, the *eta* came prominently, yes startlingly, before the people. Most Japanese then scarcely realized the existence of such a group. Leading statesmen vied with each other to have steps taken to alleviate the unfortunate conditions and to break down the social barriers that have separated them from their fellows. Much has already been accomplished; humanitarian societies and Christian missionaries are zealously at work among them, with considerable to show for their tireless labors. The government has organized a division in "social education" in one of its great departments. The results of the new education on the nation have been very wholesome. Japan is becoming wide awake to its social problems, particularly to the problems caused by poverty, vice and disease. In the feudal age every eleemosynary movement was sporadic and depended largely upon the humanitarian inclinations of the rulers and the feudal lords. Really, the problem was not considered a national, but rather a provincial and local matter. Today the whole nation is girding itself for the tremendous contest to set their national house in order in this so long neglected matter of far-reaching consequence.

Still another problem has come to an unexpected head in Japan, caused largely by the new industrial life. I refer to the threatened overthrow of the present government machinery, which from the very organization of the present empire has been controlled by the *Genro,* the old and new nobility, and the capitalistic classes—in a sentence, by the more conservative and bureaucratic elements in the people.

Things have been moving rapidly in Japan toward democracy. One can easily get the feeling that perhaps the movement in that direction has been even more rapid than good for the people. At the present time state socialism actually threatens to overthrow the government—at least, so many great Japanese thinkers are beginning to believe. Let it be recalled that for some years the voting strength in Japan has been about three million, based on property holding and tax paying. But the recent manhood suffrage act that went into effect in the spring of 1926 has increased the franchise at a single bound to twelve million! What will now happen? is the much mooted question. Many hold that the new industrialism will decide the whole matter. Industrial labour, they reason, will be able to join with the large group of discontented farm labour and so carry the election. The result would be to organize a new labour government, probably similar to the recent labour government in Great Britain. Such would no doubt mean for Japan a kind of state socialistic labour government. For this kind of government, certainly, the Japanese people have long been trained by the old bureaucrats and other conservative elements, whose consistent policy has been for the government to own and operate the great public utilities, as railroads, telegraphs, telephones, postal service, and even to maintain monopolies in tobacco, salt, opium, camphor, and to operate important factories and mills for use of the army and navy.

Of one thing we may rest wholly assured. There will be no Bolshevism in this possible future government. Bolshevism has repeatedly raised its slimy, menacing head in Japan; but the mass of the Japanese people are too well balanced, too thoroughly educated and enlightened to be imposed upon by any form of Bolshevistic folly. Such a thing would be inconceivable from another entirely different point of view. The Japanese as a nation are so deeply rooted in reverence and veneration for the ruling dynasty

that such a thing would be wholly repulsive and impossible to them.

There is much that could be wished in the matter of improved organization for the care and protection of the employés in the average Japanese factory; but here also public sentiment is working marked improvements. Many big employers themselves have taken the initiative. One morning we were invited by its president and board of directors to inspect the *Nakayama-Tai-Yodo,* a great Osaka corporation, manufacturing many kinds of toilet preparations, perfumes, soaps, medicines and other chemical products. The factories of this firm are located at the very heart of Osaka. They are models for what a great modern producing corporation should be. We found here some unusual processes for increasing the working efficiency of the operatives, for humanizing labor conditions, and for reducing the cost of the output to the buying public. The factories are, briefly, organized on the following principles: Selection of good workers, utilizing to this end medical examinations and mental tests; improvement of working conditions; improvement in design of the machinery and hand tools used; improved methods of work by avoiding waste, care of personal condition against fatigue and similar evils; increased efficiency through a wage scale, that is to say, by offering a regular wage plus a definite bonus on the principle that the greater the product the larger the bonus; maintenance of welfare equipment, including sanitary conveniences, medical and dental clinics, playgrounds, rest and reading rooms; and finally, facilities for improving the operatives mentally and physically through lecture and reading courses, athletics and excursions.

An interesting group of efficiency experts are charged with responsibility for the successful operation of this laudable and, certainly, to employers and operatives alike, profitable scheme of organization. At the head of the staff of efficiency experts, as general director, stands a prominent pro-

fessor of psychology in the Tokyo Imperial University. When systems of this kind become adopted generally, Japan will be in the vanguard of nations in the matter of wholesome co-operation between factory owners and their employés.

I do not wish to leave the impression that Osaka is solely a large, ugly, industrial city, concerned only with grinding out the manufactured products in an eager pursuit after wealth. This would be both unfair and incorrect. On our drives through the city we passed over many beautiful bridges, through attractive parks, got glimpses of scores of temples and shrines, and circled finally several times around the moats and mighty walls of Osaka castle, without question the mightiest mediæval pile in all Japan. So enormous in size is this castle, that it is popularly known as *Ishiyama-Ja,* which is to say, "Stony Mountain Fortress." The castle was erected, as the reader will recall, by the great Hidiyoshi in the middle of the sixteenth century. The armies of Egyptian toilers who worked year in and year out upon the pyramids of Gizeh had no greater task than that of the sixty to seventy thousand labourers who toiled ceaselessly for three years to rear this huge fortress and its series of almost impregnable walls and deep moats. Louis Froze, a Portuguese Jesuit, writing in 1586, has this to say about the mighty architectural enterprise: "In order that the great multitude of workers should not cause confusion, it was ordained that each master should have his determined place where he should work, a great number of people being employed during the night in emptying the water, which continually kept rising in the fosses. What is the cause of such marvel, is to see whence such a great number of stones of all kinds and sizes had been taken; there being a great lack of them there. For this reason he (the *daimyo*) commanded the neighbouring lords for twenty or thirty leagues around to send boats loaded with them. In this way the city of Sakai alone had been charged to despatch two hun-

dred vessels every day, so that from our house we sometimes saw as many as one thousand entering under full sail and in good order together."

From Osaka a short ride takes one to the thriving, progressive seaport Kobe, beautifully situated on a branch of Osaka Bay, facing the beautiful Inland Sea, its back to a greenclad ridge of serrated mountains. Kobe is Japan's greatest commercial city and boasts a population of nearly a million. Kobe is Osaka's natural commercial outlet and receives much of the commerce of China and other oriental countries as well. The city was of no particular interest or influence prior to 1868, when the first English and American merchants settled there. Thanks particularly to British influence and their genius for colonization and organization, Kobe has become a great Westernized city. The foreign section of Kobe, with its broad streets, sidewalks and beautiful shade trees, has long been a model for other enterprising oriental ports of entry.

The road from Kobe toward Okayama winds along the shore of the beautiful Inland Sea—a marvellous arm of the Pacific that separates the Main Island on the west from mountainous Shikoku, and Kyushu much renowned in Japanese history, on the east. The Gods, when they made *Dai Nippon,* were not content to leave its shorelines lapped by the Pacific and the Japan Sea. They must needs make a great sea all its own. This great fjord ranges in breadth from just space enough to permit large ocean-going vessels to slip through to more than fifty miles, winding out and in among the large islands, a total distance of two hundred and fifty miles. It is vastly more than a dreamland sea to be painted by artists and to be sung by poets. It is in the serious sense a great artery for the commerce of Japan and the Orient. On an average day the Inland Sea is flecked with the sails of *sampans* and *junks* and sailing craft of every description. The smoke of the great ocean-going tourist steamers and cargo carriers can be seen tracing a course in

and out among the islands. By day and by night the traffic goes on. The cargoes and the human freight from the mysterious ports of the Orient and the South Sea pass here —the ships that hail from Seattle, from San Francisco, from Portsmouth and from Cherbourg. What gives the Inland Sea its real mystery and its changing charm is the thousand or more islands dotting the surface as far as eye can see— some of them large and towering high into the sky, pine covered, with fishing villages clustering along the shoreline, with a bit of farming on the steep terraces along the mountainside, to islands so small and barren that even the hardy Japanese farmers and fishermen are unable to find a foothold on them.

Imagine the panorama on a balmy, hazy, mid-November morning. Islands to the seaward as far as the eye can penetrate—as our express train is winding along the coast, now darting through tunnels, rumbling across trestle-work bridges, then cutting across tidal estuaries—islands lofty, islands low, clad in dark green with a dash of maple, blood red and gold; farther out at sea the deep black-green of remote islands, shrouded in a hazy blue; great ocean-going steamers and naval craft adding a commercial or sinister touch, only to be dissipated by the white winged *junks,* the quaint wriggling *sampans,* and huddling fishing villages below the train windows. But more anon of the glories of the Inland Sea.

The arrival at Okayama was timed for 5:30 in the afternoon. We were immediately hurried to a delightful hostelry, *Miyoshino Kadan,* by the local reception committee, at whose head was Mr. Nawaki Yokoi, a gentleman of many fine parts, commissioner of Okayama prefecture and grandson of one of Japan's greatest philosophers and statesmen, often spoken of as his country's Cavour. Mr. Yokoi, to my great pleasure, offered himself as our protector and adviser during the sojourn in Okayama prefecture.

There have sprung up in Japan many public-spirited men

whose philanthropic interests are devoted to improving the agricultural life of the nation. Among them are the agricultural sages, to whom reference has been made elsewhere. There is also a group whose interest lies in scientific study with a view to improving the grains, the fruits, the flowers and everything else that can be produced from the land to add to the wealth of the people. Such an enterprise is the *Ohara* Institute for Agricultural Research. This remarkable institute was established by a great Japanese landowner, a man of affairs, in 1914, and has for its object agricultural research and improvement. Especially is study and research made in a variety of field crops and in agricultural chemistry, pathology and entomology. The institute is in charge of Dr. M. Kando as director, assisted by a staff of experts and assistants and librarians, and a number of other employés. Just now the work emphasizes rice for a summer crop with wheat and barley in the same paddies for winter crop. Extensive studies are going on in plant diseases and insect destructiveness. At the time of the visit the station was devoting all energy to combat a small insects whose larvæ were destroying the reeds used in making Japan's famous *tatami,* or floor matting. A library of about seventy-five thousand volumes of valuable scientific treatises is housed in the modern, fireproof building. I learned that recently the institute had happily procured the world renowned library on botany of the late German professor, Flugel. The institute, in addition to local work, carries on extension courses through lectures and publications. Dr. Kanda is German-educated, and the institute bears the stamp of a marked German influence throughout—the first educational institution to impress me thus in Japan.

The institute is located in the open country and can be reached from Okayama by devious winding roads. It would be difficult to repress a people whose technical education is being fostered, so to speak, in the midst of large rice swamps; and that is literally a fact in the present instance.

For Mr. Ohara (and he is not Irish) has placed his institute, great library and all, just beyond the small village of Kurashiki in an enormous rice plain.

During the sojourn at Kanazawa, the reader may recall, we spent some happy hours in the great public park there. The second of Japan's three greatest parks is the *Koraku-En* in the outskirts of Okayama. We were conducted here by Mr. Yokoi and a group of prefectural and municipal officials, eager to show us all the park's points of charm, hoping no doubt that I would declare it superior to the other two great sights already inspected. There is no denying that *Koraku-En* is wonderful. In fact, it quite beggars description. Frowning down upon the park towers the ancient Crow Castle, so called for its sombre colour. Realizing, no doubt, that the pen is mightier than the sword, the municipal authorities have converted the massive structure into one of Japan's flourishing junior colleges. Below the castle and flanking the park flows the Ashigawa River, adding greatly to the picturesqueness of the view. The park is twenty-two acres in extent and has the usual artificial lakes with their curving rustic bridges, fountains and waterfalls, great numbers of tame cranes and storks that wander at will beneath the gorgeous wisteria arbors and the splendid cherry and maple trees. The *Koraku-En* is noted for its tea houses and its great prefectural industrial exhibits.

At noon we lunched at one of these tea houses in the park. I learned that the Emperor of Japan and more recently the Prince of Wales had been entertained here. The hosts assured us that our banquet was spread in the very room that had been used by the crown prince.

After a trip to the island of Shikoku, we made a second trip to this delightful park, as a sort of farewell, and while lunching there a second time I caused quite a sensation by asserting that the *Ritsurin* Park at Takamatsu in that island, to my mind, was in every respect as attractive as the "three great sights" of Japan. And that if I had my way about

things, I would add the *Ritsurin* as the "fourth great sight." I was careful to add, however, that in final choice, while bound to place beautiful Kanazawa first, Okayama would get second rank with Takamatsu third, and Mito last. This seemed to please the local officials, although they did regret that *Foto-san* could not see his way clear to place Okayama first.

From Okayama we crossed the Inland Sea to Takamatsu in Shikoku Island. Shikoku, or "four-lands," so called because it comprises the four old provinces into which it was formerly divided, and the four newer prefectures under which it is now administered, has a population of about five million. This includes the population of its numerous outlying islands. Shikoku is less known in history than its sister island, Kyushu, where Japanese civilization had its beginnings. Shikoku is noted for a sub-tropical climate and is covered with sub-tropical vegetation. The island is mountainous, but in spite of this is densely populated. The magnificent forests include horse chestnut, oak, beech, maple, ash, magnolia, camphor, and other deciduous and evergreen trees. Shikoku is known, as well, for paper mulberry and vegetable wax trees. Its camphor is as fine as that produced in Formosa. Its orchards of Satsuma oranges are quite renowned; and more recently olive trees are grown successfully. One of the gifts received by the *Oku-san* at Takamatsu was a huge parcel containing bottles of olive oil and pickled olives.

The main line of railway at Okayama sends a branch spur line down the coast to the town of Uno where we embarked in the staunch little railway steamer *Shikoku Maru* for the brief three-hour jaunt across the Inland Sea to Takamatsu, the capital of Higawa prefecture. The Inland Sea is of considerable width at this particular point and quite a gale blew, chill and penetrating from the north, making the passage a bit rough. I have loved to picture the Inland Sea as rocking in eternal tranquillity, lazily lapping the rockbound

islands, overhead a mysterious hazy blue. Not so today, however. We came mighty near to feeling seasick; though we succeeded in repressing our physical inclinations by remaining on deck.

Takamatsu has no natural harbour. Two big moleheads and piers give such protection as there is. On the pier the Governor of the island and his staff received us with unusual courtesy and escorted us to the prefectural offices for refreshments. Thereupon we set out on the usual round of sightseeing, which included the *Ritsurin,* Takamatsu's beautiful park mentioned in a preceding paragraph. Takamatsu has an old crumbling castle of considerable interest. It would indeed be a poor town in Japan that does not have a crowning fortress or castle of some kind to remind one of the feudal past. The Takamatsu authorities had also been so thoughtful as to plan a delightful luncheon spread in one of the tea houses, in a beautiful setting of lake and gurgling brook at the heart of the *Ritsurin.* In the afternoon came the usual lecture with an attendance of more than thirteen hundred delegates, invited from all parts of the island. We later had a soothing hot bath and rest at the inn. Thereupon the Governor called in person, presenting gifts, among others a beautiful teakwood box, inlaid in silver, and on behalf of the prefecture, a splendid specimen of the Chinese dog-lion in bronze.

When we departed the Governor and his staff appeared in uniform on the pier and bade us a courteous official farewell. The courtesy of the Japanese is one of their finest traits. Repeatedly I have had occasion to feel quite boorish in my own awkwardness in contrast with their finished courtesy. There is nothing cringing or fawning about Japanese ceremonial bowing and hat raising. But after all it is the thoughtful courtesy to their guests that impresses one most deeply. The courtesy and thoughtfulness of the Governor of Takamatsu is an illustration. A few days later when we arrived in Hiroshima, we were placed in charge of Mr.

Yoshimoto, prefectural inspector. He furnishes another illustration. He was tireless while piloting us from place to place for three days. He finally left us at Hiroshima central station, bidding us farewell and Godspeed. But a day or so later he took train from Hiroshima to Miyajima station, and boat out to the island of the same name to make certain that we were comfortable and getting along well!

As a nation the Japanese are an honest people. There is certainly thievery and knavery among them as among other nations. Particularly has there been an increase in theft and other forms of rascality in the large cities since the World War. But when one considers them as a nation, they must be called honest. Our own experience began, the reader will recall, on board the *Tenyo Maru*. I have had no reason to change my mind since then. Japanese homes and Japanese inns have little or no privacy. A suite of rooms in a first-class inn, for example, will have only one solid inside wall. The others comprise moveable sliding *shoji,* without latch or catch of any kind. At night, heavier glass partitions are usually slid into place on the outer edge of the verandah and separated from the paper-covered *shoji* by a space of two or three feet. While this is probably done as a protection against thieves, in many places the hosts assured me it was done primarily as a protection against wind and weather. Let that be as it may, the average Japanese household is quite exposed to prowling thieves, if there are such in the vicinity. Considering the ease with which the thief can break in, the number of arrests for burglary is surprisingly small. Now for our own experience.

On the return trip from Takamatsu, we returned to the main line of railway by way of Okayama, where we had to wait an hour for the westbound express. As we stepped into the waiting room, who should meet us but our host of the *Miyoshinō Kadan.* First bowing politely he handed me a tiny package bearing the stamp of the police station, the date when the articles contained had been found, and the conditions under which the hotel *nesans* had found them. Con-

sider my surprise when upon opening the package I found a silver knife, a fork, and a spoon, together with a pocket comb that had been left at the hotel through *Foto-san's* own carelessness! May I add here that as a rule we used chopsticks at our meals, though on occasion when I was tired after the lecture I preferred my own knife and fork.

At Nikko we had another amusing experience. The *Oku-san* had a shabby purse she was determined to dispose of. She purposely left it behind in the hotel chamber at Nikko. But behold! As the auto rolled away towards the station, a *nesan* rushed up, tossing the purse into the automobile. At the station again an attempt was made to dispose of it by leaving it in the automobile. The driver departed but spied the purse after getting partway home. To make a long story short, it was finally wished upon a maidservant at our next stopping place, Mr. Aizawa explaining to her that the purse was hers to keep.

The crowning instance of Japanese honesty, and rather also of our own stupidity, occurred at Sendai. We were obliged to leave the inn somewhat hurriedly and were already in our seats aboard the train, bidding adieu to friends through the open coach windows. The train began to move when a sturdy Japanese youth dashed up to the station and vaulted the station gate, not stopping to explain to the astounded gatekeeper. Out of breath he rushed up to the moving train and handed the *Oku-san* a diamond ring which she had carelessly left behind at the hotel. She felt pretty foolish. Fortunately, for her, the confusion was covered by the moving train.

Just what may ultimately happen to these old Japanese ways of honesty, ingrained through ages of training, is hard to say. Certainly, the example set them by the average Westerner in Japan is anything but conducive to honesty. We and our Western civilization have real and serious responsibilities in the Orient, in which we have in the past mostly failed of making good.

CHAPTER XIV

Dreaming in Miyajima, the Sacred Island—A Well-Appointed Hostelry—Home Cooking at the Methodist Mission in Hiroshima—Christianity, a Leaven Doing a Vital Work for Japan—The Midorii Rural School, an Educational Institution After My Own Heart—Surprising Welcome at Fuchu School—Rest and Pleasure in Miyajima—Aizawa Catches a Young Octopus.

A FEW hours delightful ride westward from Okayama lies Hiroshima, a progressive metropolis of some one hundred seventy-five thousand people. It is the largest city between Kobe and Shimonoseki, and stands at the delta of the many-armed Ota River in the midst of a rich and progressive agricultural district. The rural community life in this section of Japan is known for its satisfactory social organization and the contentment and prosperity of its farmers.

From Hiroshima one can get a wonderful view of the Inland Sea. Some distance out, bathed in a mist of blue, are visible a number of islands, and the chief among them is sacred Miyajima! Here we were to sojourn, making headquarters for a few days while and after scouting through the hills and rice fields in the vicinity of Hiroshima.

On the way to Miyajima station we held a council on board the train. Our interpreter, Okuda, a charming gentleman and principal of a school for railway employés in Tokyo, had by now supplanted Midzuno as interpreter, as the latter's services were urgently needed at home. Hiroshima was Okuda's native prefecture. His wife and children and maids were there for a visit now. He had been separated from the family for some time. Japanese-like, he would not admit how much he longed to see them; but one would have had a dull intuition, indeed, not to have guessed his eagerness to be with them again. We, accordingly, decided by unanimous vote that Okuda should leave us at

Hiroshima to hasten on to the bosom of his family, while we continued on to the sacred island.

All Japanese have a warm place in their hearts for home village and native prefecture. Okuda has shown his appreciation in a most unusual way. The old family estate is his. Since he is unable to farm the place himself, he has planted a portion of it to a thousand cherry trees as a memorial to his ancestors who had made the farm the fine place it is—but chiefly to furnish a park and playground for the children of his old neighbours and friends.

When Okuda left the train we turned our gaze to the mountain and there burst from its side a wonderful rainbow—for it showered a bit—but instead of ending on the vast horizon as it does on our prairies at home, the rainbow plunged into a rice field and was extinguished! We, too, got an overwhelming longing for our children. Okuda had his brown-eyed, chubby youngsters in his embrace; our blue-eyed lads and lassies were thousands of miles away!

Aizawa put an end to all this sentimentality by announcing that a special "lunch" would be in waiting at the Miyajima station—something that seemed wholly unnecessary as we had but shortly lunched, and surely dinner would be waiting us at the much touted Miyajima Hotel out on the island. At the station the smiling host of the island hostelry and his servitors met us—but no lunch. I began to look askance. They bundled us bag and baggage down through the village street to the pier and Aizawa pridefully pointed out his "lunch," rocking at the pierhead, waiting to carry us out to the island. So this was Aizawa's "lunch." Somehow the *Oku-san* never could teach him the correct pronunciation of "launch."

Numerous lights from the village cast their reflection on the water and answering lights beckoned from the mysterious island towering in rugged outline in the distance. But more fascinating was the phosphorescence glowing from the water boiling in the wake of the launch the while it furrowed

its way through myriad water nettles. The tide was out and we were obliged to land at some distance from the hotel. An interesting procession this, that wended its way from the boat along a well-beaten path, bordered with ancient stone lanterns and overhung with great sighing cypress trees, enshrouding earth with darkness save for the lanterns of the *boy-sans* who led the way with the baggage.

At the hotel we were received with much ceremony. Large airy rooms and real steam heat! Good furniture and in exquisite taste. The private bath was a real relief, if I must confess. We dressed for seven o'clock dinner and found our table in a secluded nook away from the large dining-room, banked with beautiful flowers, candle lighted and charmingly set with silver plate. The menu, too, was elaborate. Assuredly it was done justice by all, for the journey had made us ravenously hungry. Despite this being the slack season and the guests very few, the excellent *cuisine* persisted to the end of the stay. I took occasion to congratulate the chef on his superior cooking, and the pleased waiter, less reticent than the culinary head, assured me that the chef had mastered the culinary secrets alike of the French, the Germans, and the Americans.

The dew was still heavy on the beautiful island verdure when we arose the next morning. We were aboard early as we had only the forenoon for the first jaunt over Miyajima, before we must take the steamer for the mainland. We set out on foot after a bounteous meal. The air bore the fragrance of early autumn. No frost had reached this part of the south yet. It was a delight to be abroad. This then was Miyajima, the sacred island. *Miya* means shrine. *Jima* is the Japanese for island. Miyajima is five miles long and measures about two and a half miles in breadth, rising to one thousand six hundred seventy-one glorious feet at the highest point. In contour the island is shaped like a gigantic woman prone on her back. The island receives an unusual

Upper: Tame Deer in the Sacred Precincts of the Shrine Courts on Miyajima Island
Lower: The Sacred Bridge Spanning the *Daiya-Gawa* at Nikko

amount of moisture, and is heavily wooded with cryptomeria, cypress, pine, cedar, maple, and elm, set in a wilderness of ferns and flowers that beggars description. Of the five thousand inhabitants that live here many are priests and image carvers for the temples. The rest are fishermen who spend their time almost constantly at sea. Formerly, births and deaths were forbidden on this strange island by law. Since the Restoration the stringent laws have been modified so that now children may be born on the island, and even deaths are permitted. But no person may be buried in the sacred soil. Neither cats nor dogs are granted asylum here; nor is there a single domestic animal on the island save only one sacred horse, which is reincarnated whenever the old one dies. Sacred crows are the island scavengers, glossy, saucy and raucous. I should add, also, that numbers of tame deer and pigeons frequent the temple courts—begging one for bread, as it were.

Miyajima is noted for its Shinto temple, dating from the seventeenth century. The big *torii* warning one that a Shinto temple is near at hand is the most famous in all Japan. It stands five hundred twenty-eight feet from the entrance of the temple on the flooded beach. This makes it seem literally to float on the water. The gorgeous *torii* stands forty-four feet high and measures seventy-three feet across the top. It was constructed in 1875 out of camphor logs painted a high scarlet. Undoubtedly, of all pictures and photographs of Japanese shrines and temple fanes, Miyajima with its floating ocean *torii* is the best known.

But that first walk up the mountain slopes, and what joy! The fragrance of the morning, the songs of the birds, the marvellous dark green of the pines, and the gold, crimson and scarlet of the maples! Then the glimpses of the sea and the hazy blue of the mainland!

Then we steamed over to the mainland again and entrained for Hiroshima. At the station we were met by Dr. Stewart, an American missionary and president of a

noted higher school for girls, maintained by the Methodist Church South. The Stewarts entertained for lunch with a real home-cooked meal. And the reader will know what that means after one has been banqueted in public places to the limit of human endurance! We became acquainted here with some devoted men and women, who have done splendid work for the Christian cause. When I see these earnest folk and what they have accomplished, I feel ashamed of my own little mite toward foreign missions.

The *Oku-san* enjoyed the most homelike Sabbath in all her Japanese experience with these devoted Christian men and women. The missionaries seemed tired; but their eyes would blaze with zeal for their work if questions were raised casting doubt on the future of Christian missions in Japan. I had somehow reached the conviction, almost, that the day of effective Christian missions in Japan is a thing of the past, that the Japanese people no longer need—indeed, rather resent—the work of Christian missionaries as impertinent interference with other people's religion and life-philosophy—a people who in history, religion, and general culture have a right to consider themselves at least the equal of any Western people. But I have come to change my mind. The *Oku-san* had no reason to change hers as she had never faltered in her belief.

Christianity has a much greater place in the ideals and evolution of Japan than many of their own people realize. To the most conservative, Christianity is still a despised foreign religion. Quite naturally many Japanese have never been able to forget the early tragic experience with Christianity. It will be recalled that when the Catholic Church gained a foothold in Japan, the Christian provinces became involved in a most unfortunate uprising against the ruling dynasty. This has been hard to forget. Many of the most thoughtful missionaries and native Christian leaders have assured me that Christianity has come to stay in Japan. Christianity has passed through its early despised period,

the near rejected time of the 80's and the tolerated years of the Chinese and Russian wars. But Christianity has at last triumphed and is now accepted as one of the three religions of the Empire, together with Shintoism and Buddhism.

Many people at home point to the small number of Christian communities in Japan as evidence of the infinitesimal progress that Christianity has made these many years. Undeniably it's true that the membership is small. Right now the Christian Church numbers only two hundred fifty-seven thousand, with one thousand two hundred forty ordained Japanese preachers, and four thousand unordained men and women workers who devote their lives to Christian activities. There are three hundred eighty-five financially independent churches and about four hundred locally supported pastors. The encouraging thing about the Christian Church in Japan is the steady approach towards self-support. In time, certainly, the native Christian Church will become wholly independent of foreign support. Last year alone, Japanese Christians gave almost two million dollars for Christian church work. The great Marquis Okuma recently expressed his belief that the life and teachings of Jesus Christ have influenced directly more than five million people in Japan, while as a moral religious essence Christianity has done more than all the ancient beliefs combined for modern social idealism and moral standards in the spiritual life of Japan.

Hiroshima is situated in an unusually rich agricultural section. Tiny farmsteads dot every hill and vale as far as the eye can see. The rice fields are rather small but carefully adjusted in this district. Mulberry patches, groves of golden persimmons, *geta* trees, and cypress groves lend a touch of beauty to the landscape. Even the thatched roofs of the farmhouses are occasionally beautified with a double row of blooming iris growing along the ridge of the roofs. A people who can find time to grow flowers on their house-

tops are bound to be true lovers of nature and of all that is beautiful in nature.

A few miles out from Hiroshima lies Midorii, a small village of a type common to Japan. At the highway, the schoolmaster, his teachers, and the village council met us and escorted us to the ceremonial room of the school. It is worthy of note that every school in Japan, whether a rural school or a department in the Imperial University, has its ceremonial reception room. Here name cards are exchanged and bread broken, so to speak, in the ceremony of tea drinking. Thereupon came a brief inspection of a rural school that was organized in every respect after my own heart. When I say the Midorii school is a real school, I mean that it has been adjusted to meet the needs of this particular community and agricultural life in general. The school has some fine gardens and owns adjoining rice fields, tilled and harvested by the boys and girls of the school. The *daikon* harvest was on at this particular time. We had photographs made with a *daikon* drying rack as the background—a most unusual thing to do when one considers the all-pervading odour which emanates from the giant radish, so well beloved by all Japanese gourmands, while in the curing process. In the Orient, though, one soon gets used to smells. It had not taken us long to realize that the persistent odours are not those of cherry blossoms, of plums, of jasmine, but of other things quite unmentionable.

At the Midorii school the master and his pupils took great pride in leading me to the newly constructed fertilizer house with its concrete floor and container. The seriousness with which matters of this kind are treated, even in school, is surprising in a degree to people unaccustomed to face such necessity as this. Unquestionably, here is the secret of Japanese success in agriculture. I recall on one occasion being a guest in the home of a great agriculturist in Denmark. When I asked him wherein Danish agricultural success lay, my host smilingly led me to a window overlooking the court-

Calling on the Village Headman. An Ideal Country Home. Note the Dwarfed Trees, Stepping Stones, Pool, and Fountain, Common for All Complete Gardens

yard, and pointing to the great manure basin where all the barnyard manures were carefully husbanded, said: "There, in large part, lies the secret of Danish success. We waste nothing. Were we to treat the God-given fertilizers as you Americans do in ten years' time Denmark would become a desert place."

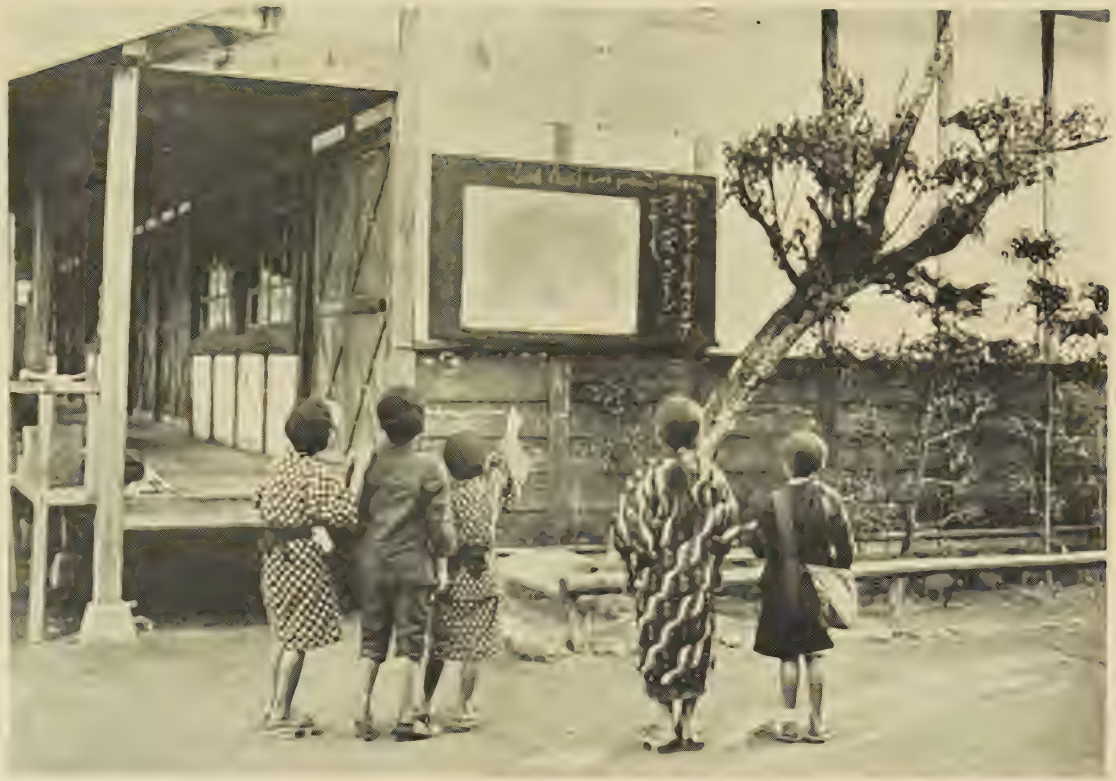
The really pleasant surprise of the day came at the Fuchu school over on the other side of Hiroshima from Midorii. Upon turning a corner and swinging down through a drive, there in the open space before the entrance to the quadrangularly constructed school we found drawn up at attention the school's seven hundred pupils, the corps of teachers, and the village elders—kimono-clad—together with a large gathering of *geta* clattering women with babes on their backs, and farmers fresh from the fields, and others of every degree—all come to greet us. The automobile rolled into the first of the several courtyards and, behold! on the wall to the right an enormous map of the world met our surprised gaze; at one side a large poster was mounted, bearing greetings in Japanese and in quaint English. "We, the students of Fuchu, located at the foot of Mount Gosaso," it read, "seven hundred in number and four thousand villagers here and now to have the privilege of welcoming Dr. and Mrs. Foght who have come to investigate the agricultural and rural people in Japan, from America which lies over against the other side of the Pacific. . . ." Then followed an unnecessary laudation of *Foto-san* and his modest achievements which need not be included here. The map, however, was unique. It was drawn on Mercator's projection, and showed at the right the American continent, designating carefully the state and city from which we hailed, a dotted line in colour tracing the voyage across the Pacific to the Japanese Islands, and to a tiny red spot, intended for the Fuchu school. From here the dotted line continued around the world to a small country in northwest Europe—Norway—which contained another spot, highly coloured, where

according to the declaration upon the wall, *Foto-san* is alleged to have been born.

We took great delight in studying the gardens, experiment plots, and fields connected with these rural schools. The Japanese are great teachers of nature. In gardening and agriculture they also excel. If only one might say as much for American rural schools. The boys had their field work. The younger children chattered to the accompaniment of hoe and rake in the gardens. The girls were devoting considerable time to sewing and cooking. The outstanding feature of the day was an agricultural and garden exhibit on display, undoubtedly for our special benefit. Here were delicious Satsuma oranges and wonderful Japanese persimmons, chrysanthemums and scarlet maple branches, giant *daikons*—some of them weighing upward of thirty pounds, turnips, carrots, six-foot-long burdock roots, white potatoes, yams, beans and peas. Rice of many kinds, eggs, wheat, barley, and other produce almost too numerous to mention. All these products were from the school gardens and from the home farms of the children.

The schools do not limit the instruction to children of ordinary school age. Excellent continuation courses are maintained for young men and women, from fourteen or fifteen years and up. Instruction is offered in moral teachings and citizenship, in mother tongue, in history, mathematics and science, and also in gymnastics—*jiu-jitsu* and fencing.

We departed from these schools with considerable regret. The devotion of their teachers, the enthusiasm of their headmasters, and the co-operation of the village council were impressive. I have repeatedly heard Japanese parents exclaim somewhat as follows: "Yes, my three children are in school, and only think! next year my youngest, little *Ito,* will start." School entrance is the milestone from which the average Japanese parent counts little *Ito's* or *Hideo's* future. When we departed, the student body and the



Children at Fuchi School Studying Map and Reading Announcement of *Foto San's* Coming

assembled villagers followed us to the automobile and stood with uncovered heads, eyes fixed on the earth, as *Foto-san* "from America which lies over against the other side of the Pacific," departed with his *Oku-san,* his interpreters, his manager, official photographer and prefectural officials.

To crown the day of rest at Miyajima, Aizawa and *Foto-san* decided to take a fishing trip into the Inland Sea. Both of the piscatorial claimants were eager to excell. It was to be in a sense a contest of Orient against Occident. In accordance with prearrangement, a big piratical-looking *sampan* with its muscular, half-naked boatman at the sweep glided up to the hotel wharf and took us on board. Steadily working the sweep, the guide propelled the boat out into the open strait and dropped anchor. Then for the sport. We were told that this was the off season for fishing in the Inland Sea. That's the way it always goes! You invariably come at the wrong time of year, whether it be in Japan or at home in the United States. At any rate, we were assured that the *Fukus* would bite. They are always hungry, it was said. I wondered what these *Fukus* might be—how large and how heavy? I was soon to learn. The guide brought out from his tackle box several hand-made lines with large hand-beaten hooks at the end that looked like small double anchors. On each of these he impaled four or five innocent squirming minnows. We were then told to drop the hook and line to the bottom and wait. We waited. The boatman meanwhile smilingly lit his cigarette and waited developments. Aizawa had a strike and pulled in his line. But, no! the splashing fish was not firmly hooked and got away, much to Aizawa's disgust. Now the boatman lowered his hook and in a moment had a strike and landed his fish—a *fuku* about twelve inches long and certainly thirteen or fourteen inches in circumference—after it had become thoroughly inflated. Now I recognized him as the globe fish that we as children delighted to study in our books on natural history. Soon we had other strikes and a fairly

large number of fish were landed. I cannot confess to any great degree of exhilaration, however; for the *fukus* were anything but game. But now comes the excitement. Aizawa has another strike—please note the historic present. With much labour he pulls in the line with the assistance of the now thoroughly awake boatman. There is much commotion in the water. Then, both together, they bring to the surface —to the fisherman's chagrin and Aizawa's horror—a young octopus, its ugly arms fanning the air and splashing the water in every direction! But only for a moment. The devil fish dropped the hook and, like a black flash, sped away to gloomy cavernous haunts, leaving only a cloud of discoloured water behind. Thus ended my first and only fishing experience in Japan. The question remains: "Did the Orient or the Occident win the contest?"

CHAPTER XV

Along the *Sonyado* to Shimonoseki, Seat of the Sino-Japanese Treaty—Lee Hung Chang and the "White Elephant"—Kyushu, Cradle of Japanese History—Hakata, Home of Dolls and Fine Kimonos—Visiting Some Fine Agricultural Schools—Where Kublai Khan and His Hordes Were Turned Back—The Kyushu Imperial University—Children Do Cry in Japan—Helen Reddell's Leper Hospital—Story of the Kumamoto School—*Asa-san,* a Great Active Volcano.

LEAVETAKING at Miyashima Hotel was quite impressive. As the hour for departure approached, our host, the clerk, the white-coated waiters, and even the chamber *nesans* gathered to do us homage, and send us on our way with oft repeated *sayonaras*. And well they might, for had we not been charged one hundred fourteen *yen,* ninety *sen* for four days' entertainment for two persons! To be sure, as our host so naïvely explained, he was obliged to charge extra because this was the slack season of the year, and one is bound to live somehow! This astonishing logic being undeniable, we paid our bill with as good grace as possible, and departed under escort of host and servants to the mainland station and were soon under way westward, along the shore of the *Sonyado,* or Sunny-Side-of-the-Mountain Road, bound for Shimonoseki. More charming scenery—sandy beaches followed with frowning headlands; clustering fishing villages; fishermen toiling with their fishtraps and cuttlefish pots; women and children hunting for crabs—possibly the renowned *Taisho-Gani,* or chieftain crabs, and the smaller *Heike-Gani* crabs, curious striped and mottled crustaceans.

These crabs are for sale as souvenirs in many a quaint shop in Shimonoseki and are eagerly sought by the natives for their supposed connection with one of feudal Japan's most tragic events. Near *Dan-No-Ura,* within sight of

where the railway now passes, where these crabs are caught, a decisive naval battle was fought way back in the Spring of 1185 between the ruling Heike clan and the rival Minamoto clan, resulting in the overthrow and destruction of the former. According to a legend currently told, the spirits of the dead and dying Heike clan sought refuge in the briny deep, taking on themselves the shape of these grotesquely marked crabs—"the fury or the agony of their death struggle still to be discerned in the faces and upon the backs of these crabs."

The Japanese love to tell this tragic story of feudal days when clan fought clan and *daimyos* reared their mighty castle fortresses for defence against their neighbours, or even as occasion might dictate, against the *Shogun* himself. The story is worth repeating. "At the moment when the outnumbered Heike were fighting with reckless ferocity of despair, they were betrayed by one of their captains, who suddenly hauled down the red flag and went over to the enemy. This defection was fatal to the Heike; in less than half an hour they were overpowered. The traitor was eager to impart the intelligence to Yoshitsune, leader of the Minamoto, that the boy Emperor Antoku (seven years old), his mother, and grandmother, and many Heike court ladies were on board one of the vessels, which he now pointed out. Where the Emperor was the regalia would be sure to be; and it was at once the Minamoto chief's determination to recover the regalia for the cloistered emperor and the sovereign of his choice. Accordingly, the main object now became to scatter the craft that surrounded and defended what was practically the queen-bee ship, and to capture it and the invaluable freight it carried. Presently the admiral, Tomomori, went on board this Chinese-rigged vessel to make report that the battle was lost, and that if they continued to live it would only be as the serfs and serving maids of the Eastern boors. Together with his uncle, Noriyori, he threw himself overboard and perished. His mother, the

Nii-No-Ama, or "Noble Nun of the Second Rank," Kiyomori's widow, seized the sacred sword and plunged into the sea with it, while the Lady Azechi caught up the young Emperor in her arms and followed her. The Emperor's mother also went overboard, but both she and the Lady Azechi were rescued with boathooks by the Minomoto, who had meanwhile completed the rout of the Heike. The Heike had five hundred war vessels, the Minomoto eight hundred forty." On a ledge of rocks in the channel is a monument commemorating Antoku and the nun in whose arms he perished.

Shimonoseki, known also as the "Lower Barrier," is an important commercial city of some ninety thousand inhabitants, nestling along the base of steep hills on the Shimonoseki Strait near the western entrance to the Inland Sea. Here railway ferries are maintained across to Moji on the Kyushu side, for such as seek further adventure in that historic cradle of *Dai Nippon.* Shimonoseki is also the point of re-embarkation for passengers who may have left their ship at Tokyo or Kobe, en route to Oriental ports. The city's name has been written indelibly on the pages of history. Here in 1863 the over-zealous *daimyo,* Montonori or Nagato, as he is also called, made good his threat to fire upon any foreign vessel that should venture through the strait, and as a consequence a short while later he had occasion to regret his hasty action when a squadron of warships, including vessels of the United States, England, France, and Holland, hove into the strait and knocked the city's defences into a cocked hat. Here, also, in 1895 were concluded peace negotiations for the termination of the Sino-Japanese war.

On the occasion of a farewell dinner given in our honor at the Tokyo home of Dr. Yahagi, professor of economics in the Imperial University, a month or two after we had passed through Shimonoseki, some interesting inside information from these very peace conferences was narrated by

the genial Viscount Eki Hioki, former Ambassador to Germany and since the outbreak of the World War, minister to Sweden. The arrogant but astute statesman, Lee Hung Chang, represented, as the reader may recall, China at the conference, and Count Ito Hirobumi and Viscount Mutso Munemitsu represented Japan. An obstacle in the way of concluding the negotiations was Japan's insistence on territorial cession in Manchuria to checkmate Russia's southward progress in the Manchurian littoral. Lee Hung Chang stubbornly refused to consider any such concession. Then a brilliant thought came to the great Chinese statesman. Why not make them the proffer of *Taiwan* (Formosa)—that old thorn-in-the-fiesh of all Chinese—in lieu of other territorial demands? It came to him as a real inspiration, and at the next sitting of the conference the proffer was made with all the circumlocution that Lee Hung Chang alone was capable of. The Japanese representatives accepted the proffer for their country, quite to Lee Hung Chang's surprise and secret delight. When the treaty was at last concluded, the great Lee took opportunity to enjoy himself, as he supposed, at the discomfiture of his Japanese opponents in statecraft. "My friends," he is alleged to have said, "China has already taken her revenge upon Japan. We have just unloaded on our late enemies a 'white elephant' which will surely be your undoing. *Taiwan* never can and never will be civilized. She will empty your imperial coffers. Her coasts are infested with pirates. Her mountains and hills swarm with savage headhunters. Her native population are uneducated, shiftless, and wholly given to vice. Her health conditions are indescribable—malaria, cholera, and bubonic plague are always present and preying on the people. Gentlemen, I cangratulate you and wish you all the success upon your conquest that you are entitled to!"

Little did Lee Hung Chang understand the temper of the Japanese people. If he could only have lived to see what it

Upper: Foto-San Addressing Seventh Grade Children at Fuchu School
Lower: Eighth Grade Children in Another Court Yard Awaiting His Arrival

was our privilege to see in *Taiwan,* only these thirty-two short years since that country became Japanese, he would have had good reason to regret his rash prophecy. For Japan has in this brief span of time disproved or refuted every allegation made by the Chinese statesman. As soon as the Japanese had successfully pacified the sporadic uprisings in the island among the native Formosan population, they proceeded to clean up the island, much as Uncle Sam did before beginning the construction of the Panama Canal. A great central hospital was established in Taihoku, the capital, with branch hospitals in prominent cities throughout the island. Railways were built and fine highways constructed. A system of education, as complete as at home in Japan, soon began to educate the natives out of their ignorance. Agricultural research bureaus, experiment stations and trial farms were established to instruct the people in modern agriculture. The old crumbling Chinese cities and towns were rebuilt. The headhunters were pacified, and the last of the pirates chased back to China whence they originally came. So it came about that Lee Hung Chang proved a poor prophet. But the treaty-signing proved an important day for Japan, for on that day the nation became a great colonizing power, amply convincing the world that the Japanese people have great gifts to organize and administer such colonies as fortune may chance to throw in their lap.

Kyushu has an area of thirteen thousand seven hundred seventy square miles, and a population of nearly ten million. It is known as one of Japan's richest possessions. It has had a great history too. Here the ancestors of the present Japanese first set foot on the soil of *Dai Nippon.* Here they met the aboriginal *Ainus,* driving them northward out of the island and across the Inland Sea to Honsho, and farther north till now what is left of them live in the hill sections of Hokkaido. Here the two great waves of Mongol invasion under Kublai Khan broke in the thirteenth

century. Here Mendes Pinto and his psalm-singing Jesuits landed. Here the first Dutch traders made their appearance. Here the highly improbable Empress Jingo is said to have set sail for the traditional conquest of Korea. Here, too, was fought to a bitter end the tragic Satsuma Rebellion against the restored Emperor, as a last protest against the Westernization of Japan.

No section of Japan traversed by us proved more interesting or more beautiful in its exceptionally rich and varied plant life. Strange exotic plants and trees seem to grow everywhere. The story is told that many of these have been brought in from Korea and China within historic times. Kyushu also produces great quantities of coal, valued at nearly thirty million dollars annually—although not so fine a grade of coal as mined in Hokkaido.

The roadstead for ships in the narrows of Shimonoseki reminds one in many respects of New York Harbour and Lower Bay. Let Shimonoseki represent New York, and Moji on the Kyushu side represent Jersey City or Hoboken. The anchorage swarms with steamers, heavy-cargoed *junks,* with hustling tugs, and wriggling *sampans,* that give the observer a feeling that here is much more of a hustle and bustle and hurry-up than anywhere else in Japanese ports.

We stepped ashore at Moji, known to many as the Pittsburgh of Japan. The name certainly is not inappropriate, for here one sees great steel plants and belching cement factories, casting a real Pittsburgh pall of smoke and grime over the land and far out to sea. The island is fortunate to produce its own coal. Not far distant China has an abundance of good iron ore. It is therefore not surprising to learn that Japan has built up at Moji great iron mills and steel factories, modelled ambitiously after the Krupp works of Essen, Germany, and stretching along the Kyushu coast, factory town after factory town, for many miles. Nearby is Nagasaki, known as Japan's chief shipbuilding port. Here

was constructed our old friend the *Tenyo Maru,* among other great steamers, the *Tenyo* being the first large all-home-built Japanese passenger steamer on record. From Moji we entrained for the important twin cities, Hakata and Fukuoka, lying a few hours' ride farther down the coast. Hakata is the port city and has imposing wharves, piers, storehouses, and factories. Here live the working people also. Fukuoka contains the residential district, peopled chiefly by the well-to-do upper classes. We naturally took quarters in Fukuoka.

Hakata is known throughout the nation for the beautiful *obis* produced here. It is the dream of every Japanese woman to possess one or more of the Hakata *obis.* Shop after shop line the streets, which handle only these beautiful sashes and the neckclothes, or *eri,* in colours and textures to meet any purse or taste. Another product of Hakata is dolls. Not dolls in the sense we usually mean, but little statuettes, beautiful or grotesque, made of porcelain in every imaginable shape, typical of Japanese life or illustrative of their mythology. They are so realistically done and strikingly coloured that they are welcome gifts anywhere.

Fukuoka is noted for its fine agricultural school, one of sixteen such schools in this particular prefecture. In addition to the regular courses, the school maintains a three-year training course for normal school graduates who plan to become instructors in the rural continuation schools. This excellent plan has supplied the four hundred continuation schools of the prefecture with unusually well-equipped instructors. In this school every boy is held responsible for certain definite tasks. Each is put in charge of three hundred sixty square feet of experiment field. In this land they grow every kind of vegetable that can be raised in Japan. The school has well-kept mulberry fields, tea gardens and rice paddies. Groves of Satsuma oranges, peaches, pears, and persimmons—and some exceptionally

fine chrysanthemum plants trained along wire frames into grotesque and fanciful shapes, some of them in the likeness of men a-horseback, and fighting *samurai* or stalking cranes, fighting cocks, etc. This section of Japan is reasonably well suited for stock raising and dairying, especially along the hillsides and in the mountain plateaus. The school does what it can to encourage the farmers to raise and milk cows. It maintains a model farm well stocked with Holsteins, Yorkshire hogs and two or three breeds of chickens.

At every school visited callers are expected to write a *motto* as a memorial of the occasion. I scarcely know how many of mine are now gracing schoolhouse walls in Japan—certainly a considerable number. This school proved no exception to the rule. Heavy, gilt-edged cardboard was brought forth with the usual request. I was often hard put to think out something really appropriate. Strange what mental lapses one may have at times!

Morning of the second day at Fukuoka. Breakfast was served early—and a very unusual breakfast it was. Let the reader judge for himself. We are seated upon our haunches on the beautiful golden *tatami,* warming our hands over an ornate wooden, copper-lined *hibachi.* The *shoji* is shoved aside and *nesans,* with much bowing, place before each of us attractive little lacquered individual tables with their many covered dishes. And what secrets do they hold today? Let us open the first. It contains a delicious, steaming clam soup—all the shells reposing in the bowl. A strange way to begin breakfast, the reader may say. But wait. The next dish contains a sweet fish-ball concoction with horseradish sauce. On open platters are broiled shrimp and broiled breems. On a separate dish is the greatest delicacy of all—raw fish—attractively sliced, in color snowy white and salmon. Finally, lemon sauce in cup, toast and strawberry jam, *ko-cha,* toothpicks and spittle cup, the last added because of our recognized station.

Fukuoka faces the China Sea, only a short distance

removed from the historic spot where Kublai Khan made his landing in his successive attempts to bring the sons of *Nippon* under his arrogant Mongol régime. Again, speaking in the historic present, our party is standing before a mighty stone wall, until recently for hundreds of years covered under the shifting sands of the great dunes that line the shore. On a memorial pillar, erected a few years ago, we read how the school children of the community with their own hands had excavated this section of the wall as a memorial to the Emperor's birthday, and as a reminder of the day when Mongol invasions were ever threatening the beloved native land. In those days so imminent seemed these invasions from the dreaded mainland, that mothers would hush their children to sleep by saying, "If you are not good, the Mongols will get you." Quite a different matter now. No longer does Japan hold any such fear. The tables have long been turned.

As we linger at the edge of the old battlefield, our minds go back to a certain morning in the year 1274. For days the tidings had been flashed along the coast that the Mongols were coming. Hastily the *samurai* were summoned from every part of the island, and the great stone wall—more than twelve miles long—was heaped up along the shore. Behind it the embattled sons of Japan made their stand against Kublai Khan's forty thousand well-trained corsairs who came in a thousand *junks*. The coastline is fashioned here into a great crescent-shaped bay. Its inlet is narrow, and in time of tide and storm is very dangerous. The battle was soon joined, the Japanese with their inferior weapons being at great disadvantage. Yet they held out hour after hour, day fading into night and dawn breaking again. Meanwhile, urgent messages had been dispatched to the Ise Shrine at Yamada, beseeching the intervention of the Gods of *Nippon*. The answer was as speedy as it was effective. A terrible typhoon broke along the coast and wrecked the entire Mongol fleet, scattering the ships along

the coast, drowning and crushing the struggling, terrified invaders; those not perishing in this cruel fashion being speedily put to the sword by the victorious defenders.

When tidings of the terrible disaster reached the court of the haughty Kublai Khan, in a fit of rage he swore never to rest until he had humiliated the headstrong Japanese. Several years later, accordingly, he despatched a second and much more powerful expedition, one hundred thousand men, it is said, in thirty-five hundred mighty *junks*. This invincible armada bore down upon the coast, but had no sooner approached the dangerous shoals of Kyushu when a second, and even more terrible, typhoon fell upon them. The fleet made an attempt to pass through the narrow estuary to the bay. But alas! for them, the storm wind and the swirling currents hurled the ships into an inextricable mass of hulls and spars, crushing them like so many egg shells. Kublai Khan's armada was treated as roughly by wave and weather as was the more famous Invincible Armada of Spain, when it tore through the English Channel years ago. The story is told that the storm-tossed Chinese ships could be found wrecked along the coast for a hundred miles. Thousands were slain and twelve thousand made slaves—these becoming, probably, the first of the outcast *eta*.

The shoreline has moved farther towards the sea since those memorable days of long ago. The wall is there still, though most of it lies buried deep in the sand. As we lingered on the beach, gazing out over the China Sea that has seen so many bloody struggles, I could not help contemplating the uncertainties of human affairs and the insignificance of man, when he makes bold to play his petty cards blindly in the Creator's great game of life!

Near the twin cities lies the noted Kyushu Imperial University, one of Japan's five greatest. This university is being entirely reconstructed on a very ambitious plan. When completed it will have all the five collegiate faculties that

go to make the complete Japanese university. The visit was brief but long enough for us to meet a number of faculty members, including the president and several American-educated staff members.

We were pleased to find in the pretty, young wife of Dr. Tainaka, professor in the College of Agriculture in the University, the type of the ultra-modern Japanese young woman. She had lived in America for a number of years and had travelled with her husband around the world. His evident pride and devotion were delightful to see. She talked at length about home life in different parts of the world, declaring that modern life in Japan is changing rapidly, and really differs now but little from the best life anywhere.

She declared that no matter where in the world she had been, somebody would always ask her, "What do Japanese women do to keep their babies from crying?" Evidently the old fable, that birds do not sing, flowers have no perfume, and babies never cry in Japan, has been universally broadcast. Mrs. Tainaka took delight in always assuring them that the Japanese baby is no exception to the universal rule, but cries when the inclination comes, both lustily and long.

From Fukuoka there is only a short ride to Kumamoto, a city of one hundred twenty-five thousand inhabitants, beautifully situated in the midst of a broad plain, dotted with glorious conifers, glistening camphor trees, and other trees that we had not hitherto seen. The entire plain had the appearance of a grand, far-stretching park encircled with lofty mountains. The mighty *Shira-kawa,* or White River, skirts the town. From the verandah of the hotel we could see the smoking cone of the great active volcano, *Asa-san,* outlined against the horizon.

Kumamoto is noted throughout Japan for its leper hospitals. Up under the mountain sides, some miles removed from the city, one can see at night the lights from these

great refuges for unfortunates who come hither from all parts of Japan. The most noted of the leper hospitals was organized long years ago and is still managed by the ageing Helen Riddell, an American woman whose name is known and receives the blessings of the poor and outcast from the stormy shores of Hokkaido to the sweeping reaches of the China Sea. For more than forty years has this devoted Christian woman given her all to these unfortunates. When the great scroll of heroines is at last engraved, the name of Helen Riddell will be there. Leprosy in Japan is due, scientists say, to the constant fish diet and to carelessness of contact with the afflicted. Now that hygienic law has supplanted the old-time superstition of the self-invoked curse of the Gods, leprosy may, let us hope, soon lose its terrors. Even now it is not uncommon to see lepers sitting at the outer gates of the Buddhist temples, much as they did in the Holy Lands and throughout the East when the Great Master walked on earth.

By this time the reader is undoubtedly tired of hearing about schools. I give my word that he shall not be troubled much longer. But the Kumamoto Agricultural School is such an interesting and instructive school that I will be pardoned if I pause here for a few moments. At this particular institution are two types of students—those who are taking the three-year course, preparing themselves to return to practical farm work, and a smaller group of experienced teachers who are pursuing a kind of graduate course in applied farm life to prepare them better to hold important positions in the continuation schools. The school is quite large. It has extensive fields, measuring sixty *cho,* or about one hundred fifty acres. The land is utilized in a variety of agricultural and horticultural experiments. Here we studied scientifically treated rice paddies, the finest of tea plantations and mulberry fields, large orchards of oranges, pears and persimmons, not to mention the exten-

sive fields of *daikons,* turnips, Chinese cabbage, sweet potatoes, peanuts, asparagus, Western cabbage and chard. The farm was also well stocked with Holstein cattle.

All the field work is done by students under strict supervision. For example, at this particular time the rice paddies were being prepared for the winter barley and wheat crops. The land was ploughed by some of the students. Others received strips of land six feet wide and two hundred feet long, which must be heaped up and terraced. For each such area an individual student was held responsible. Others were at work in the vegetable gardens, or among the flowers, or in the chicken runs, pigsties and stables. Some interesting tree pruning was under way in the orchards.

The young men are taught all the activities that may fall to their lot as large or small farm-owners. Some were making ropes. Others were busy weaving mats, or shredding and drying *daikons,* or paring persimmons preparatory to hanging and drying. Still others were making beautiful *tatami* from reeds grown in the school fields.

Three hundred regular students and thirty-five in the teacher-training group live on the school grounds. The average dormitory room is planned for twenty students. Each student is apportioned for his sleeping quarters on the floor, one mat—that is to say, a reed area of six by three feet. His *futons* and coverlets are piled neatly in a locker compartment when not in use. In the best schools these lockers are well aired and sanitary. Frugality is the keynote to living in Japanese schools. Dinner fare at Kumamoto included a bowl of rice and barley—very liberal—fried herring, *daikon* pickles, Chinese cabbage, soy sauce and *cha.* Board costs about five dollars a month. In addition to this the students pay two and one-half *yen* a month for tuition. The teacher-training group, however, receive a subsidy of ten *yen* per month and have neither tuition nor

lodging to pay. The men in this group are all normal school graduates of three or more years' experience. Their time at Kumamoto is devoted, in the main, to practical nature study; to work in the gardens, orchards and fields; and to agricultural economics and rural sociology—a most excellent preparation, I am convinced, for their life calling.

Foto-san had an amusing experience before his lecture began at Kumamoto. A large, enthusiastic audience of delegates had assembled from various parts of the prefecture. Among them were educators, farmers, members of the prefectural legislature and students from the School of Agriculture, all of them reclining on the assembly-room floor while a bitterly cold wind was sweeping through the rustling *shoji.* I ordinarily retained my shoes while speaking, or as a compromise would slip over them the amusing "covahs" which one finds in rather common use in the larger places. Here was a real dilemma. The social centre hall had been dedicated to the God of Archery, whose shrine was on the platform from which *Foto-san* must speak. According to age-old custom no one is permitted to appear before the shrine except in stocking feet; to do otherwise would contaminate the shrine. Because of the bitterly cold weather *Foto-san* repeated that he dare not stand for four hours in his stocking feet on the wind-swept platform. But his own slippers had been left at the hotel and none of the Japanese slippers were large enough for his size tens. To compromise the matter, a messenger was despatched post-haste to the hotel for slippers. The audience waited good-naturedly for near onto an hour. But, then, the God of Archery was mollified, so all ended well!

It is impossible to leave this part of Japan without a passing mention of *Asa-san,* a mountain known as one of the greatest terrestrial volcanoes in existence. Although ever-threatening *Asa-san* lies away to the north in the broken mountains, twenty-seven miles from the city, its great

Foto-San Addressing a Large Audience Before the Shrine of the God of Archery

columns of white vapour can easily be seen, followed as they are, spasmodically with great clouds of black smoke. When the wind blows from the north the smoke spreads a haze over the entire plain. As one approaches the ancient crater's rim it is easy to appreciate the claim made for *Asa-san* that it is one of the largest craters in the world—measuring, as it does, along the crater ridge forty miles in circumference. The present crater is fourteen miles by ten, with the longest diameter running north and south. Even this is of striking magnitude. The jagged girdle of cliff and escarpment which cuts the horizon at the right and left, in ages past formed the outer rim of the volcano. The only gap in the vast circuit is seen straight ahead and was made by the turbulent *Shira-kawa,* probably æons ago when the river burst its way through the floor of the crater which became a jumbled and confused mass of hills, ravines and fertile meadows. In this ancient crater bed stand twenty-two populous villages in fancied security. All these tiny human nests, as seen from the crater ridge, lie far below the huge central cone which rises bulkily to terminate in five squat cones. The highest—*Taka-dake*—towers five thousand two hundred fifty feet above the sea—"each" as one authority puts it, "merely an unpricked mud-bubble on the lip of the ancient gigantic vent is separated from its mate by mud and ash walls, and but two are active. A series of gentle grassy slopes lead upward from the plain to the rim of the newer yet unthinkably ancient crater wall, over which one passes to the wide oval pit, where the glowing heart of this Kyushu monarch still harbors some of its original fire."

Lafcadio Hearn taught English in the Kumamoto Middle School. One of his greatest pleasures, I am told, was to make his way to the top of the hill and stand upon the battlements of the famous old castle that frowned down on the city. Age old is this huge pile. It was constructed

in the early fifteenth century by the great *daimyo,* Hidenobi, and reconstructed during the sixteenth century by Kato Kiyomasa. It has seen some stormy times. Soon after the Meiji Restoration, the garrison revolted against the new régime, and again during the dangerous Satsuma Rebellion the loyal garrison was besieged by the rebels, only to be relieved in nick of time by the Imperial forces.

CHAPTER XVI

Beating Back—Observations on the Train—Japanese Children—Northward Along a Stormy November Sea—A Respite at the "Great Shrine" Called *Izumo No O Yashiro*—Matsue, City of Beautiful Sights—Gas Stoves and Hot Biscuits—Lafcadio Hearn's Love—English as "She" is Sometimes Taught in School—*O-Shiro* Castle of Matsue—On the Long Homeward Stretch—Gifu and Cormorant Fishing—Lecturing Before an Imposing Audience—The Gift Sword and the Spirit of *Samurai*—Back in Tokyo—The Mitsui Model Dairy Farm—The Japanese Stage—A Theatre Party at the Imperial.

BEATING back towards Tokyo by way of the stormy Japan Sea. From Kumamoto to Moji on the strait the trip was tedious; for the day trains are slow and have only second- and third-class coaches. To kill time I amused myself making an impertinent study of my fellow passengers. The second-class coach was crowded. It was an old-fashioned coach, with seats along the sides as in the antiquated street cars at home. The centre aisle was decorated with a row of heavy cast-iron cuspidors, repulsive to sight and irritatingly easy to stumble over. Smoking is permitted in all Japanese railway coaches, a privilege much appreciated by both sexes. To be sure many of the more refined ladies refuse to yield to the national custom of cigarette smoking. Japanese passengers customarily drop their *geta* in the aisle, or in case they wear shoes, they remove them. Whereupon they perch on their haunches on top of the plush-covered seats, usually with their backs turned to the aisle where they balance in ludicrous fashion, swaying back and forth with the motion of the train. They can sleep soundly in this erect posture without toppling off.

Here are some of the observations of my innocent fellow passengers—being a sort of perspective taken at a given moment: Beginning at the far end of the car, number

one is a woman in native dress nursing her baby. Number two a man in foreign dress industriously using his notebook. Numbers three and four are sisters of the upper class, arrayed in attractive native dress, squatting on the seats, backs to the aisle. Number five is a youth in student blue uniform, soundly asleep, mouth wide open. Number six is an officer in khaki with red shoulder straps, asleep with feet sprawling in the aisle, endangering passersby. Number seven is a woman in native dress, seated with back to the aisle, asleep, swaying dangerously back and forth to the motion of the car. Numbers eight and nine are a farmer and his wife in very coarse garb, both of them smoking three-puff pipes. Numbers ten and eleven are a father in foreign dress playing with his baby daughter, while his wife sleeps wistfully on the seat, her face crushed up against the window pane. Numbers twelve and thirteen are students in uniform, staring into vacuous space. Number fourteen is our manager Aizawa, as usual industriously at work writing telegrams to the *Kokomin Shimbun*. Number fifteen is an old dried-up man dressed in blue tights, enjoying his three-puff pipe. Number sixteen is a rosy peasant nursegirl and baby, both doubled up in a most uncanny way, sound asleep. Numbers seventeen and eighteen are two gentlewomen—one the mother of the above child—seated on the seat gazing out of the window, wholly oblivious to their fellow passengers. Number nineteen is a Japanese drummer, in every respect "foreign style," busy with his order blanks. Number twenty is Mr. Okuda, our interpreter, sound asleep, head bobbing up and down. Number twenty-one is an old lady with bright *furoshika* packages in her lap, staring in wonderment at the *seijo no* lady (the *Oku-san*). Number twenty-two is a gentlewoman on the seat crocheting some fine blue stuff. Number twenty-three is *Foto-san* taking notes. Number twenty-four is the *Oku-san* struggling to keep awake. Number twenty-five is an old gentleman in drab, well-worn kimono, wooden *geta* and American Stet-

son hat. Number twenty-six is a sporting youth dressed in blue suit with red tie, reading the *Asahi* Sport News. Number twenty-seven is a uniformed student asleep, resting after hard mental effort. Number twenty-eight is another native woman, wedged in tightly between numbers one and two. Now number one ties her baby on her back and departs. Trainboy enters, rattles off some unintelligible language, bows low and departs. The train stops. My alignment of passengers becomes suddenly disarranged, some departing, others entering. The station gong sounds. The conductor's whistle blows. The engine toots, and we are on our way again.

Many other peculiarities of the Japanese railway service are of interest to Western travellers. Station names are printed in Japanese and English. Other large signboards are placed alongside the track, that give the names of the station last passed, the station where now stopping—in large letters—and the next station, with the mileage between each. This information is helpful to the tourist. In some of the large stations bulletin boards are set in prominent places which bear this legend in English: "Passengers who wish to communicate with friends expected later are invited to write messages on this board. All messages may be removed after a lapse of six hours." These bulletins have occasionally proved real life-savers to bewildered passengers.

Nobody is permitted in the train enclosure without some kind of ticket. If you accompany a friend to the train, you may procure a platform ticket for ten *sen,* otherwise you are not permitted to pass the gateman.

Checking of baggage in Japan, like in some European countries, is practically unknown. The Japanese traveller carries all his bales and bundles into the coach and piles them on the seats and fills the headracks with them to the imminent danger of his fellow passengers. Our party generally carried eight or nine such bags and bundles in the coach. When the destination was reached, we would lower the

windows and shove the traps into the hands of the waiting redcaps, who, fortunately, are both plentiful and cheap.

The day coaches are occupied by the economical Japanese for sleeping purposes. They frequently undress right in the aisle of the car and roll into their blankets on the longwise seat, to the great discomfiture of passengers not so disposed. Alas! there are no separate dressing rooms or toilets in the coaches and most of the travellers make their attire right in the aisles, if the open toilet room at the end is occupied. Probably we are too prudish; but the unconcern of the Japanese in matters of natural necessity is very, very disconcerting at times. When you see a person calmly changing his outer garments in the day coach you cannot help cringing, though others pay not the least attention to him. And he who causes the shock is probably as fine-minded a gentleman as can be found anywhere. Just a matter of viewpoint after all! Of course, many express trains do carry compartment sleepers where the traveller is furnished even a clean kimono to sleep in, and may dress unobserved by all save the one or two who chance to occupy the same compartment with him.

In northern Japan we were often very uncomfortable while travelling in late October, because there was no heat on the trains. At my request for warmth I was told, "The rule is: no heat on trains until November first!"

As one approaches the railway station, the doleful chorus of *bento*-venders and newsboys strikes one's ears, and sometimes nerves also. There is something so haunting to me in the Japanese call. There is a babel of noise. Out of it one can at length distinguish the call of *Bento! Be-en-to!* Yes, here he comes with the tray of attractive little double-decker boxes of *bento*—a really delicious government-prepared lunch—hot and stamped with the date of production. The one box contains well-cooked rice; the other broiled fish or eels, chopped meat, soy beans, egg plant, *daikon,* pickled lotus, mixed pickles and sweetmeats,

with chopsticks, toothpicks and napkin. All this for thirty-five *sen,* or about sixteen cents. Other boys sell certified hot milk in sealed bottles for twelve *sen,* or the eternal hot tea and fruits of many kinds. Thus one can get a good meal at small cost. Regular *table d'hôte* meals on the "diner" are served at from one to one and a quarter *yen* per person or about one-half the cost on any American dining car. Good hotel accommodation is, on the other hand, very high in Japan. At the Imperial Hotel, Tokyo, the two of us averaged about twenty-four *yen* a day, or at present exchange, nearly ten dollars a day. Out over the country the cost was very little less.

One's Japanese fellow passenger is not a pleasant person to watch eat, for he devours his food with haste and audibility. The drinking is often accompanied by belching and coughing. Then, too, he is a filthy traveller. He dumps all the rubbish from his meal on the floor. My inclination was to throw things out the window; but this I was advised not to do. At regular intervals the *boy-san* will appear at the door and shout, "Excuse me, please, I will now sweep the floor." With tongs he proceeds to pick up all the bottles and glasses which are to be saved for use again, and the rest of the rubbish he sweeps into containers set in the floor of the aisle. The Japanese are so clean of body and so immaculate in their homes that one is astonished to find that these traits do not extend to their travelling.

The English of the senior train *boy-sans* is sometimes amusing. Since tickets are punched before one goes aboard and are taken up at the exit gate, conductors are unnecessary except on the express trains. The traveller is therefore seldom accosted by the blue-uniformed attendants. It is somewhat of a shock, therefore, to be disturbed in one's reveries to hear an official, at attention and bowing gracefully, exclaim—as they did occasionally—"Lady and gentleman, let me hear your destination, please." When told he

would continue: "Then you will not change cars until Kyoto."

Beating back, as we were, Moji again became the point of departure for Shimonoseki. The entire party took refreshments and rested in the wholesome new railway hostelry at Shimonoseki, before starting out on the long and wearisome ride to Matsue on the exposed northern coast of Honsho. Until recently there has been no railway connection from the south side of the Main Island to the mountain fastnesses of Yamaguchi and Shimane prefectures. This region has been exceptionally difficult, due to the large number of extensive tunnels that must be built and gorges that must be spanned by long and short bridges. Now that this section of Japan has finally been opened to general traffic, it is worth the traveller's most careful consideration. In this region old Japan still reigns supreme. People live here in a condition of patriarchal existence, much the same as during the last years of the feudal era. The blight of modernism—if I dare use such a term—has not yet left its withering mark upon the quaint folk life so charming and unusual that travellers would be glad to go through the small hardships we endured to see it untarnished and quaint as of old.

From Shimonoseki the train retraced our former journey along the coast of the Inland Sea to a small place called Ogori. Here we changed to a north-bound train. Later we concluded to stop over night at Yuda, another celebrated hot springs. In this way we managed to break the monotony of the long hard journey. All of us partook of delightfully hot baths which again started the blood coursing through our chilled bones. We were off again next morning, passing through scores of tunnels—fifty-five by actual count—long and short, boring through the heart of the mountains which form the midriff of the island here. At noon we caught a first glimpse of our old acquaintance, the Japan Sea; but now quite a different Japan Sea from the one

we left behind at Kanazawa a few short weeks ago. A bitterly cold wind was blowing in over the sea that felt like a blast out of the Siberian wilds. The sea was breaking in fury against the coastline. Snow squalls, one following another, beat blindly in over the sea and enveloped the train. The fishing villages, which are always built close together for protection, house against house, seemed to be huddling closer and lower than ever before to escape the rage of the elements. It was a grand and spellbinding sight. We were glad that it was ours to see. I had heard much about this stormy coast; now I knew it as it really is. No wonder the fishermen and coastwise carriers shun it at this time of year.

Mid-afternoon, when the train slowed up at *Izumo-Imaichi* where branch trains run out to a small station, Kizuki by name, near which is situated the noted Shinto shrine *Izumo*. This untrammelled western section of Japan is the centre of the old nationalistic religion of Shinto. Next to the great *Ise* Shrine none is held in such veneration as the "great shrine." Kizuki, the seat of *Izumo,* is regarded by Buddhists and Shintoists alike as one of the holy cities of Japan. The reputation of the shrine for sanctity is quite remarkable. It is dedicated to the mythological God, *Okuninushi,* the son of *Susano-O-Mikoto,* and dates from an antiquity so great that the time of its actual origin has been lost. Many believe that the shrine was originally built by the smaller Gods at the request of the mighty Sun Goddess herself. Believe it or not, after we had dismounted from our *rickshas,* pretty thoroughly frozen, the guide took great pains to point out the elaborate shrines erected in honour of nineteen of these lesser deities, who are said to appear here in bodily incarnation once each year. In proof of this statement, we were shown a fine enshrinal erected here and a kitchen where the Gods can do their cooking when they come to earth.

A glorious chain of foothills, clad in evergreen and

mighty maples, shelter the old shrine structures, which on the day of the visit murmured, roared, and whistled in the blast of wind, quite unlike the whispering and the sighing of the winds in the ancient oaks of Dodona that in childhood days I loved to read about in my Greek mythology. This whole mountain range, the natives claim unblushingly, was dragged by the Gods across from Korea in the early days to give the shrine proper shelter and a noble setting. At any rate, it does appear quite certain that this portion of the coast was settled long before authentic history by people who had ventured across the stormy sea from Korea.

Izumo Shrine has a reputation as an excellent place where to bring matrimonial difficulties. The guide assured me that the Gods are eager to assist in setting tangled *affaires du cœur.* Many little paper love prayers can be seen fastened in all kinds of crooks and crannies, and are indicative of the shrine's popularity among the lovelorn. The guides were so full of these superstitions that I turned to Mr. Aizawa and asked, "To what extent do people really believe these tales?"

"You will find many adults who firmly believe them," he responded, "but we no longer teach our mythology as history, and children in the lower grades even can distinguish between myth and historic fact."

We have arrived at Matsue, the beautiful—a district by the far-travelled American, Lafcadio Hearn, declared to be the most beautiful in all the Island Empire. But, then, he was probably prejudiced in its favour; for here he courted his Japanese wife, and here he lived during his happy honeymoon. Matsue lies back from the Japan Sea nearly ten miles. A lofty mountain range gives it shelter and separates it from the sea. It is charmingly situated on the shore of a great lake, once, no doubt, an arm of the ocean. Back of the lake rise towering snow-clad mountains. The chief of them, towards the sea, is *Dai-Sen,* or Great Mountain. It is also known as *Fuji-Chasi-gawa,* or the *Fuji* of

Chasi-gawa. The mountain is volcanic, snow-clad most of the time, and as beautiful in its lofty purity as *Fuji* herself.

The hotel overlooks mirror-like *Shinji-Ko,* a lake of striking beauty. These lines were penned on the hotel verandah. Immediately below stretches a small formal garden, peaceful and fragrant. Then come stone steps leading to the hotel boats, gently rubbing against the wharf. A hundred yards from shore the fishermen were drawing their nets and landing the breem and trout that we probably had for dinner and breakfast. Indeed, when breakfast did come, there was first *ko-cha,* then a bowl of small oysters on the half-shell, and soy bean soup; thereafter boiled trout, broiled smelts the size of large minnows and delicious fish soup followed one another in rapid succession. Finally came toast, jam, and more *ko-cha.* The jam and toast, prepared over the tiny *hibachi,* were offered as a concession to the foolish ways of the *Oku-san.*

While we lingered over the meal, a discussion arose on the relative merits of oriental vs. occidental cookery. "Mr. Okuda," questioned the *Oku-san,* "you spent thirteen years in the United States. Don't you ever long for some of our typical American dishes? Our hot breads, for example?"

"Yes, indeed!" came his reply. "I was so fond of pancakes and muffins. But, my! the hot biscuits and honey! Let me tell you, when I first came to the United States my stomach always seemed empty. That's because we become so used to distending our stomachs with an overload of rice. And how I missed my rice at first!"

Mr. Okuda turned very thoughtful and suddenly he exclaimed: "Our conversation has made me come to a decision. My wife has wished me to buy a gas range for the kitchen. But I have felt it unsuited to our mode of living. Now I am determined that my family shall learn to cook some of your American dishes. Your mention of hot biscuits has won my wife a gas stove."

The weather had by now cleared and was fair and bright, with a real invigorating autumn tang in the air.

Matsue is proud of its higher school for boys. The school is one of the Imperial *Koto-Gakko,* or junior colleges, of which many are maintained throughout the Empire, as a kind of connecting link between the middle schools and the universities. I do not purpose to say anything further about these schools, except to comment in the passing on one phase of instruction in them. Japanese middle schools require all students to study four years of English. When they come to the *Koto-Gakko* they are expected to take an additional two years of English. In addition the students may elect two years of German or French. I am reminded that Lafcadio Hearn spent several years as an English instructor in Matsue, although not in this particular school. In spite of all his genius, the English taught here, as in many other schools in Japan, is quite unintelligible to the average Englishman or American who may drop into the schoolroom while an English recitation is on.

Japan has made a serious mistake, I feel sure, in dismissing most of the English teachers from abroad at too early a date. Practically all English is now being taught by native-born and largely native-taught instructors. The results of this inbreeding can better be imagined than described. The United States is making the same blunder in the Philippine Islands, where most of the English instruction is now done by native Filipino teachers. The English courses for advanced students in Japan are devoted to the classics and modelled after the advanced courses given English students in their own country, instead of stressing the conversational elements to give the students confidence and fluency. What was my surprise upon entering an English recitation at Matsue, to find the young Japanese aspirants to English mastery struggling hopelessly in the depths of the Sir Roger de Coverley Papers, translating

Lake Biwa

The Lake is the largest fresh water lake in Japan, within 8 miles of Kyoto. In shape it is broad in the north and narrow in the south, and being somewhat like a biwa (a Japanese guitar), it takes that name. The Lake is 280 feet above sea level, with a maximum depth of 53 fathoms. The area is about 257 square miles, measuring 146 miles in circumference.

The Lake is important from various points of view. It supplies Kyoto with drinking water. The canals and the river, which carry out the water of the Lake, supply the water power for the electricity of two big cities, Kyoto and Osaka. The Lake is a source of food supply, too, for it is rich in various kinds of fish, laver, and shell-fish. Even the trout and edible frogs which were brought over from foreign countries are now being bred.

The meetings of sports are often held on and around the Lake. The boat race between the Tokyo and Kyoto Imperial Universities is very exciting. The best swimmers in all Japan come and take part in the annual swimming meet. A cross-country race, the longest one in our country, is also run round the Lake.

Enclosed by hills and dotted with islands, the Lake is remarkable for its exquisite scenery. This is the favourite resort of pleasure-seekers from the whole country. In 1922, it was honoured by H. H. Prince of Wales. The Lake, including the neighbouring scenic spots, is expected to be a national park in the near future.

Calm and placid the Lake is. It may be regarded as a symbol of Peace, in close association with the image of Mt Fuji which is a symbol of Sublimity.

S. Enoki.

English Composition by Shujin Enoki, Age 17; Member Third-Year Class of the Opsu-Shi Middle School. Shujin Knows His English Although Only the Equivalent of Our Third-Year High School Boy.

them paragraph by paragraph into Japanese! The teacher himself seldom ventured upon the use of conversational English, at least while in my presence. *Foto-san* volunteered to address the class in English, which was gladly accepted. Using as simple language as possible he worked bravely to make himself understood. But, alas! judging from the blank expression on the students' countenances, the noble effort was mostly lost. I have elsewhere in this book shown, however, that much good English is spoken in Japan in many circles, by students coming from outstanding schools. The government has recently begun to realize the acuteness of the language situation, and to remedy it has brought to the country a specialist in the English language—a Dr. Palmer of England, who is hard at work to correct the prevailing perplexities.

I have in my possession nearly five hundred English compositions from the pens of Japanese boys of middle school and junior college grade. Two of them are reproduced in the book. "The Rebirth of Japan," from the pen of Y. Masuda—an eighteen-year-old middle school boy—is used as frontispiece of the book; while the other, "Lake Biwa," was written by S. Enoki, a seventeen-year-old boy in the same school. Both have studied English for four years. They speak and write English fluently, beautifully, and quite correctly. And there are many, many more like them.

But, as I have said, there is the other side of this language instruction. I know of no more vivid illustration than the experience of Mr. E. B. Gattenby, who writes in *Cassell's Weekly* some of his impressions from teaching in Japan. On one occasion, "inexperienced but hopeful," he writes, "I rashly tried one group of students with a paraphrase of 'Break, Break, Break,' going so far as to explain the poem slowly and distinctly before asking them to write. Out came the dictionaries. The following is a version I have pieced together from the replies handed in:

Rupture, rupture, rupture, on your stones of low temperature, coloured like ashes, I say, sea! I wish to vomit out all thoughts which come up to me. How happy it is for the boy, supported by the man who lives by fishing—the piscatory child shrieking with his sister at play! Ah, well, the navigator's youth sings in his boat on the inlet. The dignified vessels advance to the paradaisical destination beneath the eminence less than a mountain! How I long for the touch of a dead man's hand—the hand that vanished when I touched it—and the narrow passage of water of a voice that is quiet. Spray, spray, become discontinuous at the lowest point of your cliffs, O Ocean! But the tender grass which grows at the seashore is withered, so the grass never grows at the seashore.

At Matsue there is a centuries-old castle at the crown of a lofty hill, overlooking the city and the beautiful purple valley beyond, through which meanders a great river on the way to the sea. In the distant foreground of the great mountains, and rising tier above tier, appear first the hillside farms, then the glorious evergreen forests, and finally the brilliant snowcaps, reflecting the sunlight into the blue sky. The castle, known as *O-Shiro,* is an ancient iron-grey structure, resting on a cyclopean foundation of huge granite blocks. Not so well preserved nor as large as the Nagoya castle, set in charming terraces of pine and plum and cherry, it is, nevertheless, strikingly beautiful.

Late afternoon and on the way to our last point of visitation and lecture. Gifu is the place—an interesting city—probably best known to Western travellers for that delightful sport, fishing with cormorants. The trip had been long and wearisome despite the changing scenery and the novel and unexpected that always befalls, as one goes from place to place in Japan. The train journey continued along the Japan Sea—our last glimpse of it—and it proved a glimpse of varied beauty. The seascape was startling. The breakers were beating against the shore, tossing spume high into the air, with the seafowls screaming as they circled about the beetling cliffs.

After leaving the sea, the train once more began to bore

Girl Dancers in the Temple Courts of Miyajima Island

through the heart of the mountains. In one place the train passed through a tunnel four thousand nine hundred and four feet long, only to plunge onto a bridge three hundred forty-one feet high, immediately above a frothing estuary of the sea—the highest bridge in all Japan—and then into a second tunnel, and so on. In course of the day the train passed through no less than ninety-three tunnels. And I marvelled at the wonders of this engineering work, which challenges the admiration of the world. We changed trains at Kyoto and reached our destination at midnight. A large, enthusiastic reception committee was on hand with name cards and automobiles. We were dirty and tired, but the hot *furo* was waiting at the inn. We were soon revived and after a midnight council with Gifu friends, retired gratefully to the silken *futons*.

The day at Gifu must be set down as a real mark day in my life. The city and the adjacent villages are typical of the best that Japan has to offer in scenery, in fertile fields, and prosperous farms; in well-organized schools, and well-administered government. But for all that, it is the reception and the lecture—the last on the second circuit through Japan—that will remain indelible in my memory's book to the last. To date we had travelled by land and by sea many thousand miles. I had addressed thirty-seven audiences (not including the public schools) averaging more than nine hundred delegates each, representing education, agriculture, banking, economics, etc., or between thirty-five and forty thousand people all told.

At Gifu the meeting was held in the legislative assembly hall with seats for thirteen hundred. In this instance the Prefectural Farmers' Association, the Prefectural Co-operative Association, and the Prefectural Educational Association had joined hands to make the meeting as worth-while as possible. The prefectural legislature honoured the speaker greatly by passing a motion of adjournment, and attended the lecture in a body. The upper house was

seated on the speaker's right, and the lower house on the left, the main body of the audience seated on the *tatami,* also facing the speaker's stand. Governor Takesuki Shirane presided in his graceful way. Major General Taro Simba, a member of the Imperial House of Peers, a figure of national note, and several other members of the Peers graced the occasion with their presence. It happened that the legislature was just then in the midst of the perplexities of the educational budget for the year. The speaker took this as his cue and made bold to stress the importance of a large, balanced educational budget, and carried on unflinchingly for three and a half hours. After a brief closing address by the Governor, the audience was dismissed. A large group of the dignitaries thereupon assembled in the Governor's rooms for refreshments. We were photographed together, and with a parting gift from the Governor returned to the hotel where the real surprise of the day was in store.

The Gifu lecture was not on the original schedule, but was added at the urgent request of leaders in the prefecture. As an appreciation the three prefectural organizations mentioned above had prepared a surprise for *Foto-san.* No sooner had I returned to my rooms at the inn and had made change from the afternoon frock coat to the more comfortable double kimonos, and had begun to stretch in comfort before my own *hibachi,* than a committee representing the educators, farmers and co-operatives put in an appearance, carrying a long wooden box covered with silken cloth. The spokesman launched upon a brief address on the spirit of the ancient *samurai*—what it meant to belong to their order; what were their responsibilities; and their opportunities for service. He emphasized that down through the feudal days the Japanese sword ever symbolized the spirit of the *samurai,* and that although the sword of Japan was no longer worn in public, it still symbolizes the best and truest in the life of the nation. Finally, he added that no

one can be honoured more greatly than to be presented with an ancient sword, which, in a modern sense, makes him a member of the society of *samurai*. Thereupon the silken cover was removed and the gift box opened. And behold! within it reposed a wonderful old *daimyo* sword, carefully covered, and above the glittering sword lay a silver fan; and on it was inscribed this bit of history:

Ever since our Imperial Founder, Amaterasu-Okami, founded the Japanese Empire, warlike spirit of the people has been high and excellent; and the people have always respected the sword as highly and sacredly as the holy treasures. Therefore, the spirit of our warriors, or Samurai, who have heretofore been the backbone of the Empire, has been considered to be as fine as cherry-blossoms when it is displayed, and as firm as well-tempered steel when it is concentrated. Indeed, the warrior, or Samurai, has regarded the Japan-Sword as the soul incarnate of Japan.

Although the wearing of swords was abolished by an Imperial decree at the time of the Restoration, the sword still glitters as to be symbolical of the soul of the nation.

Consequently, the fame of renowned swordsmiths in history is always being remembered of by the people. To work at a sword, those swordsmiths took ablution first, robed in white and wore purple hakama; and carried on their thoughtful feat as well as most wonderful workmanship for years before they got a single sword finished.

This sword was made in the Twelfth Year of Eiroku, or three hundred and fifty-five years ago (1569 A. D.) by Hikoemon-No-Jo, Sukesada of Osafune, Murakisa County of Bizen Prefecture. The length of its blade is 2 shaku 3 sun 6 bu. The sword of Osafune make is considered to be the best of all of old Japanese blades, and is also the most popular of all today; the famous Tomonari and Masatsune are said to be the originators of Osafune.

On the twenty-seventh day of November, the Thirteenth year of Taisho.

Back again in Tokyo on a crisp, clear December morning. Professor Myaki of the Imperial University and his wife, daughter of Mr. Tokutami, editor of the *Kokumin-Shimbun*, had agreed to accompany us to the Mitsui Dairy Farm, just beyond the environs of the capital. Dairy farms are very few in central Japan. We were naturally quite anxious to

visit this noted farm before leaving for Formosa. Dr. Myaki is a much-travelled educator, well versed in the educational systems of Europe and America. Mrs. Myaki is typical of the well-bred Japanese lady. She came charmingly dressed. Her *eri* and *geta* were both heavily embroidered in deep lavender, with *obi* harmonizing and embroidered in small designs. Her hair was done in a fascinating knot. She was a little hesitant about her English at first. But soon it wore off, especially since she and the *Oku-san* found common ground in that each was the mother of three boys and two girls.

We autoed along the ancient Tokaido for eight miles, and were soon at the approach of the dairy farm. One does not have to be in Japan long before hearing of the Mitsui family, one of the richest and most influential family units in Japan. There are about twenty branches of the family in Tokyo alone. In a sense they are the Astors of Japan. Their interests are varied. They rank high in banking circles, in the shipbuilding industry, and in promoting new industries, both at home and in the colonies. The Mitsuis are at the present time doing their part to remake old Formosa by developing the hill and mountain slopes that were until just recently in possession of the head hunters. Baron Mitsui, by chance, learned of our interest in things rural, and immediately issued an invitation for a visit to his dairy farm.

One of the first things to come to the traveller's attention in Japan is the scarcity of milk, and cream and butter. The Japanese, in common with other orientals, are not what might be called milk-drinking and butter-eating people. In former times the use of animal fats of any kind was forbidden by the tenets of Buddhism. But gradually, as the people came in contact with western nations, a change has come about. In many Japanese homes nowadays milk is used by the growing children, and a taste is being cultivated for the canned variety of milk. Hokkaido is the

Boys Fencing in a Japanese School

natural dairying section of Japan. From here canned milk, and even butter and cheese, are being distributed to all parts of Japan and the colonies. I am personally convinced that within the next decade or two, milk products will become a common diet on the table of all Japanese people who can afford the luxury—and that is what milk and cream and butter are today.

The Mitsui Dairy Farm comprises about twenty acres of beautiful rolling land. From the distance the outbuildings appear a model of compactness and neatness; and, on closer inspection, prove surprising in their orderliness, cleanliness, and general economy. The drive leading to the farm is lined with luxuriant tea bushes. Just enough trees have been planted, here and there, to take away the look of bareness. Here we were met by Mr. Ogada, director in charge of the farm. This gentleman is a Cornell University graduate, and is fortunate in having almost unlimited means at his disposal. Nevertheless, we were impressed with the evidence on every hand that the director was a stickler for economy, and that the money at his disposal was used primarily to produce an abundance of milk as wholesome and free from bacteria as is humanly possible. Mr. Ogada was emphatic about the stress placed by him on the fight against detrimental bacteria. Everything about the place was cleanliness personified. At his office door we were requested to don new "covahs" for our shoes. The office itself was immaculate and was plainly furnished with a long table, a few chairs, a stove, and a number of enlarged photographs of sires and dams of the Mitsui herd, and interesting milking scenes. Some time ago President Schurman of Cornell University called on his former student, Ogada, and remained as guest for a day. After a study of the dairy plant, the venerable president of the great University expressed himself to the effect that the teachings of Cornell assuredly have been followed here, and in some ways even improved upon. Here was a real concession to make, certainly.

We began the inspection in the small pasture where seven of the cows were resting. There were Jerseys, the parent stock coming from pedigreed importations from the United States and Canada. Thereupon we followed the path which the cattle are obliged to take three time a day to be relieved of their precious milk burden. First we arrived at the wading pool which the milch cows must wade through on the way to the receiving barn. Here they leave behind the dirt from their hoofs. They now enter the first barn, a structure with white enamelled walls, screened windows, and patent air intakes. The individual stalls are partitioned with white enamelled iron rods. A special device is provided in lieu of the ordinary stanchion, which gives great freedom of movement for the animal's head. Each cow has her own drinking fountain. Here the cows are fed, brushed, and washed. All excreta that accumulate in the troughs are carefully drained into a cement cistern at some distance and used for fertilizer. After the cows have become, as the director expressed it, "surgically clean," they are marched into the milking room. Their udders are next washed in a borax solution, as are the hands of the white-garbed milkers, who cover their mouths and noses with gauze masks. The milking room is as white and neat as an operating room. The milkpails are made of seamless tin. After milking, the pails are handed through a small aperture to the bottling room. Here the milk is strained through four thicknesses of gauze, cooled, and bottled. The containers are sterilized in a most hygienic manner. It should be noted that this milk is not pasteurized; but it keeps nevertheless. We were told that in winter time the milk would keep a month or more without turning, and in warm summer time, at least a week. On a certain occasion a quantity of this milk was sent to a hospital in Tokyo. The milk kept so remarkably well that an interested committee waited on the dairy authorities to learn just what kind of preservative was used. They found the only preservative to be—

Upper: Introducing the Wrestlers
Lower: All Set for the Go

absolute cleanliness. Even the furnace room where water is heated is so clean and the men in charge so immaculate in dress that we could not refrain from expressing our surprise.

Most of the fodder for the cattle is produced on these twenty acres. The dairy buildings are separated some distance from the cows' living quarters. Here is a substantial cement silo—unusual care is used in handling the ensilage. At the door of one building Mr. Ogada laughingly said, "This is our maternity ward. We are expecting two occupants any time now, so everything is in readiness." The barn contained two high-walled stalls with heavy bedding of clean straw—outside in separate pens were the "expectant mothers." Another building contained the quarters for his highness, the sire of the herd. The separate pens for calves were likewise models of cleanliness.

At the close of the inspection we returned to the office. "What a striking object lesson your dairy must be to the dairy industry of Japan," I said. "You are bound to do a great deal of good by the example you are setting for other dairy men."

The answer was unexpected: "I regret to state," he replied, "but it is nevertheless true, that very few people even know of the existence of this dairy. For we do not welcome visitors. Our motto is 'bacteria free,' and such a thing would be impossible were we to admit visitors indiscriminately."

After lunch of ice cream, cake and unpasteurized milk from the famous cows, we departed. I might add, this was the first good rich milk we had tasted in Japan, with the exception of Denmark Farm in Hokkaido. The ice cream, too, was delicious, and was a welcome change from the usually ever-present tea. But our friends were not so enthusiastic over the ice cream and milk. Mr. Aizawa confessed afterwards that he came close to being ill, as a result of drinking both the cold milk and eating the ice

cream at one and the same time! But our good friend could have partaken of three large bowls of rice and four or five cups of tea without feeling the least inconvenience.

After a light lunch and my afternoon lecture at the Agricultural College, we hastened back to Tokyo to prepare for an evening at the Imperial Theatre, first bidding adieu to our delightful friends, the Miyakis.

The Japanese stage is pre-eminently classic; at least such it has been until very recently. The distinctive *No* play gained great popularity in the early feudal era. The populace would flock in from miles around for an opportunity to see this, by Occidentals little understood, play of pantomine with choral interpretation. During the Tokugawa shogunate, *Kabuki,* which is to say, national drama, seized upon the popular imagination and soon came to mean for Japan what Shakespeare was to England in the days of Queen Elizabeth. The themes of the plays were naturally drawn from the stirring life of the times—the leading characters were great warring *daimyos;* noble *samurai,* or two-sword men; desperate *ronin,* eager to fight for the joy of fighting under any banner; also there were beautiful maidens and stern, unforgiving fathers. *Kabuki* was at its best while knighthood was in flower.

Kabuki has gradually lost some of its purely classical nature. Nothing could be more natural if one realizes the tremendous changes that have taken place in the life of the people since the Restoration. Just as Shakespeare has lost some of his hold on Europe and America, Japanese theatre-goers have permitted the new social problems to invade the purity of the classic plays; although in form and effect these are to the present day the same lyrical plays that they were three or four hundred years ago, retaining also the decided operatic elements they held at the beginning. Great crowds of the more conservative Japanese still consistently flock to the great Imperial Theatre in Tokyo and to the *Kabuki-Za,* which is a theatre even better adapted for presenting classic

Futa-San and His Group with the Teachers of the Matsuzawa Continuation School Near Tokyo. The School's Treasure-house in Immediate Background

plays, where these devotees recline or sit patiently in their opera chairs, alternately weeping their eyes red over the untimely death of a poor little royal prince, or clapping their hands in glee when the avenger—the mighty two-sword man —runs his trusty sword through the villain or forces him to commit *harakiri.*

The younger element in Japan are eagerly supporting the modern play movement, which no doubt takes its cue from modern occidental plays, although born of the new social changes. The modern plays are purely Japanese in character; but I am inclined to think that considerable time must elapse before Japanese modern playwrights will have acquired the technique and skill necessary to rival, and so challenge, the supremacy of the great *Kabuki* actors.

Inroads of a more serious nature have been made on the time-honoured classic stage from quite another quarter. The Japanese people are going motion-picture mad. Many thousand motion-picture houses have sprung up in Japan. Fifty to sixty million people are said to enjoy these entertainments monthly, at an outlay of nearly one hundred fifty million *yen* a year. All this has happened within the past thirty years. Home production of really great films has been rather slow, due, no doubt, to lack of suitable studios and adequate financial backing. Foreign pictures have the greatest attraction in Japan, much greater than the home-manufactured. Of foreign films, fully eighty per cent come from the United States. The movies, thoughtful Japanese have assured me, are exerting a tremendous influence on Japanese life; particularly are motion pictures giving the orientals a new appreciation of life standards and of Western manners and customs, which are sure to hasten the Westernization of the people.

The impressions of Western life, in this way acquired, have not by any means all been good. Unfortunately, altogether too many of the early pictures were revolting to the Japanese, who look upon lip kissing and embracing as highly

immoral. Many a shocked Japanese parent has exclaimed, "If this is what an American picture is like, then my children shall not be allowed to disgrace their ancestors by setting foot within motion-picture theatre walls." Fortunately, liberal local censorship has come to the rescue in the nick of time. In Tokyo, for example, every foreign picture is thoroughly censored by the Peace Preservative Bureau of the Metropolitan Police. For the sake of peace and morality, I was told, the film shears are used very freely on hugging and kissing scenes and on the nudes and near-nudes.

But in spite of all protests from the more conservative element of the people, the new form of visual education is making surprising headway. Even the Imperial Minister of Education has appointed a committee of censors to recommend good educational films for use in public schools. Japanese movie fans all have their American film favourites, just the same as the fans at home. Among them, ranked according to popularity, are Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd, and William Hart. They also take much pride in the Japanese-born Sessue Hayakawa.

Theatre-going in Japan in reality resolves itself into a test of endurance and patience; such at least was our experience at the theatre party at the Imperial Theatre as guests of the *Kokomin-Shimbun*. For oriental spectators to sit out three or four plays, from 4:30 in the afternoon till 10:30 at night, is an ordinary occurrence. For us it proved a genuine endurance test.

The great Imperial Theatre had just been reopened at the time of our party. The building was badly injured and gutted by fire during the earthquake. Since then it has been reconstructed and artistically redecorated. The theatre is occidental in plan except for the so-called flower walks and the numerous lobbies and revolving stage. The prevailing colours are tan and gold, with a blending of rose and green in the hangings. The curtain is of exquisite cutwork and embroidered. The one thing of interest to Westerners is

the revolving stage, so much used in the Orient. This expedites the change of scene and stage setting. As soon as one scene has been enacted, the stage revolves before the gaze of the audience and, presto! everything is in readiness for the next scene.

We arrived early and found to our surprise that the audience was mainly women; but the men came gradually as the evening advanced. There were very few foreigners present, and several of them left at the close of the first play. It was noticeable that nearly all the women in the audience wore native dress, although very few were arrayed in the customary stiff hairdress. Here we were then, with the conservative element, those who still cling to the classic plays. The curtain rose promptly at 4:30 o'clock. The first of the three plays is known as *Meiboku Sendaihagi,* or "The Plotters' Way." It is an old classic and is probably as familiar to the average Japanese as are Shakespeare's plays to us. Ushers handed out synopses of the plays, worded in very poor English; but they helped considerably in our efforts to follow the stage action. There were nineteen actors in this cast. Many of them bore the same last name—*Matsumoto, Sawamura, Nakamura, Onoye* prevailing. In explanation, they were not blood relatives but actors who had been adopted and trained for the stage by men of these names, themselves taking leading parts in the play. All the actors, according to oriental custom, were men, although in this first play practically all were acting women's parts. The makeup was perfect; but, alas! when they opened their mouths to speak anyone would recognize that they were men, as most of them spoke in deep bass tones.

This particular drama is historic and based on a conspiracy to take the life of a small child, heir to the house of the *Ashikaga Shogun.* The small prince was saved by his loyal nurse and her young son, who in his zeal to preserve the prince ate the poisoned cakes that were intended by the

conspirators for the latter. The conspirators, of course, were at length exposed. Faithful retainers came to the rescue of the nurse and the prince's life was saved. Though to the chagrin of all, the arch conspirator disguised as an enormous rat escaped through a trapdoor only to appear again later. The costumes worn in the play were gorgeous, genuine replicas of the stirring times of *daimyos* and fierce fighting *ronin*. To me it was more interesting, if possible, to watch the behaviour of the large audience than to follow the tragedy that was being enacted on the stage. The nurse as star of the play had a way about her that stirred the emotions of the people. Women sobbed outright and men furtively wiped tears away during the lamentations over the slain son.

At the close of the first play we retired to the general dining-room where dinner had been reserved for us at one *yen* each—fish with potatoes, meat-balls, vegetables and bread. Thus regaled and refreshed we returned again to our seats for the second play, *Sakakibara and Takao,* a drama in three acts of six scenes. This play, like the first, was based on an old legend, and written by a modern dramatist who had successfully brought the action nearer to the present time. The scene, strangely enough, was laid in the *Yoshiwara* district, which in Japan is the licensed red light district. The heroine, a popular inmate of the *Yoshiwara,* proved to be the same actor who had taken the nurse's part in the former play. She was said to be very beautiful; but to me she looked as inappropriate in this particular rôle as do some of our Ophelias and Marguerites in their respective rôles. Her lover, who, in reality, was a young high-flyer of a *daimyo,* was, with a friend, having a night off—in disguise, of course. They were being shadowed by detectives who had been placed on the trail of the young spendthrift to keep him out of trouble. The play is replete with thrilling scenes, street fights and duels in which soldiers and innocent bystanders are slain—and in the Japanese plays

the victim drops dead immediately the sword is pointed at him. The *oiran,* or heroine, is at length taken to wife by the young *daimyo.* He, alas! is now in disgrace and is ordered to live the rest of his days in a remote district as punishment for his insubordination. The reckless spirit again seizes the *oiran's* husband. He orders her to put on her gay *Yoshiwara* robes and follow him—for what cares he now for the world, or reputation, or family! Despite the tears of her old father and sister she makes ready and they depart hand in hand to be seen no more.

The last play of the evening was known as "Two Girls and a Bell." Here is a typical Japanese dance based on an old legend, and tells the story of a girl who fell desperately in love with a man who would have nothing of her. He flees and she follows. But she is finally stopped at the banks of a wildly rushing river. Her desire is so overwhelming that demon spirits turn her into a dragon and she swims the river. But her lover, alas! even now will have nothing to do with her and hides in a temple bell, around which she coils her slimy folds. The flame of her love and resentment is so great that it melts the bell, and the two of them are destroyed together! I wonder, is this the reason one sees so many bells in the Orient, encircled by ugly flaming dragons? The dance was spectacular but very far from what Westerners would call *dancing.*

At 10:40 sharp the curtain fell, after six hours and ten minutes of play. There is no denying we got our money's worth. Yet I was frankly relieved when the end came. An astonishingly large number of women bring their babies and young children to the theatre. Is it that the younger generation is to be imbued with the worth while of the Japanese stage while yet in mother's arms? Certain it is that Japanese mothers who do frequent the Imperial Theatre have nursemaids at home for their children. But Japanese mothers do take their babies everywhere. So much the worse for the babies. No wonder they cry at times!

CHAPTER XVII

Outward Bound for *Taiwan*—The *Shinano Maru* Sails the Inland Sea—From Moji to Keelung—*Ilha Formosa,* A Bit of History—Taken in Charge by *Ono-san*—By rail to Taihoku, the Island Capital—Making our Official Calls—The Efficient "Central Research Institute in Formosa"—Influence of Hokkaido Imperial University in *Taiwan*—The Government Monopoly Bureau—Seeing Taihoku, a City of Extremes—Japan at Work Educating Formosa.

THE day had been a busy one at the "Imperial" getting ready for the adventure in faraway Taiwan, whither we were going at the invitation of the Governor General and the Insular Department of Education. There were farewell conferences to be held; unpacking of summer outfits and storing away of winter clothing; and last-minute purchases to be made. A good luck dinner; then finally at seven o'clock parting with faithful Aizawa and Midzuno on the steps of the Kobe express. For now were we about to venture forth for the first time alone. This we did without the least trepidation; albeit, headed toward the land of alleged head-hunters. Certainly there was no cause for worry. The Kobe express has English-speaking officials from conductor to trainboy. The compartments proved comfortable, and the dining service was all that could be desired. If there was any cause for regret at all on this much-travelled route from capital to great seaport, it was due to our own American compatriots, and British, and other world-trotters, who, sorry to say, are prone to be ill-mannered and boisterous when away from home restraints, and are given to drinking—shedding thus anything but glory on the great peoples they are supposed to represent. No wonder the Orient finds many things about the Christian civilization that are paradoxical.

TAIWAN
FORMOSA
Scale of Miles
0 25 50
120°
121°
122°
Fuki Point
Keelung
Taihoku
25°
Toyen
Taikei
Tappanzan
Mt. Sylvia
(12,895 ft.)
24°
Dragon Lake
N
Mt. Niitaka
(13,075 ft.)
23° 30′
Kagi
Mt. Ari
Tainan
23°
Anping
Shinka
PESCADORES
Hsito
Takao
Bantan
YAMIS
22°
Cape Garambi

Much refreshed by a night in comfortable berths and an early breakfast, we made ready for the first lap of the southern circuit, the voyage by sea from Kobe to Keelung. Right early the express pulled into Sanomya Station. We and our sundry bags and bundles were given over to the ministrations of redcaps who received us with much intaking of breath and many genuflexions. We were transferred in a few moments to four *ricksha* men, who bundled man and baggage into the *rickshas* and sped away to the *Bund,* and the *Nippon Yusen Kaisha* wharf. From here could be seen our ship, the *Shinano Maru* at anchor in mid bay, busily taking aboard to the singsong chanty of half-naked coolies the last of an assorted cargo.

Sailing time was set for high noon. That left ample time for some important purchases at Lane, Crawford Company's Emporium for exclusively foreign goods. This well-known British merchandising firm proved quite a life-saver for the *Oku-san,* who hitherto had hunted in vain up and down Japanese marts for some much-needed lingerie. Here she at last found it. The main streets of Kobe are lined with attractive shops noted for their display of wares made especially for the tourist trade. We devoted the morning to window shopping, much to my disgust, as I despise shopping of any kind—it is such a bore to the average man. But the *Oku-san* did spot several stores where, she averred, our Christmas shopping would be done upon the return from Formosa.

The *Shinano Maru* proved a staunch little craft of a few thousand tons displacement. The officers were courteous and several spoke a fairly good book English. The stateroom was well located, large and airy, lying at the forward corner of the upper deck, and excellently ventilated—a matter of importance as one draws near to the tropics. In the selection of the cabin again I suspected the far-reaching influence of thoughtful Aizawa. The cabin boy, the bath boy, the table boy, and the stewardess from the moment we

stepped aboard took great interest in us. They certainly made the most of the opportunity to serve us. Caucasian travellers are not numerous on this route and our servitors had evidently made up their minds to make hay while the sun shone, if such an expression can properly be applied to their zealous service in hope of liberal tips.

There were eight first cabin passengers all told. We were the only "white" ones among them. The small group included several Japanese army officers on their way to take commands in *Taiwan*. These gentlemen lost little time in disposing of their heavy uniforms and donning, instead, the comfortable native kimonos, with *tabi* and straw sandals. And who could blame them? In these flowing garments is real unadulterated comfort. Imagine yourself lounging in a deck chair wrapped in this Japanese garment *par excellence*, a balmy tropical breeze blowing, a new strange world swiftly gliding by the ship's side—but why enlarge upon the picture? Suffice it, that before long I envied these jolly defenders of *Dai Nippon* the ease with which they were able to shed both their official uniforms and their dignity. The latter seemed to disappear with their uniforms, for henceforth they played deck golf and shuffleboard as carefree as the rest of the passengers.

The voyage lay through the two hundred-mile-long Inland Sea, the beauty of whose tortuous windings beggars description. Darkness approached, and the *Shinano* glided silently past the landmarks of dear old Takomatsu in Shikoku. Later as the Southern Cross appeared on the horizon we sensed holy Miyajima in the offing. Then cloud banks floated out from the mainland and dimmed the picture. Darkness settled upon us save for the silver path on the waves, when the new moon succeeded in breaking through the clouds for fleeting moments. Then to bed and restful sleep after a full and stirring day.

By eight o'clock the first morning out, the *Shinano* made the western gateway of the Inland Sea. This roadstead

was familiar to us by now. Moji lay to our left and Shimonoseki on the right. We lingered here for two or three hours while the *Shinano* took on additional cargo and a few belated passengers who had arrived from Tokyo and Kobe by rail. No busier port is found in all Japan than this. There is, someway, a real American bustle about it. While we loafed on deck, behold! the American flag came into view, flying proudly from the towering green-painted *President Jefferson* as that Shipping Board steamer glided silently through the port on the way to Shanghai. Again as we were slipping out into the Pacific, the *Arabia Maru* in service of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway Company passed us in the Narrows. It was good to see the Stars and Stripes again.

From Kobe to Keelung, the northernmost port in *Taiwan* —*Kiirun,* as the Japanese pronounce it—is nine hundred eighty-six miles as the birds fly. The passage follows closely the Loochoo Islands, the giant stepping stones that connect *Taiwan* with Japan proper and keeps one ever mindful of the common origin of the entire Island Empire. The voyage was delightfully uneventful. My daily log might well have read: "Arose at 5:30. Made fifteen turns about deck. Took bath. Breakfasted. Played deck golf and *go.* Weather fair and warmer. Dozed in deck-chair. Watched flying fish catapulting from wave to wave, and crazy Chinese *junks* with patched sails gliding through the waves, and soon lost over the horizon edge. Tiffin delightfully served. Long siesta. More promenading the deck. Watched circling sea gulls and occasional albatrosses and gambolling porpoises." And so on for three days, varied only with an occasional "blow" or a sudden tropical shower. As I have said, the voyage was restful and uneventful, a gratifying change after the hectic months in Japan. On the morrow, early, Formosa, the Beautiful, will lift its towering heights above an emerald sea and greet us as it ever does the questing stranger from abroad. For Formosa is eager to be known and have

the world become acquainted with her tropical beauties; her marvellous riches in field and forest and mountain; her strange manners and customs and—yes, her startlingly efficient Japanese civilization that has so recently supplanted the old sleepy Chinese life.

Ilha Formosa the island was first and appropriately called by Portuguese skirting the coast way back in 1590. Formosa is, indeed, a "Beautiful Island," as anyone can attest who has sojourned in its lowlands and mountain fastnesses, be it only for a few full days and nights. Formosa is shaped somewhat like a spearhead, pointing toward the north, the broken shaft terminating some two hundred forty-four miles to the south with Cape Garambi. The greatest width is ninety-seven miles. Some people speak of the island's contour as ovaliform. Perhaps they are right, but to me the spearhead shape is suggestive of more than geographical contour; it suggests at the same time the fierce life that has thrilled its shores and mountain slopes, lo, these many ages past! And are still echoed in a small way in the remote mountain glens.

A great fertile plain stretches along the western coast, and makes a mighty sweep southward and thence toward the east of the island, only to lose itself finally in the foothills there. The lowlands are as picturesque as they are rich. In season bright green ricefields and great plantations of waving sugar cane dissect the plain into strange geometrical figures. Red-roofed Formosan villages dot it here and there by the banks of lazy idling streams, where waddle and bathe herds of ugly water buffaloes with numbers of ducks and geese. Here too, the glowing hibiscus, vast thickets of plume-tipped bamboo, and lofty palms and papaia trees.

Fringing this glorious lowland plain great verdure-clad foothills rise tier above tier to the ultimate mountain crest. These hill terraces, so distinctly silhouetted one above the other until finally lost in dark blue haze, no doubt suggested the name by which the island has been for ages known by

Chinese and Japanese, and which continues as the official name today—*Taiwan,* or Terraced Bay.

From the tropical palms and fruit trees and flowers in the lowlands, there is only a short jump to the upper foothills, with their cool, mysterious jungles of mighty treeferns, of hoary banyan trees, of blazing azaleas and a wilderness of strange trees and shrubs that excite the traveller's interest. Still higher up one comes to plateaus, rich in camphor laurel —often twenty to thirty feet in girth, the source of most of the world's camphor products.

Beyond this again rise the proud conifers, among them Japan's greatest lumber producers, the *Hinoki,* or Japanese cypress, and the *Benhihi,* a giant evergreen related to the redwoods of California, said to be the largest of all trees in the Orient. At last in the upward climb the pine and spruce become gnarled and scrubby, until, finally, one can overtake them standing neck-deep in the snows near the mountain summits.

The east coast of Formosa rises in sheer beetling crags to a height of over six thousand feet. This coast is to all practical purposes inaccessible. Thus nature has given the last of the head-hunters a sure defence against rear attacks; but has also furnished the means which keeps them out of reach of the sea and the salt, without which they must eventually surrender to the Japanese or perish.

Ethnologically, *Taiwan* makes an interesting study. The original inhabitants are without question of Malayan or possibly Polynesian origin, related by blood ties to the original Filipinos, the Dyaks of Borneo and the early Malayan blood strain that penetrated northward to southern Japan. For centuries the Formosan littoral was harried by Chinese and Japanese pirates. Eventually civilization entered from China on the west. Along these coasts, therefore, and the lowland plains a dense population of Chinese origin sprang up, who are now in possession of all the rich lowlands. Their descendants, *ca.* three million

in number, are known as Formosans to distinguish them from all of Chinese birth, and from the aborigines. Counting all the present inhabitants—aborigines, Formosans, Chinese and Japanese, the total population is a little more than four million.

This human swarm from overpopulated China dispossessed the original occupants of the land after a bitter struggle. The vanquished were at last obliged to seek refuge in the hills and mountain fastnesses, wherefrom they were wont to sally forth intermittently to take toll of their conquerors in the way of human heads. They are today known as the head-hunters of *Taiwan*. Their abode is away up in the mountains where they dwell in every stage of development. The "raw" savages, as the Chinese call them, live in the remotest regions and are quite untouched by modern civilization. The "ripe," or pacified savages live in the borderland between their fiercer brothers and the lowland Formosans. The "ripe" aborigines, as suggested by the term, have abandoned head-hunting and are fairly tractable, and under expert Japanese direction are turning to horticulture and farming in a primitive way.

The Dutch and the Portuguese controlled the western shores of Formosa for a few years, only to be dispossessed by Chinese Koxinga. Then came long years of Chinese misrule, ending with the Sino-Japanese war. The reader will recall, that as one of the results of the war, *Taiwan* was ceded to Japan (1895). Thus Lee Hung Chang's white elephant was wished upon Japan. Fortunately, despite the astute Chinese statesman's prophecy, thenceforward began a new and happier era for *Taiwan*.

Now to revert to our landing. The *Shinano* slipped into the harbour of Keelung early in the morning. On the right as we glided through the new breakwater, rose a bizarre sandstone escarpment, known to the natives as *Banjin tabi,* and just behind us to the left towered the mist-enshrouded conical island, *Keelungto,* with other islands farther astern.

The Keelung harbour is excellent—deep, long, and commodious, and safely protected by a strong molehead. The ship slowly swung over against the pier. So, here we were before seven o'clock, breakfast already eaten, and ready for the first adventure in the tropics.

The morning was, however, cool, and, sorry to relate, rain poured down in sheets. It nearly always rains in Keelung, this port being, they say, the fourth wettest place in the world—some insist the second wettest—with about two hundred nineteen rainy days and more than two hundred inches of rainfall. Even before the gangway was out, Mr. Ono, Superintendent of Education for the island, climbed aboard. With him came several reporters and a representative of the Taihoku Railway Hotel. With his coolies he took full charge of our baggage. Mr. Ono was to take Mr. Aizawa's place. He proved a splendid fellow and was soon as indispensable to our welfare as the companions we had left behind in Tokyo.

The rain made entrainment somewhat difficult, but it was at last managed. The train drew out of the station and we were on the way to the insular capital, eighteen miles away, passing through a new country—new, because tropical. The flimsy Japanese card houses were strangely missing here. Instead, the buildings are constructed of brick and "dobe." They remind the traveller of the Chinese "yamens" with their curiously curved, tiled roofs, and weird plaster dragons that ornament the ridge and eaves. The chief reason that earth and brick and stone are used instead of wood in Formosa is the destructiveness of the great white ants, who make short work of all wooden structures unless they are thoroughly creosoted. Brick and stone are therefore in the long run less expensive and more durable.

The train dashed through a tunnel and, lo! we had passed from torrential downpour into a land of sunshine and great activity. In winter time the northeast monsoon breaks against the transverse mountain ridge in the north

Upper: Magnificent Government Building, Taihoku. Erected by the Japanese Government in 1917
Lower: The Governor General's Mansion in Taihoku

where it condenses as rain and pours its floods on the district immediately north of the mountains. But to the south the dry season is on. We had chosen the right time of year to see Formosa south of the northern mountains and west of the great island ridge. In summer time, when the southwest monsoon blows, the deluge is poured over the western lowlands, while the extreme northern tip of the island and the eastern highlands enjoy their drier season.

It was a glorious panorama that unfolded before the onspeeding train. Tall, feathery bamboo had by now taken the place of the pine and cypress so common everywhere in Japan. Beautiful bright-flowered hibiscus and walls fairly groaning under the gorgeous bougainvillias brightened the glistening lansdcape. On every side water buffaloes were wading belly-deep in the paddy fields, often with blackbirds and the sacred white ibis picking slugs and insects from their repulsive grey, hairless backs. To complete the picture were the Chinese farmsteads set deep in the mire near the the railway line—the ubiquitous ponds or mudholes swarming with ducks and geese, with flocks of chickens scratching the rubbish of the front yards, an elongated sow or two with broods of squealing pigs wallowing in the foreground.

We were by now accustomed to the spick and span Japanese farmsteads. The Chinese do not understand the word "cleanliness," as we were soon to learn—and this despite the strict sanitary regulations of the Japanese conquerors. The Japanese housewife takes great pride in her beautiful clean *tatami*-covered floors. In native Formosa, the people eat in the one living-room, and throw chicken bones and other refuse from the meal over their shoulders to the floor, where the dogs and chickens make the most of their allotted bounties.

After negotiating another tunnel or two we found ourselves in the environs of Taihoku, the capital. From the station we *rickshaed* direct to the Taiwan Railway Hotel, one of the finest hostelries in the Empire, maintained at a

real annual loss for the comfort of such tourists as may chance to come that way. Here we were soon installed in several large palatial rooms, with verandah overlooking the garden—the great city stretched below us and towering blue mountains in the hazy distance.

There were only a few moments for breathing spell before we must set out on the first day's experiences. It was thought best to make an orienting tour of the city first. This brought us to the noted Taihoku Industrial Museum, which gives a good idea of the numerous island products, and the industries and occupations of the people. Thence we motored through the broad, well-paved streets of modern Taihoku on the way to the great government building, the seat of the Governor Generalate, said to be the finest government building in the whole Japanese Empire. Before the occupation, the capital was known to the Chinese as *Taipeh.* It was formerly a great rambling city of winding streets, set with queer Chinese redbrick shops and pagodas. In the new section these have been torn down, the streets straightened, and substantial modern buildings erected instead. As we drove along it was hard to realize that this was Formosa. But, occasionally, we got reminders of the ancient régime. As we were driving along, immediately before us towered squarely in the middle of the street a great brick-built gate, all that was left of the one-time earthen and brick defences that had surrounded the city and protected it alike from savage head-hunters and coastwise pirates.

At the government building we paid our respects to Mr. Ikoma, director of all the educational activities in the island, to Mr. Hosui, chief of the foreign section of the government, who speaks excellent English, and to several others. Thereupon we proceeded to the palace where dwells Civil Governor Kumio Goto, who was acting as head of government in the absence in Japan of the Governor General. Governor Goto received us cordially and placed at our

service literally the entire resources at his disposal. This sounds like a boast, but it was true as will be seen hereafter.

After tiffin we drove through a beautiful landscape to the College of Agriculture, which is also the seat of the Department of Agriculture of the Insular Research Institute. Dr. K. Oshima, a delightful gentleman, is president of the college and director of the Department of Agriculture in the Research Institute. He is scholarly. In his early years he spent much time as a student in the United States and Germany. He is another one of that splendid Hokkaido University group—thorough and Christian—who have done so much for Japan. Dr. Oshima told me, with a prideful smile, that more than one hundred Sapporo graduates are busily engaged in making over the agricultural life of Formosa on a scientific basis. So we can see that Dr. Clark of Amherst builded even better than he knew, when he devoted a single year of his busy life to laying the foundations of the great Hokkaido University.

Soon after the occupation of the island, the government organized a great central hospital in Taihoku; and soon thereafter, the Taihoku Medical College. The Medical College and the College of Agriculture have within the last year been organized under the name of the University of Taiwan, which promises to become a worthy institution for the higher education of Japanese and Formosan youth. I addressed, briefly, the students at the Agricultural College. Thereupon we motored back to the city, carrying with us the assurances of Dr. Oshima that he would call on us later at our convenience.

The Japanese section of Taihoku is so Westernized architecturally that for variety we decided to tour *Daitotei,* as the old Chinese section of Taihoku is known. The native town is clustered close by the banks and near the mouth of the Tamsui River, one of Formosa's many short though much-navigated streams. To us *Daitotei* appeared dirty; but we were assured that for a Chinese city it was unusually,

yes, unnaturally clean. The Japanese insist on their two official housecleanings a year here, just the same as they do among their own people at home. The Chinese cannot understand the need of all this scouring and cleaning; though most of them yield good-naturedly to the firmness of the Japanese policemen who will not be gainsaid.

And such noise as met us! The streets were full of young and old, chattering, screeching, with giant firecrackers exploding almost under one's feet. And the constant processions—weddings, and funerals with their paid mourners who make the old brick buildings echo with their wails. From the restaurants and the tea houses came the sounds of laughter and the piercing music of Chinese singsong girls, who in Formosa take the place of *geishas,* in tea houses and similar resorts.

The native markets in the Chinese town are interesting. Here one can see heaps of tropical fruit common to the island; enormous pyramids of delectable vegetables, many unknown to Westerners; stacks of golden papaias; great burdens of boned chickens, ducks and geese; and large numbers of crates full of cackling fowls of all kinds. Here one finds a distinguishing characteristic of Japanese and Chinese. The former care little for chickens, and less for ducks and geese. Even pigs are seldom seen in Japan, outside of Hokkaido. The Japanese have been truer, it would seem, to the tenets of Buddhism than the Chinese, who have disregarded the religious law to the point of making animal flesh the important part of most every meal. No Chinese householder is happy if his yard is not littered with pigs and ducks and geese and chickens. As cooks, the Chinese are superior to the Japanese; but in cleanliness in preparing their food and in serving it, the Chinese are much the inferior.

Nothing is more amusing than to listen in on Chinese bargaining in the markets and shops. A Chinaman has three or four prices for every article. He expects to be jewed down; and, indeed, has little respect for a purchaser who is

not expert at bargaining. The jabbering and gesticulation that accompany buying and selling along the streets of *Daitotei* is as ludicrous as it is entertaining. The *Oku-san* purchased a bolt of silk in one of the native shops and would have paid two prices for it had not Mr. Hara intervened and forced the price down to the reasonable amount. The modern Japanese merchant has only one price on his wares. This he has probably learned from his intercourse with western business. He may at times permit himself to be jewed down. This is unusual, as he prices his merchandise at the regular market value.

When Japan took possession of Taiwan in 1895, the island was in open rebellion, which made the work of reorganization doubly hard. After a few encounters, however, the island became pacified. The natives yielded as gracefully as they could to the new régime. The people were poverty-stricken, despite the natural wealth of the island. Agriculture was at a low ebb. Sanitary conditions were indescribably bad. Malaria, typhus, Asiatic cholera, and the bubonic plague were draining the vitality of the people. Graft in the old Chinese government circles prevailed to a disgusting extent. The common people eked out a most miserable existence. The changes that have come about in the island within the thirty-three years of Japanese possession speak well for Japan's greatness as a colonizing people. What Japan has done for Formosa is the exact counterpart of what the United States has done in the Philippine Islands, in Cuba, and in Porto Rico. Both nations have instituted much needed legal reforms, have cleaned up the filthy cities, have built highways and railways, have reorganized the education of the people on a modern system, and have reorganized all their institutions of life in harmony with scientific principles.

Immediately following the occupation of Formosa, a number of experiment stations were established and trial farms were opened. Similar phases of scientific research

were carried on in hygiene and sanitation, and in afforestation. However, in 1920, a new local administrative system was introduced and all existing experiment and research institutions were reorganized as the "Central Research Institute in Formosa."

This institute is organized to have charge of all scientific research and experimentation for the island, and is divided into these subdivisions: Departments of agriculture, of forestry, of general industry, of hygiene, and an office of general affairs. The departments are subdivided into many sections, with ramifications throughout the island. The thoroughness with which the Institute is planned may be illustrated in the single instance of the Department of Agriculture, whose director, it will be recalled, is Dr. Oshima, who is also president of the College of Agriculture.

Taiwan has a tillable area of one million eight hundred fifty thousand acres, or twenty-one per cent of the total area. Of this, eight hundred ninety thousand acres comprise paddy fields, and the rest upland fields. In Japan proper only seventeen per cent of all the land is arable, while in Hokkaido only nine per cent and in Karafuto four-tenths of one per cent. About fifty-eight per cent of the total population in *Taiwan* are occupied in agricultural pursuits. The chief products are brown rice, sugar cane, swine, poultry, sweet potatoes, tea, vegetables, and fruit. All agricultural promotion in the island falls to the Department of Agriculture, with central offices in Taihoku where it maintains experimental fields, covering about sixty-five hectares. The work of the department is subdivided again into several sections and embraces the following lines of agricultural research: First, the section of agronomy, devoted to cultivation of crops, varietal selection and crop breeding, agricultural implements and machinery, and examination and distribution of seeds and seed plants. A second section is devoted to agricultural chemistry, such as chemical research in crops and produce, experiments in manures and fertilizers,

amelioration of land and agricultural technology. A third section is devoted entirely to the sugar industry. This section maintains a sugar experiment station of one hundred fifty hectares near Shinka in the southern part of the island. The work of the section is devoted to sugar cane cultivation, varietal selection and breeding of cane, researches in sugar manufacture, and utilization of its by-products. Similarly, there are other sections devoted to plant histology, economic zoology and animal husbandry.

Very interesting substations are maintained in different parts of the island. There are three substations for special crops, three stock farms, and one sugar laboratory. At Shirin is maintained an important horticultural experiment station; at Haikhui a tea experiment station; and at Koshun a stock farm of ten hundred thirty-seven hectares. There are other stock farms at Taiho—thirty-nine hundred hectares—and at Kogi, a smaller stock farm. Finally, at Taiko is maintained a great sugar laboratory for testing commercial sugars, adjusting and repairing optical instruments connected with the sugar industry, and examination and analysis of all kinds of materials connected with the sugar industry.

I spent considerable time at these laboratories, experiment stations, and stock farms. After seeing what I did there, I am not surprised that after the thirty-three years of Japanese control the agricultural income of Formosa has increased by more than five hundred per cent.

The government of Formosa is paternalistic. Matters could probably not be otherwise with three and three quarters million people on the government's hands, largely uneducated and inexperienced in self-government. The Japanese have taken upon themselves not alone to teach the people new scientific ways of organizing, but they are determined, as well, to regulate the natives' daily habits of life. To this end it was deemed necessary to organize what is known as the Government Monopoly Bureau. This amounts

to a complete monopoly in production, manufacture and sale of opium, camphor, salt, tobacco, and intoxicating liquors. The monopoly is maintained primarily, we are assured, to control production and consumption of opium, of liquors, and tobacco, which are considered harmful to health and human life.

When the Japanese took possession, more than one hundred seventy thousand addicts to the opium habit were registered. These were all of them listed and given thorough medical examination. Those who could not live without opium were continued on the list, the quantity of opium doled out to them being steadily decreased and the strength of the opium lowered. The result has been to decrease gradually the number of users. Recently no more licenses have been issued. It is gratifying that the number of addicts has decreased from one hundred seventy thousand to thirty-eight thousand. In ten years' time, government officials believe, opium smoking will be entirely blotted out. Let this also be marked down to Japan's credit. As for liquors and tobacco, the purpose of the monopoly bureau is to furnish the product as pure as possible, and incidentally to produce revenue. Whatever income accrues from these products is used to improve sanitation and hygienic conditions in Formosa. Camphor became a monopoly to put a stop to wholesale destruction of the camphor forests; and in salt, to produce and sell pure solar salt at fair prices.

The government maintains a professional opium tester, who is established in a typical opium "den"—on government property—patterned after the better sort of resorts of this kind. We were escorted here as a special favour, the place not being open to visitors. The decorations of the room were in black and gold lacquer, the greatest of luxury prevailing. Here a mild-appearing Chinaman dressed in heavy black silks reclined upon an ornate canopied couch. He arose, bowed low, and then showed us how he uses the opium. The smoking apparatus was very complete and

Upper: Typical Street Scene in Formosa
Lower: Honmachi Street, a Main Thoroughfare in Taihoku, Formosa

quite elegant. A small pill of opium paste was placed on a long needle and held over a small lamp—the fuel used, they say, must be peanut oil, in order to give the right effect. The paste was melted a little and thereupon put over a china bulb at the end of the pipe. A hole was made for air. Then he began to inhale the noxious stuff. The smoker took a few puffs only; then he arose, smiled, bowed, and lay down again. He is, of course, himself an addict, but very useful to the government in determining the quality of opium produced. Officials present asserted that opium does not make its victims vicious nor does it especially shorten life—but does make them quite worthless and lazy.

Before the occupation, education in Formosa was limited to schools maintained in connection with the Confucian temples, and to a Christian Mission school or two. The monastery schools were for the sons of the well-to-do. The remaining ninety-eight per cent of the children had no school education whatever. The first task of the new government was to organize a school system patterned upon the schools of Japan. The government assumed that a people so steeped in prejudice and ignorance as were the Formosans would be unwilling to co-operate in the new régime until education should bring them clearer understanding of Japan's benevolent aims.

An Insular Bureau of Education was established, and soon thereafter schools were organized for teaching the Japanese language, to help the natives understand and seize as their own the new culture that was brought them from the north. The schools were actually opened for instruction while the civil war was still raging and many a pioneer Japanese teacher fell victim to the rebels who attacked the schools and murdered the teachers. "The noble spirit of these pioneer educators who fought so courageously with the insurgents and against the plagues, and most patiently helped the natives in their learning," Mr. Ono, superintendent of education, assured me, "built the foundation of the

new educational system of Formosa. Their efforts were not wasted. The natives' zeal for education has grown rapidly since then, and now we have a fairly well-developed system of education."

It is scarcely necessary to give any time to a laudation of what Japan has done for the education of the ignorant Formosans. The schools are very much like the schools of Japan. There is a complete elementary school system, beginning with the kindergarten. This is followed with middle schools for boys and high schools for girls. Several higher schools of junior college rank are maintained, as are also technical continuation schools, notably in agriculture and commerce. Up to the present time advanced students have usually gone to Japan to finish their education, but with the establishment of the new university in Taihoku, they can hereafter pursue advanced studies at home.

On one phase of this education I wish to comment. One often hears the charge that Japan does not extend to children of her colonies the same educational advantages that she does to her Japanese children. The charges have been made and reiterated constantly, particularly as true of Formosa and Korea. They are in some respects well founded; though if all the circumstances were understood, a fair-minded judge would know that matters could not be otherwise. Let me explain the situation in Formosa. The same will apply in equal measure to Korea. In the kindergartens and in all schools above the elementary grades, there is perfect co-education of Japanese, Formosans and aborigines. In other words, of all children in the schools. Before the permanent educational ordinance came into effect in Formosa, co-education of Japanese and native children had been tried in several schools as an experiment, with rather satisfactory results. Consequently, regardless of objections and doubts as to the practicability thereof in certain quarters, a bold administrative policy was launched, and a general system of co-education of the different races was put into practice.

Outdoor Gymnastics in a Boys' School, Taihoku, Taiwan

This is rather a rare case, I am inclined to think, in the history of any colonial education and certainly proves that Japan has intended to treat all children alike in the matter of educational opportunities.

However, it was soon found that to instruct Japanese and Formosan children together in the elementary schools had a serious drawback. The Formosans could not speak Japanese, and the Japanese did not understand Chinese. This was detrimental to both. Accordingly, the primary schools were divided as "elementary schools" for all children who could speak Japanese, and "public schools" for all who spoke the native tongues. But, let it be understood, as soon as Formosan children have mastered the Japanese language sufficiently to get along in the elementary schools established for Japanese-speaking children, they may be recommended for advancement to these schools.

The differentiation is not based, therefore, on national prejudice, as some have assumed, but upon expediency and necessity. In the secondary and higher schools I was wont to find Japanese and Formosan children side by side on the same benches, working together in great harmony. Soon Japanese will be the spoken and written language of the island. Then the last distinction in elementary and public schools will be obliterated.

The old Confucian schools and other private schools in Formosa were formerly endowed with rich lands, the income from which was to be held in trust for the benefit of the schools and the teachers. The administration of the land was evidently honeycombed with dishonesty. For the schoolmasters and others responsible for the trust did not care to face the inevitable accounting when the Japanese came. They preferred to abandon their schools instead and seek refuge in China. The Japanese government thereupon sold the school land and invested the proceeds—one million *yen*—in the "Educational Fund Foundation," which yields annually about ninety thousand *yen*.

The funds are used to finance a many-sided extension service in charge of the Insular Education Department. This includes special institutes and lecture courses free to all teachers, educational exhibits, special enterprises for the boy scouts and the young men's associations. But of especial importance for educational publicity and visual education, six motion-picture experts, according to Mr. Ono, devote all their time to motion-picture photography and to lecturing on their experiences, by land and sea and air, while filming the land and the people amidst their daily pursuits. Nowhere, perhaps, is visual education in the schools more successfully carried on than in Formosa.

One evening Superintendent Ono arranged a private film show for us in one of the parlours in the Taihoku Hotel. The first film was of a geographical nature, taking us on an airplane flight over the entire island from sea level to the crest of Mount Niitaka. The second film told the story of summer excursions of Formosan school children and of their interesting open-air schools. The final film was ethnological and historical in nature, giving scenes from the daily life and activities of the *Tsuo* group of aborigines, who are renowned for their unique tribal organization.

CHAPTER XVIII

The Formosan Civil Service—Dampening Militaristic Ardor—Celebrating a Birthday South of the Tropic of Cancer—The Earthen Walls of Tainan, Ancient Formosan Capital—Modern Education Midst Crumbling City Gates —Ruins of *Anping,* Grave of Dutch Rule in Formosa—The Shinka Athletic Meet—Unique Methods of Warning Against Burglars—Guests in Bantan Village—Unfriendly Water Buffaloes—A Visit at Bantan Rural School—Pushcarts vs. *Rickshas*—A Night in Tainan's Native Quarter—Shivering Back Across the Tropic of Cancer—Government Forests on *Ari-san* and the Lumber Industry.

At this time there was much stir in Formosan civil service circles. A wave of retrenchment had swept over Japan and was now beginning to affect Formosa also. Superintendent Ono was unable to escort us in person over the island and had accordingly delegated for our services Professor Hara of whom mention was made in the foregoing chapter —a gracious gentleman and the outstanding English expert of the island, next, perhaps, to Mr. Hosui, director in charge of the foreign division of the government. To further strengthen our staff of interpreters he added Mr. Dosho, government inspector of Formosan schools. *Dosho-san* was a Japanese who spoke excellent Formosan. It became his duty to help out whenever we should get into a purely native community whither the Japanese tongue had not yet penetrated.

Dosho-san was much perturbed by the retrenchment disturbance. It seemed that for the time being everything was literally up in the air. Rumours were abroad that many of the offices would be disbanded and many of the officials in the department of education, in common with other departments, would be discharged and sent back to Japan. A most disturbing situation, to say the least, as many of this Japanese officialdom had built their own houses and had estab-

lished permanent homes in the island. Finally, word reached *Dosho-san* that he would be transferred, but to a more lucrative office than the one he was now holding. This news added cheer to our party. Meanwhile, even governors of provinces were voluntarily resigning their offices to save expense to help balance the national budget.

Japan's colonial civil service has always been numerically large. Such is a result of bureaucracy. In every branch of government administration, in the judiciary, in the department of education, in the medical service, in the railway service, etc., one finds unnecessarily large numbers of officials. I have often got the impression that the Japanese government's plan is to give everyone something to do, regardless of whether or not the person is needed in the place. On railway trains there are many more car-boys than are necessary. I have seen as many as two sweepers to each car. A common excuse offered for not installing labour-saving machinery is that such innovations would throw people out of employment. People must have employment, you know. Here is probably the reason one will find five or six street-sprinklers and cleaners to every block in a Japanese city. Let this be as it may, when it comes to the civil service, especially in the colonies, you do meet officials everywhere, in every imaginable kind of occupation.

In Formosa, all government officials, from the Governor General down to the humblest employee in the department of education or the insular hospitals, are dressed in natty black serge uniforms with high collar, bound in black braid, and visored cap, and the badge of office upon the breast. One is told that uniforms were introduced into Formosa at a time of great laxity in the civil service, when it seemed as though the native population was beginning to lose respect for Japanese officialdom. A shrewd governor general wisely ordered that all civil service employés, from highest to lowest, should don this uniform. He reasoned that the uniform would add to their dignity and self-respect; it

Gardening at Girls' High School, Shoka, Taiwan. The School is Attended by Both Formosan and Japanese Students

would impress the natives with the importance of the officials, and therefore would become an excellent aid towards maintaining order; and besides here was a real saving on clothes. There is no question in my mind but that these dapper officials know how to properly impress the natives. And assuredly the average Formosan will be very slow to lay hands on any person who bears the uniform of Japan. That would be too much like attacking the military.

At the very time that the retrenchment wave hit Formosa, at home Japan was in the midst of disbanding several army corps to reduce expenses to a minimum. Before we left Tokyo on the southern trip, thirty-five hundred commissioned officers were retired due to the army reduction. The war department was very reluctant to retire these veteran officers to private life. They urged the minister of education to take them on as directors of physical education and military tactics in the middle schools and colleges. The minister of education assented, and directed that after a certain time the army officers should supplant the regular physical directors, who were to receive other teaching positions. But the militarists had not reckoned with the temper of the people. A storm of protest rose from one end of Japan to the other. The people would have nothing of the new tacticians. Mass meetings were held at the leading educational centres and the presidents of several of the Imperial universities declared themselves ready to resign their offices rather than see this thing come to pass. "We have been charged abroad with being militaristic," one president exclaimed, "and this would prove to the world that in Japan the militaristic party is in the saddle." As a result of the furor, the minister of education wisely postponed his order, and when last I heard no action had yet been taken.

As a fact, the rank and file in Japan are tired of war. They are tax-burdened and disillusioned. Wellnigh all they got out of the two great victorious wars was the terrible

increase in taxes that is grinding the very life out of the people. Not at all an unusual thing in Japan is it to meet students who have deliberately ruined their eyes in order to avoid military service. At this very time I chanced to pick up an American paper in the reading room of the Taihoku Railway Hotel, giving detailed reports of the alleged war preparations going forward in Japan for the inevitable conflict with the United States! And here was Japan actually disarming, reducing her war strength to a minimum peace footing—we at home regaling ourselves with lurid tales of the next world conflict.

Formosa is divided for administrative purposes into seven prefectural governments in the older settled western lowlands. And in the eastern part, which is still populated mainly by the aborigines, two district governments are maintained. The local prefectural and district governments are subdivided for general purposes as cities, counties, towns, and villages. Each of these several subdivisions has its own council, appointed by higher government authority, but with advisory powers only. Japan has ruled Formosa only thirty-three years. Before their coming the mass of the people had no part in the government, which was militaristic and autocratic. The present administrative system is, therefore, semi-autonomous only—a stepping stone to full local self-government.

It is our purpose now to visit several of the leading cities and provinces. The small party left Taihoku on the night train. The sleeper was practically empty. The *Oku-san* and I had a full compartment each. The next morning I learned to my chagrin that our companions had dozed in the day coaches to keep down the expense account. Assuredly, the government was determined that retrenchment should be *real* retrenchment. Although we crossed the Tropic of Cancer during the night into the torrid zone, the morning was quite chilly when we arose. Indeed, during all our sojourn within the torrid zone the air was quite

chilly, though generally crisp and invigorating. While eating a warming breakfast on the train, the *Oku-san* informed me that this was my birthday morning. So it came about that I celebrated a natal day in the tropics for the first time.

We arrived at Tainan, the ancient capital of Formosa, quite early in the morning. We shivered a little as we stepped from the train. Mr. Arakonaki, the mayor of Tainan, the prefect of the local police, and several other gentlemen in uniform met the party at the station and took us in charge. The question arose, would we walk or ride on the tour of inspection. Several members of the party would have preferred to walk on account of the brisk, bracing air; but it was finally concluded that as the distance was far the automobile would be more suitable for the occasion.

Tainan's historical associations are many, and so there were many noteworthy sights. The ancient city was entirely surrounded by earthen walls, twenty feet high and fifteen feet wide at the top, and much wider at the bottom. The walls were set with stone and bricktowered gates that stand to this very day; although the walls have crumbled into great heaps of earth. These battlements are said to have saved Tainan repeatedly from the sallies of head-hunters by land, and from Chinese and Japanese pirates by sea. To these coasts came in 1622 the adventurous Dutch; and hither later came the conquering Koxinga out of China and drove the Dutch out, making Tainan the seat of his brief though stirring régime.

In the days of Chinese rule, Confucian temples and temple schools were fostered at strategic points in the island. In recent years they have fallen into disuse and decay and Buddhist temples and Shinto shrines are supplanting them. Tainan is noted for its old Confucian temple, in bygone days the most renowned in Formosa. The noble old temple stands at the centre of a compact courtyard, and

is flanked on three sides by a series of dark chambers or vestries; while at the front approach fine old trees mark the now neglected garden. The approach to the compound is by a lofty gateway, ornamented with dragons and serpents, commonly a part of Chinese architecture. The temple approach is guarded by the ubiquitous Chinese dog lions. The beautifully arched pagoda roof of the temple is decorated with some well-executed dragon heads and serpents, the tiling and woodwork done in all the colours of the rainbow.

It gave a strange emotion to walk through the courts and the flanking vestries and view the sacrificial blocks with the blackened blood of oxen still upon them; and strum the quaint musical instruments and beat upon the great drums in their dark recesses; and stand in the temple stalls where formerly Chinese students had vied with each other to win high office and the peacock feather in the nerve-wracking civil service examinations. On the walls were still inscrolled the names of the successful candidates, whose bones have long mouldered in unkept tombs, so numerous in Formosa that it is difficult to build a highway or a railway track without constantly dodging the grass-grown tumuli of the dead.

The second jaunt of the day brought us to the Tainan Normal School for Boys, one of three such excellent institutions in Formosa. This particular school had an enrollment of eight hundred young men of Formosan and Japanese parentage. It may sound strange, but it is fact nevertheless, that no prefectural normal school in all Japan has so well appointed and modern buildings as we found in the Tainan Normal School. The campus lies just beyond the crumbled city wall. Indeed, a portion of the campus has been made by levelling out the old wall. Where in ages past the city's defenders stood at their points of vantage gazing towards Anping and the sea, looking for chance marauders on the coast, lies now the athletic field of the

great school, where Formosans and Japanese, former enemies, compete at tennis and track sports in friendly rivalry. Some five or six massive buildings, built of stone and brick, comprise the material plant of the school. The school's classroom equipment is surprisingly complete when one takes into consideration the institution's brief existence of seven years only.

Japan's policy for encouraging capable young men and women to teach school is a good one. In agreement with this wise policy, students in the Tainan Normal School pay no tuition fee. They receive moreover a sum of money in Japanese *yen* per month towards board and lodging, which is usually more than enough to defray all expenses, including clothing. The Formosan students, by the way, are more frugal than the Japanese and wear less expensive clothes. They are generally able to show a saving of two or three *yen* per month out of the bounty provided by the government. In common with most Japanese schools, the laboratories of the Tainan school are good. The museum of natural history is one of the most complete of its kind that I had the pleasure to see in the Orient. The workrooms for industrial and fine arts also were very interesting. The Formosans have the same cunning in artisanship and artistry that is common in Japan. I have never seen better samples of cane furniture, of clay moulding, or of basketry than in this school. The school gardens and the work in agriculture were exceptionally satisfactory.

It was particularly interesting to study the boarding and living quarters of the seven hundred students who actually live on the campus. The kitchen and dining-room were clean but very plain. The cooking is Chinese, simple and wholesome. The young men live in families of twenty-four —each family with a bedroom twenty-four-mat size and a study-room equipped with tables and chairs for twenty-four. Each mat is numbered and belongs to a given student who, when night comes, brings his blankets from one of the

numbered cubbyhole-like closets set in one end of the room.

The school is equipped with modern hospitalization, and supports a Japanese school physician and full-time health examiner. The music department proved interesting, and strange to say, is equipped with thirty-one reed organs and several grand pianos. The old-fashioned reed organ is still commonly used in Japanese schools; indeed, it was our pleasure within the next few days to listen to some unusual singing in the schools for children of mountain savages, to the accompaniment of reed organs.

The three prefectural normal schools for young men and the two or three special teacher-training departments organized for young women in connection with the higher schools for girls have already accomplished satisfactory results in providing Formosa with public-school teachers. Soon it will be unnecessary to call upon the mother country for these light bearers of the new civilization.

On the return homeward we dropped in rather unexpectedly at the Tainan Girls' Higher School, where a great concourse of spectators were assembled to enjoy the annual sport festival. At least twice a year these athletic meets are held here just as in Japan. Let me try to picture this stirring spectacle: The large field enclosed on three sides by a high fence, much like an average American college stadium. A school building or two supplied the fourth side. Along one edge of the field the old city wall—now levelled down somewhat—made an ideal point of vantage for the gaily decorated booths that had been erected for the judges and honoured guests. Long wires had been strung from the four corners of the field and fastened to a great mast-pole at the centre of the field. The wires were decorated with innumerable small flags, representing the nations of the world, including a liberal number of tiny American flags. The principal and teachers, the Governor of the prefecture, and many army officers and civil officials had assembled at the booths, whither we were also escorted to seats of honour.

The Tainan brass band opened the festival with some stirring airs, among them the national anthem. This was a sports festival exclusively for young women students. The Japanese girls taking part in the sports were dressed in gymnasium suits of bloomers, short skirts and middies. The several classes of the school wore suits of different color, to make the contestants readily distinguishable. All the track sports known to America were here, including short dashes, long-distance running, shot-put, pole-vault, high and broad jumps, and long relay races. Then followed graceful dances by classes and several interesting games, unknown in our part of the world. While the races were on the band would play fast music. The faster the race, the more furiously the band would play. The music seemed to stimulate the participants and in the long races actually had the effect of pacing the runners. It was a little amusing to hear such a familiar tune as "Comin' Thru the Rye" played to stir the contestants to their best efforts.

Tainan was known formerly as *Anping-chin,* the City of Peace. The seaport, separated from Tainan proper, is known as Anping. In its day Anping was an important port of entry for traffic with China, but shifting sands and human neglect have caused an enormous sand bar to form across the inlet, and the bay itself has gradually become silted up and closed to every kind of craft save the quaint Chinese bamboo rafts, known as *tek pais,* which are characteristically Formosan. It is necessary for large *sampans* and *junks* that carry merchandise, to anchor in the open sea just beyond the shoals. They must be ever ready to cut anchor and flee for refuge to the open sea on the first threat of stormy weather.

Tainan was an ancient city when the adventuring Dutch landed on the coast in 1622 under Cornelius Reyersz and built Fort Zelandia at Anping and the larger Fort Provintia in the heart of Tainan. In the environs of old Tainan, near one of the much-travelled highways, lies a modest little shrine dedicated to the memory of Koxinga, the Chinese

rebel chief who was fated to conquer the Dutch and drive them out of Formosa, thereby changing, in all probability, the history of Dutch colonization, and the history of Formosa for all time to come. It was cause of regret that we failed to pay homage at this strange high-walled Chinese sanctuary of Koxinga, who was much more than the bloody pirate chief that he has been called by some historians. He was this without doubt, but he was also much more. To the Chinese he has always been a national hero. He came by his early reputation rightly enough, for his own father was a notorious Chinese pirate chief in his day. Tradition has it that he came of a Japanese mother. Koxinga's life ambition —and a most worthy one—was to restore the fallen Ming dynasty and drive back the Tartar hordes that had recently overwhelmed the Chinese Empire and the glory of the Ming dynasty. Desperately he strove to hold back the onrolling hordes from the hinterland of Asia. At length, after several serious reverses he was obliged to take to the sea, where he became a constant thorn in the flesh of his country's conquerors, harrying the coasts and destroying their shipping. Driven from the mainland, Koxinga saw in Formosa a possible opportunity to establish a centre whence he might make successful war against the hated invaders.

Meanwhile, the Dutch colonies on the Formosan coast were languishing from gross mismanagement and neglect by the Batavia government of the Dutch East India Company. Great numbers of Chinese had flocked from the mainland to Formosa, seeking refuge from the Tartars. While a few thousand of the colonists proved loyal to the Dutch, most of them only awaited an opportunity to join hands with Koxinga against the hated foreigners. Koxinga's opportunity came at length. He appeared suddenly off Fort Zelandia near which he landed, and threw his ever-tightening cordons around this fort and Fort Provintia in Tainan. Bloody attempts at storming Fort Zelandia were frustrated

Upper: Shipping at Anping, Formosa
Lower: A *Junk* at Its Moorings

by the Dutch, who stubbornly defeated every such attempt. Fort Provintia, however, more unfortunately situated, after brief, hopeless resistance, was forced to capitulate. From the new point of vantage Koxinga continued to harass the now desperate Dutch, who felt themselves abandoned by their countrymen in the East Indies. After a brave defence they capitulated, being permitted to march out with all the honours of war. The overthrow of the Dutch colony came as a shock to Christendom. Koxinga could boast of being the first oriental leader to force the surrender of Caucasian territory in Asiatic waters. It would be interesting, but no doubt bootless, were we to speculate on what might have happened had the Dutch continued to hold the rich province of Formosa. What might it have meant for the future fortunes and greatness of the Dutch? Again, what might have been the effect upon Japanese expansion or even upon the future of the Philippines?

We drove down to Anping for a two-fold purpose—to see the great solar salt fields maintained there by the Monopoly Bureau; and to view the ruins of crumbling Anping itself, which had taken such a tremendous hold on my imagination. The Japanese have under way here now great harbour works. They may once more restore the greatness of Tainan and Anping, the port, if only a way can be found to remove the sand barrier at the harbour inlet. On the way to the solar salt fields, the course lay through the ruins of the old port. They remind one for everything in the world of some overgrown city of antiquity, such as explorers chance upon in the jungles of the islands and shorelands of southeastern Asia. The former well-planned, brick-built barracks and fortifications lay tumbled in rubbish at either side of the driveway, overgrown with vines and almost hidden in underbrush and brambles. It was a picture of utter ruin. We halted on the banks of a water channel that separated us from the salt-fields, which stretch away for miles along the sand dunes. The only way of getting

across the narrow arm of the sea was to hire one of the quaint, aforementioned *tek pai,* which is really, as one writer puts it, "a craft bred by a sampan out of a raft." It is constructed of enormous bamboo trunks, fastened securely together, sometimes with a railing built around the outer edge of the raft. Near the centre of the craft is set a tub-like contrivance for the passengers, to keep them from being splashed by the waves in case the weather should freshen.

Formosan salt production preceded by many years the Japanese annexation of the island. The Formosan salt farmers have carried on the industry for ages. A salt farmer would procure the salt by letting ocean brine into an embanked basin on the shore. The salt water would thereupon be allowed to evaporate under action of the sun's rays. The coarse salt would be scraped into heaps and later refined by such primitive means as were available. The Japanese early realized that the small salt farmers could not dispose of their salt to good advantage to the Chinese speculators then in control of all the salt sales. Both producers and ultimate consumers were suffering great disadvantages and hardships. The Japanese government at length took over the salt industry as a monopoly industry. They are in this way able to assist the farmers who in recent years have found the industry profitable. The quality of the refined product is now superior and may be sold on the market at a price much lower than in former years. In 1900 sixty million pounds of refined salt was produced, and in 1925 almost three hundred million pounds.

Most of the school festivals and athletic sports are held on Sundays, which is more of a holiday than a holy day in Formosa. Sunday afternoon we left delightful Shishusen Hotel in Tainan and *rickshaed* to the railway station and there entrained for Shinka, a prosperous rural community lying in the midst of rich ricefields and sugar plantations. For the last eight or ten miles the journey was continued by pushcart—a new and thrilling experience to us. The track

is usually about twenty inches wide and built of very light-weight rails. The pushcart is a primitive four-wheeled affair, much lighter in weight than the ordinary section-foreman's handcar at home. The pushcarts at our disposal were very plain ones. The seat consisted of a box placed at the centre of the car, just wide enough for two passengers, with foot-room at front. There was a platform about two feet wide at the rear for the two coolies who supplied the motive power of the car, now pushing the car upgrade, now jumping on and coasting downhill, careening around curves, dashing a clatter over rickety bridges seemingly in imminent danger of collapse. But, strange to say, we lived to tell the story.

At Shinka a great county athletic meet was in progress as we arrived. The pushcart came to a halt just outside of the grounds where much-beribboned, uniformed officials met us and escorted the party to seats of honour in one of the tent pavilions erected for the officials and guests. This athletic meet differed little in detail from the contests we had recently seen at the Girls' Higher School in Tainan. It's worthy of mention, perhaps, that here were assembled representatives from all the rural schools in the Shinka district, in competition for prizes offered by the education department of the prefecture. Much satisfaction is expressed at the enthusiasm of the Formosans for these Japanese innovations, which the Japanese themselves have but recently acquired from their Western brethren. Someone has truly said that the American national pastime, baseball, has done more to civilize the Filipinos and get them to cast aside their cock-pitting and bull-fighting than all other devices used by the American government in the Islands. Just as true is it that the innovations in sports and games have been a great and determining element in reconciling the native Formosans to Japanese rule.

The pushcart road to Shinka is the property of the Shinka Sugar Experiment Farm of the Department of Agriculture,

which lies some distance beyond the village of Shinka. We made a brief visit to this station where many specialists are earnestly working to improve the sugar production of the Empire. And as evening began to fall we started on the return trip to Tainan. By mischance, the last train had left when we reached the railway station. This obliged us to make the entire journey back to Tainan in the backless and springless pushcarts, and brought us numb and weary to the suburbs of the city. Here we were glad to enter the more comfortable *rickshas* for the last lap to the comfortable hotel and the much-anticipated *furo*. Strange, isn't it, how habits will grow upon one!

The Shishusen Hotel is a delightful hostelry even as the best Japanese inns go. Several delightful rooms were reserved for us facing a little garden. This contained, instead of the usual pond, a gurgling crystal-clear brook beyond which towered great palms and ferns close up against a crumbling brick wall that enclosed the hotel compound. Formosa is not Japan. Therefore, guests were probably quite in danger of sneak thieves and burglars. This particular hotel was making use of a curious device to warn its guests of danger from this source that might befall.

On a low table in our living-room was prominently exposed to view a very amusing booklet full of photographs depicting dramatically a hotel burglary. The accompanying explanations were in Japanese. The latter were not at all necessary, since the photographs told in vivid terms the story the host wished conveyed to his guests. The pictures told the tale of two travellers who arrived as guests of the hotel. One of them wisely deposited his valuables with the host immediately after arrival. The other—a thoughtless fellow—neglected the wiser part, and placed his money in a bag instead, under his *futon,* before retiring. A second picture disclosed the burglar in the act of climbing the wall of the compound, and later making his way into the sleeping quarters. There he deftly removed the money and valuables

Upper: Class in Embroidery, Girls' High School, Taihoku, Taiwan
Lower: Dressmaking in a Japanese School

without disturbing the slumbering guest. In the morning, of course, the guest found that his money was gone. He called in the host and when the guest would have blamed him got the retort that he had been warned to deposit his valuables in the hotel safe. There was nothing he could do but blame himself. The pictures were so vivid and so suggestive that the *Oku-san* found it difficult to sleep that night.

Despite the warning against burglars I rested well enough and arose early. After a hasty breakfast we took train for Takao, on the southwestern coast of Formosa, which, next to Keelung, has the finest landlocked harbour in the island. We lingered for a short while only in Takao, having in mind to pay our respects to the authorities upon our return later in the day. Then by connecting train we were soon on the way to Haito, the great sugar-producing town of the island. On the way from Takao we incidentally passed over the longest bridge in the Empire, which spans an estuary of the ocean near Ako. Haito is surrounded in every direction with enormous sugar plantations. More sugar is produced in this district than anywhere else in the island.

From Haito came a two hours' ride by pushcart to Bantan, the destination of the trip. This pushcart line proved more substantial, of a somewhat wider gauge and with heavier rails than the Shinka line of yesterday. It is used to operate the rather heavy cane trains, the motive power being small steam locomotives. The pushcart seat was carefully covered with blankets, thus adding materially to our comfort. The coolies on this line made use of a new device. Instead of pushing the cart they used long poles. They would stand on the cart and push it along with their poles, wielding them with amazing dexterity. The landscape passed was the most tropical of any that it was our pleasure to traverse in Formosa. We reached Bantan village in the middle of the forenoon. Here we were met by a group of officials in uniform and escorted on foot through

a long, ancient tree-lined lane to the school grounds of the village.

On the way to Bantan we poled our way through the real tropics, as I have just stated. Water buffaloes wallowed in the fields and water-holes. Far-stretching cane fields flanked the track. Here and there were great groves of date palms, cocoanut palms, and betel nut trees. Here and there clustered the tall papaia trees, and the shorter banana plants bent double under their golden wealth of fruit. Pumelos, mangoes, and other luscious tropical fruits appeared at every bend in the road. Glorious poinsettia trees and azaleas blazed in the sunlight. Creeping vines strove everywhere to cover the ugly, tottering walls of Chinese compounds. Of special interest to me, the agriculturist, were the numerous fields of sweet potatoes, peanuts, and soy beans, and field-peas raised for green fertilizer in the paddy fields. The farmers in this section are all native Formosans who live amidst squalid circumstances, not because of poverty, for this is is a rich section of the land. They live in the midst of their filth because their ancestors for hundreds of years have done the same. The Japanese masters will probably find the matter of cleaning up the old Chinese household the greatest of all the tasks they have undertaken. The Chinese peasant lives in the midst of his muck in a most intimate relation with his water buffaloes, his ducks, geese and pigs—all of them said to have free access to the living-quarters of the farm home.

The Bantan school is a great rural school. The head master is a rural philosopher and scholar, somewhat of the Ninomiya type. For years he was obliged to struggle against the native Formosan superstition and national prejudice. He told me that his school had been attacked repeatedly by the rebellious Formosans, and that several of his Japanese teachers were murdered in cold blood. He had held out and carried on in spite of all, and now he finds himself absolute master in the community, respected by all,

Two Views of the Shinkwa (Taiwan) Public School Athletic Contest. Such Contests Are Very Common in Japan

feared by some, and revered by many. His school now harbours many hundred Formosan children.

This was the first school with a real tropical setting of palms and other tropical trees and shrubs that it had been our pleasure to visit. The school buildings are set at one side of the compound, with playgrounds, orchards and gardens in the immediate foreground. The master has an unique way of interesting the children in gardening and social organization. In the gardens the children are organized into families of from twenty-five to forty, each family being allotted a small parcel of land. The families are in turn organized into what he calls his village group. Here the families work together in a still larger garden. This plan, the master assured me, aims to teach the children a degree of family responsibility, and to make clear to them their opportunities and responsibilities in the larger social economic group—the village—where some day they will all be expected to take responsible leadership.

The system of gymnastics prevailing in this interesting school is likewise quite unique. The boys and girls all have a definite amount of work in the fields and gardens to do. After labouring for a while, they are ordered to lay aside their tools and the irksomeness of the labour is relieved with stimulating setting-up exercises and other gymnastic drills. The master assured me that his plan not alone rests the children, but really takes the drudgery out of the tasks. Undoubtedly he was correct. Some years ago he planted young trees that have grown into lofty trees, now giving grateful shade for his open-air school, utilized daily in this torrid climate for lectures, art work, and gymnastics. On the grounds we came to a large open swimming-tank where the boys are wont to take their daily ablutions—no doubt at first a surprising and wholly useless innovation, the native Formosans would think.

Upon arrival at the school we were served *cha* in the regular Japanese way. Then, much to our delight, large

delicious papaia fruit was served, *Foto-san* getting the largest, *Oku-san* the next largest, and so on down the line, according to rank and station in life. At noon an exceptional luncheon was served by the master in the reception-room of the school. At Bantan the reception-room served also as a repository for school treasures, as they are called in Japan—collections of photographs, natural history specimens, and curios of all kinds. The table was set in Chinese fashion. Great dishes were placed at the centre of the table, each guest expected to reach for choice morsels with his chopsticks. The bones and peelings were thrown over one's shoulder to the dirt floor. First were brought in dishes of succulent boned chicken, meat-balls, fried pork and fried lobster in liberal quantities. As second course were served huge devilled crabs, stewed scallops, and an excellent lobster salad. The third course included stewed sharks' fins, toasted bread, and enormous dishes of macaroni, meat and vegetables. Then dessert was served of salted melon seeds, peanuts, oranges and papaias, and for drink, *cha* and quantities of citron water. It was a meal fit for the Gods—but alas! quite hard on the digestion.

At length came the return cavalcade to the pushcart station. At the head of the line rode the chief of police on his bicycle. Then the guests of honour in the town's only two *rickshas,* urged upon us by the owners. Then followed our Japanese and Formosan companions, the village officials and school teachers, all on foot. As we passed down the winding village street bordered with low brick houses, the inmates rushed to the doors, old men and women, and young married women with children clinging to their skirts, staring us out of countenance. The *Oku-san* in her flowered hat was the central point of attraction.

Less friendly were the water buffaloes, tethered here and there along the highway. Repeatedly several of these burden-bearers of the tropics showed displeasure and rage, snorting furiously and straining at their tethers. For some

reason these sensitive animals have a great dislike for Caucasians. There is presumably something about the smell of the white race displeasing to their olfactory nerves. At any rate it is dangerous for whites to stroll unattended in the fields frequented by the water buffalo who, when enraged, are most dangerous opponents. The story goes that in Malaysia and other sections of southeastern Asia, the zebu have been known to attack even the tiger in his jungle lair, often to his lasting discomfiture.

After the ceremonial farewell we began the return trip towards Takao, stopping for a few minutes to take refreshments with the officials of the noted Haito sugar factory. We were escorted by the solicitous officials here to a remote little spot in the factory-grounds where an attractive lodge had been erected and furnished as a place of retirement for the crown prince—now emperor of Japan—when he toured Formosa. A temporary pavilion was erected to shelter the prince as he addressed his subjects. The supports were green bamboo canes. One of them had burst into life and leaf soon afterwards. "This," said the loyal Japanese official, "we take as an omen of long and prosperous reign for our future emperor." Later a memorial stone was erected at the spot and the green bamboo sprouts planted around it. They have grown into large feathery trees since then—to everybody's great wonder.

At length we reached Takao. The Governor's aide drove us around the commodious landlocked harbour, pridefully pointing out the modern wharves with their great cranes, loading or unloading the half-dozen tramp steamers in the harbour. We called for a few moments at the Governor's mansion, got a passing glimpse of the great cement plants, the power plants, and the waterworks system for which this progressive city is noted. Then we set our faces towards Tainan again, reaching our destination by nightfall.

Some one of the party—probably the *Oku-san*—suggested that we make a night of it and visit the native section—in

Tainan this means practically the entire city. The streets were thronged with Chinamen, with Formosans, and beady-eyed "ripe" aborigines. The air was literally rent with the hilarity and strange high-pitched jargon of the motley crowds jostling us good-naturedly as we strolled from place to place, shopping and making occasional purchases. We were followed around by curious, staring throngs, who displayed little of the courtesy one is wont to find in Japan. Had it not been for the curt commands from time to time repeated by our escorts, it is difficult to say what might have happened. The *Oku-san's* hat and large Western feet seemed the special magnets that drew men and women alike.

Tainan is peopled chiefly by descendants of the Cantonese, who have for untold ages bound their women's feet. I would say that nine out of every ten women who hobbled the streets of Tainan that night belonged to the "bound" class. At length—some twelve years ago—the Japanese government put a stop to this inhuman practice. Chinese girls who grow up in Formosa no longer have to endure the sufferings of their mothers in this respect.

The native Formosans are unclean, and they look it. The outstanding filthy habit met everywhere in the island is betel-nut chewing. Everywhere one encounters toothless old hags and old men chewing and spitting the nasty yellow stuff that blackens their teeth and makes them even more repulsive than the yellow teeth of occidental tobacco chewers. We stopped at a booth where betel nuts are sold. This is the fruit of an East Indian palm known to the Japanese as the *binro* tree. The fruit is called betel nut because when chewed the nut is taken into the mouth wrapped in the leaves of the betel pepper, which gives the much-desired pungent flavour. Once the habit of betel-nut chewing has fixed itself upon the victim, I am told, he finds it difficult to break away from it.

After a somewhat exciting and extremely interesting two

Upper: Water Buffaloes—the Most Important Beast of Burden in Taiwan—Browsing on the Edge of a Sugar Cane Field
Lower: Water Buffaloes and Coolies Preparing Rice Fields for Planting

hours in the native district, we returned to the hotel for a refreshing *furo,* a delicious supper, and then bed.

In the morning northward ho! again. The destination was Kagi, at the centre of the lumbering industry in Formosa. On the way we passed a great monument erected in an open field, marking the imaginary line of twenty-three and a half degrees north latitude—the Tropic of Cancer. Thus we passed out of the tropics again, not having experienced a single day of warm weather, to say nothing of hot weather. I had worn my overcoat most of the time. It never freezes in this section, of course; but we had rather expected hot weather and had come prepared with summer clothing. In this we were disappointed.

At Kagi we made rather careful study of the local agricultural school, attended chiefly by native Formosan children. The principal of the agricultural school frankly confessed that many of his students were not interested in becoming agriculturists, but that all felt it quite essential to procure a diploma of some sort to help them obtain better positions. To the average Formosan, education is education, whether he gets it in a vocational school or in a liberal arts institute. One kind of school to him is about as good as another. The big thing is to get the diploma.

The dormitory life at Kagi was particularly enlightening. In the boarding establishment Japan has run up against culinary China. The mechanical equipment was primitive and inconvenient. The kitchen floor was being scrubbed when we stepped in—water poured liberally over the cement floor and merely swept out. The cook-stoves were round, furnace-like affairs, in which huge kettles were placed. The employés pointed with pride to wire screens used to cover the food on the table. This, to be sure, was done to comply with the sanitary regulations. "But, why," I asked, "were the screens not placed at the windows and doors instead, to keep the flies out of the kitchen?" To this there was no explanation. Modern conveniences were lacking in the

kitchen—but, then, the workers are plentiful and cheap. Vegetables in large quantities are used in the schools. Because of the peculiar Japanese system of accounting for things used in the schools, all the fruit and vegetables grown on the school premises are sold direct to the boarding department and paid for. This plan, I must say, looks like taking from Peter to give to Paul.

The boys have a large common bathroom, full of wooden tubs, with an elongated washroom at one side. Each boy has his own wash-basin and by its side his toothbrush, paste and cup, nicely arranged. The Japanese take great pride in their personal cleanliness. It matters not where they may chance to be. When I took pains to comment favourably upon the means adopted to encourage cleanliness—even in rather primitive Formosa—Mr. Hara, who has not been in America, exclaimed, "I have often wondered from the pictures of them just how your bathtubs are used. Do you soap your bodies and rinse them before entering the tub as we do?" I assured him that such a procedure would never do in America, as our bathroom floors do not drain direct into the sewer; but form the ceiling to some room below instead. I assured him that in America we have plenty of flowing water for rinsing purposes right in the tubs.

Kagi Agricultural School is unique in boasting ownership of exactly one-half of all the horses in Formosa! That is to say, two horses. Yes, Formosa has just four horses. That is, unless one of them has died since we left. The chief beast of burden among domestic animals in the island is the water buffalo. There are about twenty-five thousand of them. Next in order comes the hump-backed cow—a cross between the sacred hump-backed cow of India and the small native cow of Japan. Of the latter about eleven thousand do service as draft animals. But horses are curiosities. They are little understood by the Formosans, who actually fear them. Nothing was quite so amusing to

me as to listen to the warnings of the employés when we entered the horse barn. "You must look out for the horses. They are very dangerous." These particular animals proved to be very poor beasts, as horses do not thrive in the island.

Not far from this school lies the experiment station of the Department of Forestry of the Research Institute, where every tree and plant that can be grown in Formosa is studied—and, if possible, improved. Here we had some interesting photographs taken of ourselves under the famous travellers' tree.

The way to judge a nation's greatness is to take account of that country's colonies. Nothing that I know of has so thoroughly condemned the rule of Spain in Latin America as the damning and dwarfing treatment of its colonies. Nothing that Uncle Sam has done in the nation's brief history, I am certain, has shed greater credit on his ability and good intentions than his treatment of the insular possessions that were wished upon him—in educating the natives, in protecting their health, in constructing railways and highways, in organizing their industries, and looking after their social well-being. Similarly, nothing that Japan has done goes farther to prove conclusively the nation's greatness than the enlightened methods pursued in its dependencies and the great sacrifice in wealth and human life that it has gladly made to attain the cherished ends of converting one-time hostile colonies into contented, co-operating members of the Empire.

Japan understands the lesson of conservation of natural resources as few nations do. Take for illustration Japan's management of the Formosan lumber industry. At Kagi we were thrilled to see the terribly efficient American-made sawmills devour in their enormous maws great cypress logs —some measuring twenty feet or more in diameter—and turning out in short order enormous piles of lumber. The Kagi mills are government-managed and form the outlet for

the noted *Ari-san* lumber industry. Let me depict this marvel of industrial efficiency which had first to overcome almost insuperable obstacles of nature in engineering and of lurking human enemies as well.

Mount Ari is the greatest and richest single lumber-producing area in all the Japanese Empire. Here grow—from eighteen hundred to nine thousand feet above sea level—in astonishing profusion the largest trees in the world, save only the Sequoias of California. Among them tower giant *hinoki,* some as high as one hundred fifty feet, with girths approaching sixty feet in circumference—trees said to be fifteen hundred to sixteen hundred years old. Here also the even mightier *benhihi,* directly related to the giant California redwoods. The former is a variety of cypress, valuable as a lumber tree for general building purposes. The latter is said to be more precious and is used exclusively for inside house finishing and tea chests, coffins and other precious furniture. Added to these are a profusion of pines and other conifers and, on the lower slopes, many precious camphor laurels, single trees among them valued as high as five thousand *yen.*

But how are these forests, then, made accessible? Here is the real marvel. Forty-two miles of narrow-gauge railroad zigzag laboriously upward along the almost perpendicular mountainside, threading on the way seventy-three tunnels and crossing nearly one hundred spindling bridges hundreds of feet in the air. The steep grades and embankments cling in aerie fashion to the sheer ledges, which on occasion collapse and cause great casualty because of the uncertain volcanic foundation that even the greatest engineering skill cannot overcome.

We were chatting with company officials at the Kagi mill quarters over repeated cups of *cha.* I sprung the question, "How long will the timber supply on *Ari-san* last?" "Last?" exclaimed one of the officials. "Why, as long as Japan shall endure, the Gods willing!" And I believed him

fully. The Japanese are a nation of tree-planters. Whither we Americans go the flag follows; whither the Japanese, the flag and the tree. Wherever they have gone,—in Manchuria, in Korea, and in Formosa—great forests have sprung up in their wake. Had China learned this lesson in time, she might have spared herself untold misery, poverty, famine, and death. Had we at home in the States taken the lesson to heart and done what we should have done long ago, our own one-time vast forests might even now have been the pride of the people, and a source of perpetual lumber wealth, instead of the cut-over, burned-over wastes that stare one starkly in the face, an ever-present reminder of profligate folly.

We had a few hours of rest at the hotel while waiting for the northbound midnight express. The *Oku-san* was, as I have said, an unending curiosity in this city where Caucasians seldom come. While we waited *Dosho-san* ushered into the apartment one of the *nesans* who had never seen a foreigner before. She was eager, and yet afraid, to "look over" the *Oku-san*. She came forward timidly, and in a little while slipped away again. Later she returned, bringing along a treasure she had evidently hoarded for some time —an old copy of the *New York Times,* left there at some previous time by an American traveller. At midnight we finally departed, and our landlady and this maid were at the train to bid us farewell. They were eager to display their knowledge of English customs and language by shaking hands and saying, "Good-bye!"

CHAPTER XIX

The Midnight Express to Toyen—Into the Mountain Fastnesses of the Head-hunters—From Toyen to the Roaring Tamsui—Refreshments by Courtesy of the Village Council—Our Pushcart Train Gets Under Way—Coasting Wildly Through the Mountain Fastnesses—Some Head-hunter History—The Japanese Mountain Police—Guests in the Emperor's Pavilion at Kappanzan—Down Slopes and Across Trembling Suspension Bridges—The Head-hunters at Home—An Interesting School for Aborigines—Camphor Distilleries and the Camphor Industry—As Yoshie Hara's Guests.

THE night express arrived in Toyen a little after six in the morning. The air was bracing and we were hungry. An especially prepared breakfast had been ordered sent down from Taihoku for our special benefit. We saw it on the platform when we stepped from the sleeper, and then by some unfortunate mistake it was taken aboard the train we arrived on and returned untouched to the Railway Hotel in Taihoku. We were chagrined to say the least, as our appetites were whetted for one of the good Railway Hotel breakfasts. Mr. Dosho did his best to get together such viands as were available at the small waystation. However, the omnibus was due to leave before we had time to eat. The breakfast was bundled into the makeshift omnibus at the rest-room door. This conveyance was to carry us the first lap of the way—a distance of perhaps fifteen miles, to the banks of the Tamsui River. There the first of the pushcart trains would be in waiting.

So we rattled along over some quite impossible roads from Toyen in the old Ford bus, past pushcarts of every description, most of them freight-laden, a few actually under full sail, taking advantage of the morning breeze. The journey lay through a beautiful landscape, devoted to tea gardening, with here and there a field of jasmine flowers,

wonderfully fragrant. Here Japan is constructing a great irrigation system, financed, I was told, in part by the Mitsui family. This noted family unit has been the recipient of large concessions in the island, and are doing more probably than anybody else to develop these foothills, only recently abandoned by the head-hunters.

At length, our rattling *diligence* came to a halt on a hill overlooking the valley of the Tamsui. Here we transferred to very primitive pushcarts. For seat we had a plain box covered with a blanket. We crossed this unfriendly river over a quaint bamboo and stone bridge, that washes out quite regularly in spring when the great freshets come tearing out of the mountains. The bridge is about two thousand feet in length, with spindling bamboo superstructure resting on piers built of bamboo wickerwork filled with great rocks. The pushcarts came to a halt at the foot of a steep hill rising from the river's edge. Here we were obliged to dismount and walk up several hundred flagstones, worn by the feet of thousands. The steps led to a hill town known as Taikei, an old Formosan place, once walled for protection against the savages of the mountains close by. Here we stood in the last outpost of civilization. The walls of Taikei are now falling into decay. As we passed on the way to the clubhouse of the city council, we saw at the roadside a modest stone monument erected to the memory of soldiers, police, and citizens murdered in the conflict with the head-hunters.

The village headman and members of the local police escorted the party to the local clubhouse where travellers can receive refreshment. We washed and then spread our breakfast on a table set in a delightful open room. Our own viands were supplemented with luscious oranges and other fruit freshly gathered in the nearby garden. Tea in great quantity was served. In this district the villages are clustered close together, for the time is not long past when they had to look to each other for mutual protection. The

houses at Taikei are of the Chinese *yamen* type—long and low-built, of a soft red brick and literally swarming with adults and children.

At this point the real adventure into the mountains began. A special passenger train was arranged for. Each car was fitted with a permanent basket-like seat with sides and top of woven bamboo for protection against sun and storm, and likely also to keep the passengers from being hurled out if worst should come to worst. To soften the seat we were given thick red blankets with other blankets to cover our feet, as the morning was still chilly. The first pushcart contained the village headman and a policeman. Next came *Foto-san's* car. Thereupon followed a car carrying Mr. Hara and Mr. Dosho. The latter had a plain box seat without any cover whatsoever. Each car was in charge of two stalwart coolies, ours chosen especially for their strength and skill, since our pushcart contained two well-built Caucasians.

The train was soon under way, toiling laboriously up the mountain road, till it reached a high point of vantage. Then the carts coasted at terrific speed downhill, around abrupt curves, over spindling bridges, and over seemingly bottomless abysses. Talk about your Figure Eights in the amusement parks at home! All trivial stuff alongside this! "And don't people get killed on these roads?" I inquired at one of our halting places. I was assured not. Someone explained that the coolies balance so accurately as they careen around the curves, at the very edge of the abyss, that the cars never jump the track. I doubted the explanation, though I held my own counsel. After getting back to the capital safely, I chanced to mention the matter to an Englishman by the name of Wilkerson. "Get killed?" he exclaimed. "Why, they kill 'em almost every day!" His statement was verified the very next day when I read in the local paper of how a car had leaped the track a few hours after our descent and had hurled a mountain policeman's

Left: In Push Carts *de Luxe* on Way to Head-hunter Land
Right: On Way to Bantan School in Taiwan

wife down a thousand-foot declivity to instant death. Anyhow, the ride was as exhilarating as it was exciting. With the first relaxation we abandoned ourselves entirely to the thrills of it.

The track is single, without switches to allow trains coming from the opposite direction to pass. The rule of the road is, that the heavier laden pushcart shall remain on the track. However, when folks of quality are passing by, it is quite a different matter and the freight cars are lifted from the track, midst grumbling and cursing, no doubt. However, we often alighted to permit the heavier laden pushcarts to go by. It is amusing to watch how the coolies who were permitted to remain on the track always gloat over the other less fortunate ones. One does not need to understand their jargon to be certain of that.

The air continued delightfully bracing. There had been a heavy rain the night before, and the atmosphere was laden with the aroma of camphor trees, the odour of jasmine, and the more penetrating scents of other strange flowers. In the foothills all was activity. Formosans in picturesque attire —or no attire at all save a breech-clout—were at work like beavers, grubbing in the hillsides and carrying burdens this way and that. Many of them carried baskets on shoulder-yokes heavily laden with sweet potatoes, garnered usually as the first crop on the reclaimed hill farms. Men and women were at work clearing out underbrush or burning tree trunks to make way for sweet potatoes, yams and tea plants. The guard line here had recently been pushed farther up the mountain, as the savages had retired, or accepted the inevitable, and were becoming "ripe" and law-abiding citizens.

One of the amusing pictures of the trip was to watch the natives returning from market, carrying the ingredients for their next meal dangling from a string at the end of a long pole. These viands invariably included a small piece of meat or pork, together with a smoked fish or two and a large

piece of fat, and a few vegetables. Many of the pedestrians carried foreign umbrellas—very much out of place in the otherwise harmonious oriental picture. With farther advance into the hills came signs of camphor tree planting. Many of the pushcarts were loaded with huge cans, containing crude camphor oils and other cans or bags full of crude camphor gum.

The higher we advanced the more laborious became the ascent. The coolies began shedding garment after garment until they were naked save short tight-fitting trousers. In making an abrupt descent they would slip back into some of the garments the while balancing gingerly on the wildly careening car. What superb physiques these men have! Well-muscled athletes in bronze! Some of the descending cars were freighting the household belongings of mountain police who had recently been, as Hara put it, "beheaded," as a result of the new retrenchment policy of the government. At one point we passed through a quaint, indescribably filthy Formosan village which boasted an ill-smelling open-air meat market. A water buffalo had been despatched and was now on sale. All parts of the animal were hanging or lying about in wild confusion, entrails and all—as nothing goes to waste among these folk.

After five hours of pushing and coasting, the little train reached Kappanzan, a police post at the very heart of the mountains at the outskirts of civilization, with savage settlements reposing in the great mountain valley just beyond. We had been warned beforehand that we should probably have to sleep under most primitive conditions here, in one of the small cottages that quarter the policemen. We were pleasantly surprised, therefore, when a police guard was at the station and escorted us direct to a delightful pavilion set within its own separate compound. This was the Emperor's pavilion, constructed some years before in anticipation of a promised visit by the Emperor of Japan; who, unfortunately, on account of illness, was never able to make

his promise good. The main pavilion has never been occupied, and probably never will be, unless other members of the Imperial household should visit Formosa at some later time. A comfortable wing has been built to the pavilion—Japanese in architecture and furnishings. The annex is used for housing guests "too distinguished for the policemen's simple dwellings," as I heard it put. The living-room at our disposal was furnished with foreign chairs and tables. This added considerably to our comfort after the rather harassing experience of the pushcarts.

The clock was only two, and we were to leave immediately for the savage settlements. But first lunch was served—a big dish of curried rice, with tea and delectable papaia fruit. Then we set out to find the adventure.

Before entering savage territory, let me narrate a bit of head-hunter history. The one hundred and twenty odd thousand aborigines who still dwell in the Formosan mountains belong to one or another of nine distinct ethnological groups, only three of them classed as head-hunters. First of the head-hunters are the Attayals of the northern mountains. Among them we were now sojourning. The "raw" Attayals are savage and bloodthirsty. The young men are tattooed on their foreheads as they approach man's estate. The women have their cheeks and chins tattooed a dark blue, that from a distance makes them look like they were bearded. Because of the proclivities for head-hunting and resulting casualties, Attayal women outnumber the men almost three to one.

Head-hunting is a racial peculiarity that the Formosan savages bear in common with the aborigines of Borneo, the Philippines, and parts of southeastern Asia. In Formosa head-hunting was probably practised first for revenge against the Chinese invaders who had dispossessed the savages, and became in time an all-consuming passion. Among some of the tribes a young man cannot gain entrance to the tribal councils until he has accounted for at least one head.

A want of enemy heads does not exactly disqualify a young man from marriage, though unquestionably eligible maids do look with greater favour on a young man who has accounted for at least one enemy head.

The chief motive, though, for head-hunting is unquestionably a religious one. All Formosan head-hunters believe that after death they must climb the rainbow to the Abode-of-After-Death. The story is variously told in the island, but in every case it sounds to me startlingly like the story of St. Peter at the Portals of Heaven. The gateman stands at the highest point of the rainbow to judge each of the applicants in his turn. "Show me your hand," he exclaims. If the outstretched hand proves clean, the gateman commands: "Go down the rainbow to the right," and with a kick he hurries the unfortunate wretch on his way to darkness and nothingness. But if the hand is begrimed and blood-stained, he says: "You may pass within."

The Japanese have found in the head-hunters a trying problem. At first they sent out emissaries to reason with them. The latter seldom returned alive. Then punitive expeditions were sent out to teach a new order of things; but this was expensive and often fraught with considerable loss of life. At length it was determined to fence in and exclude from the sea and salt all the savages who were determined to continue in their "raw" estate. A *trocha,* or barbed-wire fence was built from the southeast coast and extended in a northerly direction for a hundred miles or more, as in this district the most violent of the head-hunters have their abode. A distance of twenty feet on each side of the wire fence was cleared of trees and underbrush, and guardhouses established at regular intervals in charge of small garrisons armed to the teeth. Even these precautions proved insufficient to keep the natives back. In their extremity the Japanese resorted to charging the barbed-wire fences with electric current. This came as a terrible *shock* to the natives at first. But they soon learned that the electric

Photographed with "Ripe" Head Hunters on Suspension Bridge near Tappanzan, Taiwan

current did its deadly work at night only. They cunningly changed their tactics and made the attacks in the daytime. The fences were then electrically charged by day and night, and the ravages came to sudden end.

Little by little the savages have come to realize the unwisdom of continuing the unequal contest. They are "ripening" fast. As soon as they yield to the Japanese, the guardline is removed still farther into the mountains, and the "ripe" savages are given lands and instruction in agriculture; their children are educated, and in other ways the conquerors extend aid and advice to the new citizens.

We followed a path down the steep declivity leading to the mountain valley, and the frothing stream, beyond which, the policemen said, the savages dwelt. The Japanese police chief stalked ahead. Our party came next, with a reclaimed savage policeman bringing up the rear. He bore a great tattoo mark on his forehead and had great holes in his ear lobes. The first village was only a mile and a half distant, but it seemed farther away because of the roughness of the terrain traversed. The *Ainus* of Hokkaido had been very disappointing to us; but the head-hunters were different. They met all expectations. They were picturesque in their garb and in their manner of living. They had all the curiosity of children and one of the first group encountered calmly annexed himself to our party and refused to be shaken. He was tattooed on the forehead, and had long, straight hair. Around his head was wrapped a cheap towel-like cloth. Above this turban he wore a helmet of woven bamboo. Around his neck was an apron-like garment, opening at the right to give freedom to his arm.

As we descended still farther, moving in the midst of the savages, the unreality of it all seized me. Everything strange—beady-eyed savages, strange tropical flora, lurking place of serpents and what not. Great banyan trees cling to the steep hillside. Behind us glow immense rosebushes; towering palms and wild bananas rise out of the deep chasm,

with many-hued flowers, and everywhere the *kaia* grass, glistening and waving in the gently blowing wind.

The footpath ended suddenly in the weirdest kind of suspension bridge spanning the great gorge and rushing mountain stream. The bridge was fearfully and wonderfully made—two planks wide, with a gap of near four inches between them, through which the unfortunate pedestrian was bound to see the jagged rocks and rushing torrent many, many feet below him! There were no protecting railings; only fine wires reached outward from the narrow foot-planks, to lose themselves in space. A group of savages were the first to step onto the bridge. They crossed it at a swift gait, looking straight ahead. Next came the police chief, who stalked across without hesitation. No doubt he has had abundant practice. Then we came. For the first fifteen or twenty feet all went well, and then, due to our awkwardness, the bridge began to swing, and the farther out we went the worse it got. My knees were all a-tremble and cold perspiration poured down my back. I confess to a feeling of an overpowering desire to get down on my hands and knees and crawl; but the very shame of the thing made me refrain. That I cut a ridiculous figure I do not doubt. The policemen and the natives, however, seemed not to have noticed; or, if they did, they kept it to themselves.

This section of the mountain abounds in monkeys of many kinds, all of them prehensile tailed. Serpents, too, are very plentiful, among them the deadly cobra; although at this particular season of the year they were not much abroad. The first village lay scattered over the mountain slope just beyond the bridgehead. The police chief with greatest unconcern stalked right into the first bamboo hut and we followed, with a feeling that we were intruding on the privacy of the family. But they were evidently used to this treatment. The hut contained only one room. There were two beds made of woven bamboo. On one of these a young girl was seated weaving at a primitive loom. On the second

Upper: Head-hunter's Family of the Nanwo Tribe of Taiyals, Northern Taiwan
Lower: Suspension Bridge in the Land of the Head-hunters

bed lay a woman nursing her baby. The bed contained likewise the husband and several children. A fire burned briskly at the centre of the room, and other children with little or no clothing at all were grouped about it. The room was not dirty, although it could scarcely be called clean. The dirt floor had been freshly swept. Baskets and trappings of various kinds were scattered about. I saw not a single sign of food of any kind.

The family was pleased when we urged them to come out to be photographed. They were quite comely looking, with brown, piercing eyes. Their faces were lighted with intelligence and considerable shrewdness. Every member of the family made a hasty change to festive garb before they assembled for the photograph. An older girl appeared with a skein of pink yarn bound into her hair. Her apron-like cape was gay with colour. All the girls wore a kind of pantalette fastened to the leg below the knee. Their garments were quite artistic in woven designs. The occupants of this particular hut were somewhat emaciated. The police chief explained that they had been afflicted with malaria. The grown women of this tribe enhance their beauty by removing their eyeteeth, and wear enormous holes in their ear lobes for rings. Their chins and cheeks are tattooed.

The next cabin we came to was the home of the chief of the village. This leader was dressed in a flowing garment of coarse, sack-like material. He took his position on an eminence at one side where he remained unsmilingly aloof. His face was heavily tattooed; his countenance was intelligent and terribly stern. As he stood by himself, arms folded, I wished that I might have seen him dressed in the ancient Roman toga. For he certainly seemed the greatest Roman of them all!

A number of newly woven garments and helmets and head sacks were suspended from a bamboo pole in the yard of a neighbouring house. We were eager to buy, but the prices were exorbitant, at least so the police chief insisted. He

advised us to wait till we got down to the post exchange where all manner of garments are for sale at reasonable prices. However, a certain double head sack took my eye. It was one of the kind the natives slip over their backs, much like a knapsack. Each has compartments for two victims' heads. This I managed to procure. I had only paper money and wished to make change, but rather assumed that the savages would be reluctant to accept paper money. But the chief unsmilingly commented, "My people know the value of money." This the police translated and then went on to narrate how an Englishwoman had penetrated to this village a year or two previously. She had wished to purchase some garments but was refused. Thereupon she calmly picked up the garments and carried them away, leaving behind fifteen *yen,* which was far more than the natives had ever dreamed of getting. Thenceforward in this village her largess had set the standard of value.

As we reclined at ease in our quarters in the Emperor's pavilion later in the day, Hara narrated a real human-interest story of a German botanist, who in former years made frequent trips to one of these mountain villages in search of rare specimens of mountain flora. He was received kindly and a young maid was given him as guide. Each time he returned the same maid begged to be his guide. So it continued for several years. The village family would accept no remuneration for the service. Finally, the botanist urged the girl to let him give her a present, at least, for her trouble. She answered, "Yes, give me one of your handkerchiefs." He did this and continued, "When I return again, I will fetch you a very nice one." Several years elapsed before his return. Then to his regret the maid failed to appear. He asked for her and learned to his sorrow that she was dead. The father exclaimed, "Did you bring her the handkerchief?" The botanist responded, "Yes, I brought her three embroidered handkerchiefs."

"Then," said the father, "let me have them. She talked constantly of the cloths you were going to fetch her. Her spirit cannot rest till the promise is made good." Thereupon he took the gifts and going to a new mound of earth near the house spoke aloud to the spirit, saying, "Now you may rest, for he has returned and brought the gift." "The girl," added Hara, "had of course learned to love the foreign scientist."

Mr. Hara, by the way, has dramatized this story. He is particularly fond of savage lore and spends much of his vacation time visiting among the different tribes, who receive him well. He insists that they are an honest people and moral according to their standards of morality. If a man takes another's wife, he is in disgrace, and unless he sacrifices some animal to the woman's village his life is forfeit. Japanese policemen often marry these savage women; but the government is firm in insisting that there shall be no "convenience" marriages between them and the natives. The whole attitude of the Japanese government is the attitude of a kind, though very firm father. So long as the children behave themselves, life goes smoothly; but severe punishment awaits every infringement of the father's authority.

It was a long, hot climb up the mountain slope back to Kappanzan. A hot *furo* was in waiting and proved very acceptable. We were ravenously hungry and received with joy the announcement that we would have a *sukiyaki* dinner. The meal was prepared and served by a tattooed savage policeman.

Then before retiring for the night, we sat for a brief half hour on the bamboo porch overlooking the valley and the glorious mountains rising steeply just beyond. The moon rose out of a mountain gap and shed a silver light on everything, casting a sheen on the *kaia* plumes as they waved gently in the night breeze. The stillness of the night, savage

nature at peace with itself and all the world impressed us mightily. Then we retired to our *futons,* soon forgetting in slumber the strange life in the nearby mountain slopes.

The next morning we were astir betimes to see dawn purpling the mountain slopes. After breakfast we hastened to the "exchange." Many curious articles of native make were offered for sale there. Everything was unexpectedly inexpensive. Bamboo helmets, krisses, head sacks, pipes and knives could be procured for a trifle. As a matter of fact, this was the one place in all the Orient where we could say truthfully that we procured the purchases actually at our own figure.

The Japanese government maintains schools for the children of the mountain savages at all the police headquarters. At Kappanzan there is a school for thirty-five of these youngsters. The tattooed policeman who had made our *sukiyaki* and served our breakfast proved to be the schoolmaster of the village also. The young savages were dressed in Japanese kimonos and looked very much like real Japanese children. A seventeen-year-old girl in particular interested me. Her father was a Japanese policeman and the mother of savage origin. The girl had the modest mien of the typical Japanese girl. She served us tea in the schoolmaster's reception room at the close of the meeting. The school children ranged in age from seven to eighteen. They do not go home at night, but live a simple dormitory life at the school. Their quarters are very primitive. For all that, it's a great improvement over the old home conditions. What a surprise their first hot Japanese *furo* must have been to them! But now they are required to take one daily. Much of the study is of a vocational nature. A large school garden is maintained and work done there by the children. Several fine camphor trees are planted here as an object lesson for the "ripe" aborigines, who are beginning to realize the value of the camphor tree. Oranges, bananas, and some tropical fruits unknown to me are cultivated in

Belles from the Land of Head-hunters

the orchard. There were also a good variety of Japanese vegetables and tubers, chief among them sweet potatoes and yams, which form the most important part of the savages' daily diet. The children are adepts in making simple reed furniture and mats, and, of course, woven fabrics.

When we approached the school ground, the children were at play. At a command from the master they all assembled, came to attention, and bowed low, as Japanese children do at home. Verily! a change is coming over life in the old savage mountains. Another command was given and the children marched into the tiny schoolroom. First the children sang to the accompaniment of a reed organ played by one of the younger girls. The school's male quartet thereupon entertained us with delightfully sweet songs. One of them sang several solos, wholly unabashed, his very soul in the melody. The savage children sing surprisingly well. They are naturally musical, as are the Filipinos and others of their kin.

A group of children was sent to the blackboard and drew pictures and mountain scenes, showing considerable artistic skill. We received as presents crayon drawings in colour, prepared in course of the regular school work. The schoolmaster now addressed the children, telling about *Foto-san's* mission to Formosa. In turn I spoke to them briefly, complimenting them upon the interesting work they were doing. My modest words were translated and when I stopped talking they all rose to their feet and bowed low again. According to the custom of the school, we made a small money gift as a memorial of the visit. Immediately one of the older boys came to the front and thanked us in a set speech, taking opportunity at the same time to glorify the work that the Japanese government is doing for them here in their mountain fastnesses.

The return trip was mainly downgrade and was accomplished at a breakneck speed. We reached Taikei in a little less than one-half of the time it had taken to make the

ascent. At the latter place we gathered again at the village council's clubhouse and partook of a wholesome lunch, prepared under the police officer's instructions. Then Dosho paid off our coolies. The coolies belonging to all the carts save ours received four *yen* for the round trip. Ours received six *yen* and eighty *sen* for the same trip. The coolies insisted that it was worth the two *yen* and eighty *sen* extra to push *Foto-san* and *Oku-san* to Kappanzan and back, as *Foto-san,* they felt certain, weighed at least two hundred pounds, and the *Oku-san* one hundred forty (a gracious estimate!).

On the return trip the pushcart train came upon a native camphor still, of which many are scattered here and there in the mountains. In these stills the camphor is distilled from camphor wood chips. The crude camphor and the camphor oil collected in this manner is gathered in huge bags and tin cans and then packed a'coolie back down the mountains to the nearest railway station, whence it is despatched to the monopoly bureau refining factory in Taihoku. The native still in question proved primitive in the extreme. The "plant" consisted of a small thatched hut in which are several wooden retorts, set above containers of boiling water heated from ovens underneath. From these retorts iron pipes led to a shed in the rear of the retort room. Here they connect with vats submerged in cool water, which in turn is supplied from a nearby spring.

The process of camphor distilling proved interesting, and certainly is very simple. A boy member of the large Formosan family—they all have some part in the distilling process—was busily engaged in gouging tiny chips from an enormous camphor tree log with a clumsy adz. Quantities of chips were deposited in one of the retorts and the distillation process began. The vapours rising from the heated chips were passed through the pipes into the cooling vats where the vapours in turn condense and crystallize as crude

white camphor containing a quantity of free camphor oil. The camphor gum is later removed to large wooden troughs and here the free oil is drained off into cans ready for transportation. The entire raw product is now ready for refinement.

The story of the camphor industry in Formosa reads like a romance. In hardships and sufferings it challenges the story of our own days of pioneering. The camphor trees grow along sunny mountain slopes and plateaus at an altitude of a thousand to four thousand feet above sea level, which is to say, largely within the domain of the head-hunters. But nothing daunted, the hardy camphor workers have penetrated the mountain fastnesses in search of the precious camphor trees. Formerly, while some stood guard with loaded rifles, others would fell the tree and proceed to prepare the product. Many are the lives that have been sacrificed in these Formosan fastnesses in order that the world might get its camphor for the drug trade and celluloid manufacture.

The head-hunters, paradoxical as it may sound, have actually been instrumental in saving the camphor industry in Formosa by holding at bay for many years the greedy Chinese and Formosans who seemed determined to destroy the camphor riches in record time. When the Japanese arrived in Formosa, the camphor trees in the lower regions were already at a point of extermination. To save the industry camphor was made a government monopoly. Afforestation was begun immediately and trees were planted at the rate of three or four thousand a year. More recently the number has been increased to about fifteen thousand a year. The industry in the past depended upon the native growth of trees. The planted camphor tree may be cut and used, it is said, when twenty years old, although much better to wait till the trees are thirty or even forty years old. The camphor laurel grows large, and may occasionally reach a

girth of as much as forty feet. A single tree of such size, experts claim, is valued, at present prices, near eight thousand dollars.

We had a half-hour at Toyen station before the train from the south arrived. A curious throng of natives were assembled in the waiting-room of the station. One Chinese woman in particular appeared very much interested in the *Oku-san.* The latter's white skin seemed quite a marvel. With much gesticulation the good woman expressed her opinion as to the quality of this skin to other Formosans who had gathered around. Hara interpreted the conversation: "She thinks you are quite good looking," he said. "She marvels especially at your white skin and pink cheeks." The *Oku-san* returned this interest by patting the hands of the baby the woman was carrying, much to the infant's dismay. But the woman was pleased. Her curiosity at length grew so strong that she seized one of the *Oku-san's* hands and called to the other women to see how white and soft it was, and wonder of wonders! white even up under the sleeve. Hara was much amused and exclaimed, "When I come to America will people crowd around me like this?" I assured him that if he and his family should come to America and appear on the streets in native garb, they would attract attention, of course; but foreigners are so common in the United States that little notice would be taken of them.

We were ever on the alert to learn something new about Japanese customs. The Japanese friends, on the other hand, were just as eager to learn how our customs might differ from theirs.

"Why do you call your husband 'Harold'?" Hara on one occasion remarked.

"Because it is his name, of course," the *Oku-san* replied.

There were a number of Japanese gentlemen present at the time. One man stated, "I would become very angry if my wife should call me by my first name."

"But," I questioned, "what does your wife call you

Upper: School for Head-hunter Children—Savage Dress—at Tappanzan, Taiwan
Lower: The Kaukei School for Savage Children, Kaukei, Taiwan—Japanese Dress

then? And what do you call your wife, if not by her first name?"

There was a hasty consultation.

"Well," said one, "I guess I use the word 'say' or 'wife'; but I certainly do not use her first name."

The *Oku-san* was taken to task several times for being so familiar as to call her husband "Harold." Finally some kind-hearted person explained that first names are seldom used by anyone in Japan. Even children are addressed as *san,* affixed to their first name.

We reached Taihoku late in the afternoon and were invited to dinner at the Hara home the same evening. "My house is very tiny," he said. "We keep no maid and the house has been constructed entirely from my own plans. I am eager for you to see it." We were pleased to accept the invitation, although we feared his wife might object to entertaining strangers on such short notice. I suspect, though, that the good wife had been forewarned. We were particularly glad to accept the invitation, as foreigners have so few opportunities to enter into real Japanese home life. True, our days of intimate association had made us come to look upon Hara as a long-time friend.

Mr. Hara called for us at the hotel at six. His uniform had disappeared and he was dressed in a light grey-brown suit and black velvet hat. With his Japanese moustache and tiny goatee, he looked more like a French artist than a Japanese schoolmaster. We learned with delight that Dr. Oshima, for whom we had formed the deepest admiration, was also to be a dinner guest. Mr. Hara showed the keenest interest in American home life, and assured me that some day he would come to America for further study. For all that we were surprised when he ushered us into his home, which proved to be a typical American bungalow, with a few modifications necessary to comply with Japanese custom. The hostess met us at the door. She proved a gracious lady of much culture, garbed in attractive native dress. The

house furnishings were in excellent taste and, generally speaking, of foreign origin.

Chikaki-san, the little twelve-year-old daughter, served tea. She was dressed like a typical American schoolgirl. Her father affectionately calls her his "little savage." "She is such a romp," he said. She certainly knew how to assist her mother beautifully in serving the meal. The dinner was delicious, a great compliment to Mrs. Hara's culinary art. The menu was Japanese, although the dining-room and service were entirely foreign. I should add that the bed chambers in the Hara home were the only architectural exception to the rule. We got a glimpse of the bed chambers with their *tatami*-covered floors and simple furnishings usual in all Japanese bedrooms. Mrs. Hara insisted that she likes her foreign-built house; but she would not know how to use foreign beds.

The conversation was enlivened greatly by Dr. Oshima, who related many of his ripe experiences. He has spent years abroad and is able, better than most people, to appreciate the difference in point of view between the East and the West, and the difficulties that stand in the way of reconciling the two. He was a student in the old Hokkaido Agricultural College in the day of Dr. Clark's administration. He told in his amusing way of the consternation that sometimes befell the young men on account of the Western ways and Western food insisted on by Dr. Clark. The tomato, for example, was a real disturber among the students. Dr. Clark would serve it to a group of students who were required to report in writing on its virtues the following day. It was amusing, he said, how some of the boys had to struggle to force the tomato down. Others smothered theirs in sugar to neutralize the nasty taste. It seemed incredible, then, that they should ever come to be fond of tomatoes, as they now certainly are. Dr. Oshima is confronted with a situation that has come to so many of the Japanese colonists in Formosa. His wife and five children

were left behind in Tokyo for the sake of the children's education. The Formosan climate also has proved quite enervating to Japanese women and children. He expressed his approval of the modern trend among Japanese women. He feels sure that the future of the Empire will depend largely upon the education of the women.

The houses in this Japanese residential section of Taihoku, as at home in Japan, are protected by high board fences, with electrically lighted entrance gates. Dr. Oshima exclaimed as we left together, "These fences are suggestive of our national life—shut off as it is from the rest of the world, hiding the best in us from the eyes of the observers." Mr. Hara, who also saw us on our way, declared that so far as he was concerned he had made up his mind to overcome this failing of overmodesty of one's possessions, so characteristic of the Japanese. But when the *Oku-san* complimented him, saying, "You have a very lovely wife, Mr. Hara," he hastily exclaimed, "Oh, no, not lovely!" And so it is. They are all Japanese to the core, despite their attempts to simulate our frankly boastful Western ways.

CHAPTER XX

Closing Days in Taihoku—Formosan Tea Factories—Hospitalization and Progress in Health—Civil Governor Goto's Farewell Dinner—A Japanese Aristocrat Farming in Nebraska—Farewell Luncheon in a Chinese Restaurant —*Sayonara* to *Taiwan*—Hara and Ono See Us Off—A Japanese Impression of American Women—Northward Ho! in the Good Ship *Inaba Maru*—Shopping and Packing—A Wonderful Gift—The Woman's Christian College —Shopping in Yokohama—Escorted to Yokohama Pier—*Sayonara* to Japan.

THE closing days of the sojourn in *Taiwan* were busy days—sightseeing; studying schools; visiting museums and botanical gardens; and, finally, lecturing.

In Formosa *Foto-san's* lectures were usually given as informal talks to children in the Japanese and Formosan schools. An exception was the last lecture, and that was given under the auspices of the Insular Education Association in the auditorium of the Taiwan Medical College. Delegates had been invited, representing local education associations, agricultural co-operatives, and financial and industrial organizations from far and near. For this final effort I was assigned a new interpreter, a Mr. Tomita, instructor in English in one of the higher schools in Taihoku. I was amused and somewhat distressed to find that Mr. Tomita was a master of American slang, which he used to spice his conversation on every possible occasion. He delighted, he said, to read all kinds of American literature. "For," he continued, "that is what President Roosevelt did. And he was a great American." This I could not deny; but judging from the concrete results, Tomita must have found some difficulty to discern between the classic English and the brash vernacular.

As usual, a gift was made at the close of the lecture, this time, most unique. If at an unguarded moment either *Foto-*

san or the *Oku-san* happened to express a desire for some certain article or what not, our Japanese companions would go to any length, if necessary, to procure the coveted article for gift-making. The reader will recall, Japan has by law forbidden footbinding in Formosa for a decade or more. The *Kiu lieu,* or Golden Lilies, are no longer added to the great army of middle-aged and old Chinese women who reel and totter along the thoroughfares in *Daitotei*—quite unlike the "Lotus steps and tottering plight; willowy figure and captivating sight," ardently besung by the Chinese poet of old. It is quite impossible now to procure the tiny brocaded shoes worn by the erstwhile "Golden Lilies"—that is to say in Taiwan. The *Oku-san* had expressed her desire to own a pair of these Chinese shoes, and Mr. Ono without delay set about and ransacked *Daitotei* in search of a pair. None were for sale anywhere. At length he obtained them from a local school exhibit. Such was the unique gift presented me at the close of my last lecture in Formosa.

The same evening we were dinner guests at the home of Civil Governor Goto. Again the *Oku-san* wondered whether or not the Governor's wife would be present to honour the feast. As a rare compliment Mrs. Goto did appear and presided with all the grace of an occidental princess. The guests were high government officials, and included also some of our more intimate friends. We were a little late on arrival and found the guests assembled in the immense drawing-room of the gubernatorial mansion. The dining-salon had real Western atmosphere; it was so charmingly appointed. A long table graced the centre of the room and fairly groaned under the mass of flowers and silver. The flowers were arranged as three huge centrepieces, quite unlike anything I had ever seen. The flower pieces were fashioned like huge ships. Masses of small flowers had been wired together, and white rice papers, cigarette-like in shape, had been affixed to make the *ensemble* as realistic as could be.

Governor Goto smilingly explained that this was to be a Chinese dinner, and the flower arrangement had been planned with the Chinese feast in mind. "No doubt," he expressed, "you have had your fill of Japanese dinners. We have planned this to give you variety." The menu cards were written in Chinese. We, of course, could not read them. Quite as amusing were the attempts of the other guests present to interpret them, since the Chinese phrases used and the names of the dishes were strange even to these good Japanese people who had lived in Formosa for some time. Among the other decorations of the table were large silver lobsters. The service was of exquisite silver plate. Placed before each guest were wine glasses, with Chinese spoons and several pairs of chopsticks, small nut dishes containing watermelon seeds and peanuts, and another small dish with soy sauce and mustard sauce.

The banquet was served in courses by a punctilious liveried butler and a group of servants, one dish at a time in massive individual silver casseroles with heavy covers. As soon as the guest had partaken to his satisfaction of the course, he would replace the cover—this being the signal for the servants to remove the dish. The menu, course by course, was quite overcoming to the most courageous of gourmands. I may be pardoned for repeating it with some detail. The first course was the delicious swallows' nest soup, such as is renowned in the Orient. This delectable soup is sweet and clear and contains a gelatinous or sago-like substance. The second course was sharks' fins, really jellied fish scraped from the fins of a certain species of shark. As a third course we had broiled lobster; thereafter a stew made of pork and lobster, with mushroom paste, such as Chinese cooks only can prepare. The fifth course rather startled me as I removed the lid from the casserole. Each dish contained a whole squab, boned, stuffed and steamed, fit for a king's board. The sixth course was devilled crabs. The seventh, delicious *kurkahi,* a Formosan fish in pink spiced

sauce. The eighth course was crab again, this time smothered in rice. Thereupon came a dessert of papaia fruit—to me the most delicious of all oriental fruits. Wine was served with each course. At a Japanese dinner this partakes more of ceremony than of imbibing freely. There certainly is no excess. The guests retired to the drawing-room and were here served tea and *café, demi-tasse*. The tea was not the Japanese *cha* by any means, but here brewed in the Chinese way. The tealeaves are first placed in the cup, whereupon a servant adds boiling water. The liquid is sipped through a small silver strainer attached to the cup. This tea brew was the strongest and most delectable it has ever been my pleasure to sip in long, lingering draughts.

Mrs. Goto is the daughter of Viscount Kano of Tokyo, one of Japan's outstanding men of the day. She is a lady of fine presence, at first rather timid in the use of her English. But she soon forgot this in confiding to the *Oku-san* a bit of her family history.

"I have a brother, my eldest, in Inglewood, New York," she said, "and I have a second brother with wife and child in America also, near Lincoln, Nebraska."

She was delighted to learn that the *Oku-san's* family home is likewise in Lincoln, Nebraska. The younger brother was graduated first from the Agricultural College of the Imperial University in Tokyo, and thereafter spent three years at the Agricultural College of the University of Nebraska. He is intensely interested in scientific farming and devotes considerable of his time as director of an organization of Japanese farmers in the Scotts Bluff country in western Nebraska. He also ministers to his countrymen as a representative of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

I could not help wonder what this young Japanese aristocrat must think of our brusque Western ways, and whether the students in the University considered him more than just a mere "Jap."

Mrs. Goto exclaimed feelingly, "He is very lonely at times in the land of foreigners."

I assured her it would be a pleasure to me to get in touch with her brother after my return to the States. Since that time we have exchanged interesting letters, and assuredly young Mr. Kano is accomplishing a fine work among his own countrymen thousands of miles away from the family estate where he might, if he wished, live a life of ease. But the young man is made of different *timbre*.

After a delightful evening devoted to small talk and the weightier issues of the day—of common interest to Japanese and Americans—we bade our good hosts good-night and retired to the hotel.

All good things must have an end. The last day in Formosa was now at hand. There were still several educational institutions that must be studied hastily, some typical Formosan tea factories to be seen, and the great Taihoku Government Hospital to be visited thoroughly.

The last jaunt down through *Daitotei* brought us to the Formosan tea *hongs* where a delightful fragrance of firing tea reached our olfactory nerves upon approach. What a sudden and marvellous change from the other odours that we were by now accustomed to in the Chinese district! First came the firing rooms of a large factory, famous for the quality of its Oolong and Pouchong teas. This happened to be the slack season of the year. The last consignment of Oolong tea was being prepared for the long journey to the United States—I assume that the United States is the destination, as fully ninety per cent of the product of this delectable beverage is consumed in the States. The tea is packed carefully in gaily decorated, lead-lined chests, after which for further protection the chests are sewn up in heavy matting.

Pouchong tea was in the firing vats when we arrived at the factory. I can think of nothing more deliciously fragrant than this tea in the shallow vats over charcoal fire,

gently stirred and mixed with buds and stems of jasmine, gardenias, and oleander to inoculate it properly with the fragrance and flavour so much desired by the East India trade.

Too bad that we could not be here at the height of the packing season! "When," to use the words of more impressionable visitors, "the *hongs* are ahum with the staccato accents of chattering tea pickers . . . bright-eyed maids, in their peacock-blue smocks, their front hair clipped in bangs, and with a gay posy or two stuck in the braided knots at the backs of their necks. . . ." Others wax enthusiastic over the all-expressive almond eyes of these gay, laughing girls in the firing and sorting *godowns,* and sing:

"Eyebrows shaped like leaves of willows
Drooping over 'autumn billows';
Almond-shaped, of liquid brightness,
Were the eyes of young Yang-kuei-fei."

The Taihoku Government Hospital maintains branch hospitals in twelve of the larger cities and towns of the island, and had the name of being the largest and most complete institution of its kind in the Orient before the Rockefeller Hospital in Pekin was completed. The Taihoku hospital was built at great sacrifice, costing the government many million *yen.* The central hospital reposes on a twenty-acre site, eight acres being devoted entirely to buildings of massive architecture and complete in every respect. The staff numbers two hundred sixty-three, including forty-seven doctors and one hundred thirty nurses. The work is organized under three departments—general administration, medical, and dispensary with three hundred eighty-three beds. The mother hospital ministers to one hundred ten thousand inmate patients annually and fully five hundred fifty thousand out-patients. While the hospital has a large income, there is still an enormous deficit, which must be settled by the government.

Upon arrival we were ushered into the office of Dr.

Kuraoka, director of the mother hospital and branch hospitals in the island, who is likewise president of the Taihoku Medical College. Here was told the amazing story of the heroic struggle to rid the island of pest and cholera and other diseases. The devoted servants who have sacrificed so much for the sake of life and health have done as much for Formosa as Goethals did to the glory of his country in Panama. I might go even farther and say that these Japanese, far away from mother country, have had even more to contend against than did our scientists in cleaning up Panama. When the Japanese came the people were dying with bubonic plague. This they wiped out with the extermination of the rats. The dread of Asiatic cholera as an epidemic is no more. Tropical dysentery has been blotted out, and malaria reduced to a minimum. Of course, there will always be some malaria in a country like Formosa, with its great area of stagnant paddy fields.

The Japanese health service in Formosa has accomplished quite as much for Formosa as is being done at home in Japan. All the large cities have an excellent water supply—absolutely safe—and complete sewer systems. In Taihoku, Tainan, and Takao the old oriental surface sewers have disappeared entirely.

In course of conversation, I broached to Dr. Kuraoka the problem of open toilets, and the great doctor replied, "Oh, we Japanese realize well enough how bad the condition is, and we are so ashamed of it that we prefer never to mention it. We have in mind, I assure you, to remedy this degrading defect; but it will be a long, hard fight."

The dispensary of the Taihoku Government Hospital is organized on the American plan. The cost of everything is kept at an absolute minimum, in order to give even the poorest people advantage of such blessings. The average price of medicine for out-patients, I was told, is only fifteen *sen*. I gasped when Dr. Kuraoka explained that they never charge more than ten *yen* for the most difficult operations.

Travelling by *Ricksha* Amidst the Beauties of Nature in Taiwan

Think of it! Less than five dollars for the removal of an appendix, a goitre, or a cancer! And on the hospital staff are as eminent physicians and surgeons as can be found anywhere—most of them with graduate courses in America and Europe.

We made hasty farewell calls at the government building, bidding good-bye to the head of the Bureau of National Resources and Industry, the minister of the Interior Department, and shook hands for the last time with members of the Bureau of Education. We had a few moments with Civil Governor Goto, and took this opportunity to thank him again for the many courtesies that had been extended to us. On the way downtown, we called at the Governor's mansion, bidding farewell to Mrs. Goto, the first lady of the land—and a charming first lady she is.

But we were not yet to the end of things. A goodly company of friends—Dr. Oshima, Dr. Ikada, Mr. Hara, Mr. Ono, Mr. Dosho, Mr. Hasui, Mr. Tomita and ourselves—gathered for a send-off and farewell luncheon at the Chinese restaurant known as the *Good Luck Fish.* In the centre hall of the pretentious restaurant greeted us an enormous stone fish, bearing a red electric light in its open maw. The jolly party assembled in a private dining-room, quite bare save for two or three tables and chairs placed on the stone floor. We rallied round a large circular table; at its centre were placed large steaming dishes out of which each member of the company must help himself. The table was bare except for the large dishes and tiny plates, spoons, chopsticks and glasses set for each person. In came first an enormous silver tureen filled with the now well-known swallows' nest soup. Everybody must eat from this large bowl, helping himself as best he could. Bones, shells, and other refuse were thrown on the floor, where a servant immediately swept them up. Our companions accepted as a good joke the *Oku-san's* fear that we might soil the floor. As usual the courses were served one huge dish at a time. The

courses followed one another in quick succession—broiled lobster; sharks' fins; pigeon eggs cooked in a pink sauce; devilled crabs; stewed lotus buds; soft shelled turtle stew; and salted watermelon seeds and tea.

There is a proverb current in the Orient that Japanese food is good for the eye; Chinese food is good for the palate; and foreign food is good for the stomach. More truth than fiction in this saying.

A Chinese *singsong* girl helped serve and entertain the guests, singing in a minor strain to the accompaniment of stringed instruments in the hands of two assistants. The Chinese *singsong* girl of China and Formosa takes the place of the Japanese *geisha,* although she can scarcely be said to have the charm of the latter, as her education is not thorough-going like that of well-trained *geisha* girls.

Some final packing and a few minutes of visiting and conversation before train time. Among the government group in Taihoku are many gentlemen with a real international point of view. Among them is Mr. Hosui, head of the Department of Foreign Affairs, who stands in a sense as mentor between the insular government and foreign governments in educational and industrial matters. Mr. Hosui expressed himself as being much in favour of the new woman's movement. "We have," he said, "three tremendous problems to solve in Japan—equal suffrage, prohibition of intoxicating liquors, and the abolition of the *geisha* system."

He spoke feelingly of his wish that all nations might come to understand each other better than they do. And how he wished that foreigners would not look upon the Japanese as different from other people! "For," he insisted, "the human heart is the same everywhere." Mr. Hosui was also concerned for the future of his six children at home in overcrowded Japan. He was so eager to provide them the best of opportunities for educational advancement.

At the station, and *sayonara* to *Taiwan.* A group of friends assembled at the station to see us off, among them,

Under the Palms at Bantan School in Southern Taiwan; Head-master on Left with Professor Hara at Right of Picture

to our pleasure, the first lady of the land, Mrs. Goto. She had brought the address of her Nebraska brother and wished to send messages and greetings to him. Farewells were then said. We at the open car windows; the friends on the station platform, heads bared. The train moved outward. Last salutations, and—*sayonara! Taiwan.*

Ono and Hara accompanied us to Keelung and saw us on board the *Inaba Maru.* We had a few last moments together; that is, whatever time was not taken by the newspaper reporters who insisted on last-minute interviews. Then, the last launch threw off from the ship, and these good friends also departed.

Just before the train pulled out of the Taihoku station, one of the Japanese gentlemen asked the *Oku-san,* "What is your nationality? We know that *Foto-san* is a Norwegian by birth." Her answer was, American, born of Scotch-Irish forebears. "But," he said, "you Americans call yourselves Americans whether you are really native born or not." The *Oku-san* thereupon explained to him the significance of the Daughters of the American Revolution pin she was wearing and asserted that she was as much an American as anybody could be. "Well," he continued, "we have discussed you very often among ourselves. You are so different from our conception of what the average American woman is—and what the usual tourist type is known to be in the Orient. You are sympathetic, and really, you are in no way different from educated Japanese ladies. We are in the habit of thinking of all American women as aggressive, loud-spoken, domineering, with little regard for the feelings of others." The *Oku-san* hastened to add that she was *very* typical and *very* average, and if the tourists who had come to his notice were otherwise, they, unfortunately for themselves, were not good average Americans. But the *Oku-san* realized that here was the highest compliment she could have received in Japan—to be likened to an educated Japanese lady.

The northward voyage was quite uneventful. The daily

routine was much the same as on the southward trip. The weather held good till we reached Moji and the protected Inland Sea. There was little speaking of English on board the *Inaba,* although we felt certain several of the passengers could speak English. Their mannerisms, especially at table, gave them away and proved their former contact with Western civilization. It is interesting to note such little mannerisms among one's own countrymen, and in such light it was amusing to study them in the orientals on board. A home-trained Japanese, for instance, will use toothpicks frequently at the table, while the travelled Japanese do not. By the toothpick alone I would have been willing to stake my reputation that this or that individual had or had not been abroad.

May I add, *apropos* toothpicks, that shortly after the return home, we had a Japanese house guest. The hostess was careful to see that toothpicks were placed on the table for his use as is customary in Japan. He, to everyone's surprise, did not touch the toothpicks. On a later occasion the *Oku-san* saw in his possession Emily Post's "Book on Etiquette," in which he had taken pains to underline such customs as differ in America and Japan. A sentence read—underlined in red—"It is the height of vulgarity to use toothpicks at the table." What, I wonder, had he thought of us?

In Kobe we spent a day doing Christmas shopping. The stores and shops were all decorated in their Christmas best. Garlands of holly and greens commemorative of the holiday season hung draped from posts and porches and archways of the stores, and real Western Christmas cheer filled the shop windows everywhere. Christmas has come to be a real holiday, if not a holy day, in Japan. We later took the night express for Tokyo and were soon established in our rooms at the Imperial Hotel again.

It was now late December, and the weather had turned very chilly. The Imperial is a charming place in summer;

but when winter sets in, there are real drawbacks. Our wing was electrically heated with curious little devices, quite inadequate in cold weather. The last days were so busy with last-minute shopping and packing, that we had little time to think about the cold weather. The streets of Tokyo, also, were gay with Christmas decorations. Santa Claus and the beautiful custom of gift-giving are very popular here; so much so, that it is easy to forget one is in a foreign land, thousands of miles from home.

The morning of the last day, while we were industriously at work tying bundles and nailing boxes, friend Aizawa ushered in the business manager of the *Kokomin Shimbun,* a charming gentleman and powerful proponent of clean journalism. He had a great surprise for us. On behalf of the great newspaper, he presented to *Foto-san* and the *Oku-san* seven exquisite paintings, done especially for us each by one of Japan's seven leading artists. The gift, he stated in his naïve way, was in appreciation of our labours in Japan, to be taken home as a memorial and remembrance of the sojourn in *Dai Nippon.* As often as we shall gaze upon these paintings—which depict the changing seasons of Japan—we shall be grateful to the Japanese people, who collectively comprise one of the greatest nations of earth!

I constantly regretted that the brevity of our stay in Japan limited the opportunities for making much of a study of just what our own countrymen are doing and have done for the welfare of the Japanese people. I am glad that the *Oku-san* took occasion just before the departure to visit the greatest of the higher schools for women—the noted Woman's Christian College in the environs of Tokyo. The mission boards of most of the Protestant churches have now definitely concluded that in educational affairs the churches must co-operate if they are to make headway, in these days of strong and efficient government schools. Accordingly, the Canadian Methodist church, and the Methodist Episcopal, the Christian, the Dutch Reformed, and the Presby-

terian churches of the United States have banded together to make the Woman's Christian College a great educational institution for women in Japan.

The school plant is under construction now. When finished it will be the last word in architectural completeness with conveniences such as have hitherto been unknown in girls' schools in Japan. The school buildings are planned to be of earthquake-resistive, reinforced concrete. They will be large and airy, with great numbers of windows, since sunshine is the cheapest heat there is in Japan. When the entire complex of buildings is completed, the separate buildings will appear much as the spokes of a great wheel, the hub being the immense school kitchen, with the first part of each spoke a dining hall, with dormitories just beyond, and classroom buildings in the periphery of the wheel. Only two dormitories have been completed up to the present time. They have a capacity of two hundred resident students. These, with about sixty non-residents, comprise the entire present student enrolment. Each girl has her own room, which is quite small, with built-in book shelves, a neat desk, some chairs, a closet, and two mats for her *futons* at night. What a sensation it must be for a Japanese girl to have absolute privacy—a room with swinging doors that actually lock! The dormitories have a large cheery living-room on each floor, with cozy fireplaces and furnished in reed furniture.

Native food is used. The preceptress confided in the *Oku-san* that one of her difficulties is to induce the Japanese girl to eat enough balanced rations, as she should for her health's sake. The age-long Japanese custom has taught womankind to be very dainty and sparing in their eating. Two classroom buildings of the five planned are now ready. A good gymnasium is likewise ready and in use. The gymnasium has, in addition to the physical education quarters, adequate rooms for the Y. W. C. A., for receptions, and for rest purposes.

The teachers' residences are substantially built and thoroughly "homey." I am happy to realize this. Good Christian people at home act too much on the assumption that anything is good enough for missionaries and missionary teachers. Nothing made me quite so uncomfortable in the Orient as to realize that we are literally starving our missionaries. I have seen them going about in garments discarded as out of fashion long ago at home. I have seen them eking out an existence on the meagrest of fare. And why? Because the pittances doled out to them from time to time by our foreign mission boards are inadequate for a decent living. I rejoice, therefore, to know that at the new Woman's College the teachers' homes are models of what such homes should be. Without question, these teacherages will have a real influence on home building and home making in Japan when the graduates of the College shall return to their home communities. The rugs of the living-room floors were of good Chinese make—brown taupe with touches of blue. The reed furniture was upholstered to harmonize with the rugs. Each teacher has a study and a bedroom of her own, with bath between each two suites.

The demand for graduate teachers from this school is greater than the current supply. Much of this demand comes from the boys' middle schools, which in former years have been dominated entirely by male teachers. Educators in Japan have come to realize that boys of high school age need the softening influence of women teachers. Miss Yosua, recently selected president of the new school, is the first Japanese woman to be honoured with the presidency of a great college. She is sweet and unassuming, finely educated and far-travelled. Working in co-operation with her corps of fine Western teachers, she is bound to exert a wonderful influence upon the thought-life of present-day Japan.

The farewells began at the central station in Tokyo. Friends had gathered there with last remembrances and their blessed *sayonaras*. The more intimate of the good acquaint-

ances entrained with us and dropped off in the suburbs, one after another, midst last uttered wishes of good luck and *bon voyage*. But the companions who had shared with us the trials and joys of the big adventure would escort us to the end of the Japanese rainbow, and departure at Yokohama pier.

Aizawa was there, and Midzuno, and Okuda, and Iwabuchi, nephew of Midzuno who was to come to the States as our *protégé*. The wives of our good friends had been expected. Why did they fail us at the last moment? The *Oku-san* had never met our companions' wives, and was loath to leave without knowing them. We had been assured that they would meet us at the station.

The situation became amusing. One good friend made the excuse, "My wife couldn't come, for she has no foreign clothes." Another said, "My wife had intended to come, but the baby is ailing." But a third, more outspoken than usual, exclaimed, "I'll tell you the honest truth. I tried to persuade my wife to come; but she refused."

Alas! I fear that the much-touted Japanese doctrine of obedience that has been the keynote of Japanese women's education through the ages has its limitations. At home Japanese wives probably do much as they please. I have not been able to answer to my own satisfaction the question whether these Japanese wives were too timid to appear, or whether they did not wish to meet the *Oku-san*, who was so bold that she had travelled about Japan in the company of men—their own husbands among them.

We arrived early in Yokohama, an hour before sailing time. The *Oku-san* had ever an eye to business and was determined to shop even to the last moment, especially as she had just received a belated commission from home for kimonos and other dainty wear. Yokohama was formerly noted for its wares for the tourist trade. While the glory of the shopping district is gone, several of the former shops have reopened in modest temporary quarters. Midzuno

volunteered to accompany her to the *samurai* shop, which is recommended as one of the best, and the proprietor, as it chanced, is Midzuno's good friend.

The *Oku-san* was introduced to him in Japanese and was pleased to have the proprietor extend his hand and say in passable English: "I am glad to meet you, for I have been so deeply interested in your husband's work in Japan. His lectures have been the subject of conversation among thinking people everywhere. I agree very much with his theories." As an afterthought he added, "I regret that I no longer carry kimonos as I did before the fire, but I will introduce you to a friend who has a good assortment." He thereupon closed his shop and piloted them through the rubbish-heaped streets to another store several blocks away. Here he and the proprietor held a whispered consultation at one side for a few moments, with the result that the articles desired were offered for sale at materially reduced prices.

The *Oku-san* expressed her regret that the opportunity for such wonderful bargains had not come to her at an earlier time, "As," she added, "I am making purchases today chiefly for my friends and not for myself."

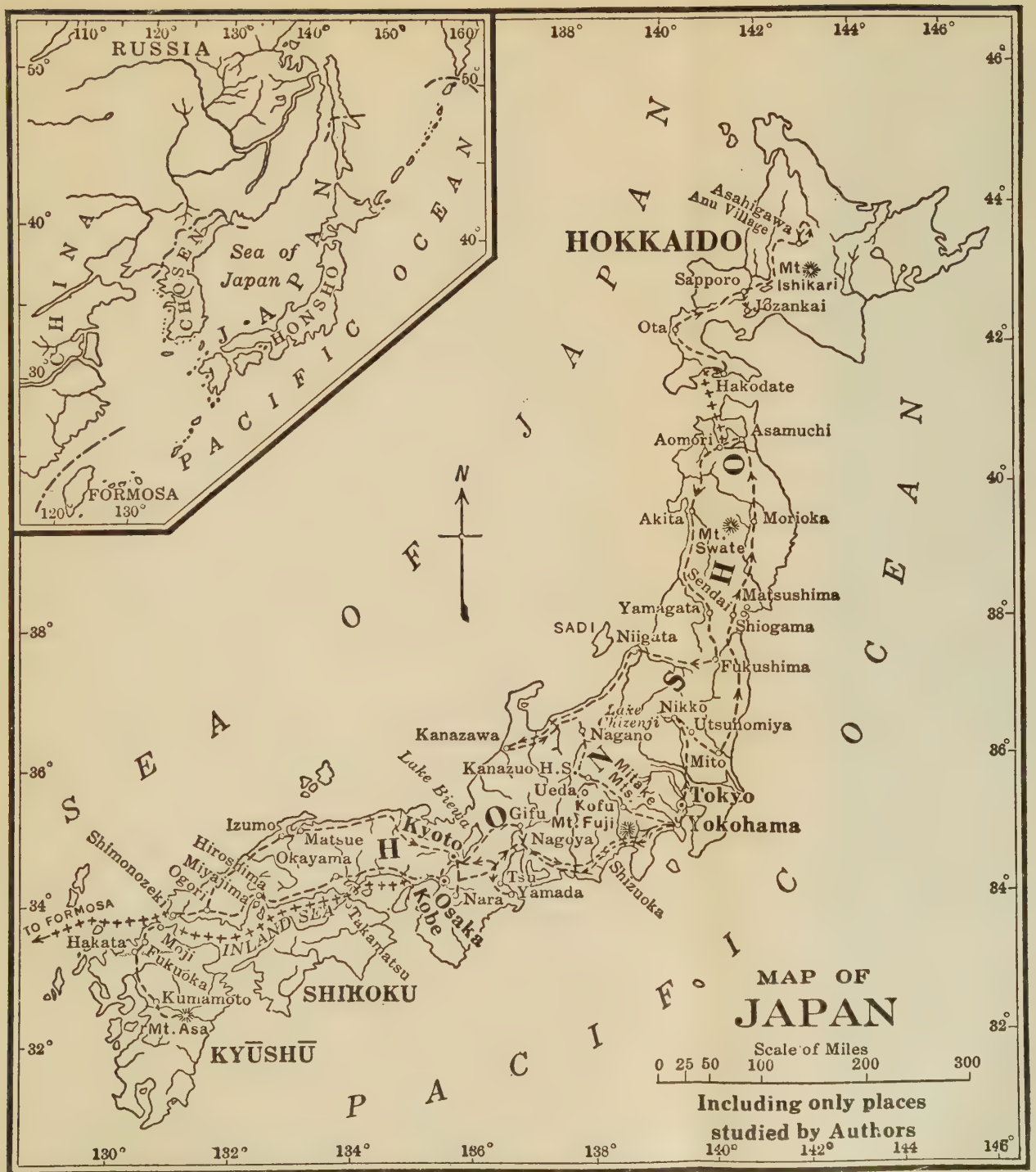
"Well," the Japanese proprietor injected, "to my mind no greater literature has ever been written than the Bible, and every morning my wife reads from it aloud to us. Only recently she read, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.'" After this indirect rebuke, the *Oku-san* had nothing more to say.

The *Taiyo Maru* lay at her newly rebuilt pier, steam up and only waiting for high noon to drop her mooring outward bound. A large crowd of passengers and their friends thronged the ship decks, seeking out cabins, checking over baggage, exchanging last confidences and listening to last admonitions. Then the warning gong sounded and all who were not to sail were warned ashore. On the pier they crowded close to the water's edge; on board we leaned out

over the railing as far as we could. A final blast from the steamer's hoarse whistle and the gangways were drawn in and the moorings dropped. The ship became a thing alive. Then—it had come again! Coloured paper streamers were tossed from the ship's decks into the expectant hands of friends on the pier. The wish was ours at last—first expressed when we had stood on the *Tenyo* at the San Francisco pier long months before—that Japanese friends might in good time see us off at Yokohama, we holding one end of the streamers, they the other.

And on the pier they stood, all of them clutching the tiny paper ribbons. We had known these Japanese men for a few months gone by, and had learned to read their hearts. We had found them subject to the same emotions and experiences in life and filled with the same dreams and hopes and aspirations as we are. Shall anyone judge me, then, if I refuse to shut them out from my world? Because there are those among my own people who have not yet discovered the eternal truth—which is life itself—and on which alone can be made enduring laws for the common guidance of civilized mankind—shall I deny the truth that beats within my own heart and deny these cultured friends of mine? No, a thousand times no! When the new kind of international education in after years shall have bridged the abyss of ignorance that has so long separated the nations and the races of the Earth, we shall be better able than now to understand—and to judge.

But, the *Taiyo* swings outward. The streamers tighten and snap, one after another. Again, a rendering of heart strings. Moist eyes, and we wholly unabashed. For these are loyal friends—the very salt of the earth. So this is *sayonara!* Farewell! to Japan. Farewell to a great people—a great nation!


RUSSIA
CHINA
Sea of Japan
JAPAN
HONSHO
PACIFIC OCEAN
FORMOSA
HOKKAIDO
Asahigawa
Anu Village
Mt Ishikari
Sapporo
Jōzankai
Ota
Hakodate
Aomori
Asamuchi
Akita
Morioka
Mt. Swate
Sendai
Matsushima
Yamagata
Shiogama
SADO
Niigata
Fukushima
Lake Inawashiro
Nikko
Utsunomiya
Kanazawa
Nagano
Mitake Mts.
Mito
Lake Biwa
Kanazuo H.S.
Ueda
Tokyo
Kofu
Izumo
Gifu
Mt. Fuji
Yokohama
Matsue
Kyoto
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Hiroshima
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Tsu
Yamada
Shizuoka
Shimonozeki
Ogori
Nara
Osaka
Kobe
TO FORMOSA
Hakata
INLAND SEA
Takamatsu
Moji
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